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OVER THE PYRENEES

INTO

SPAIN.

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ac.

BY

MARY EYRE

AUTHOR OF 'A LADY'S WALKS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
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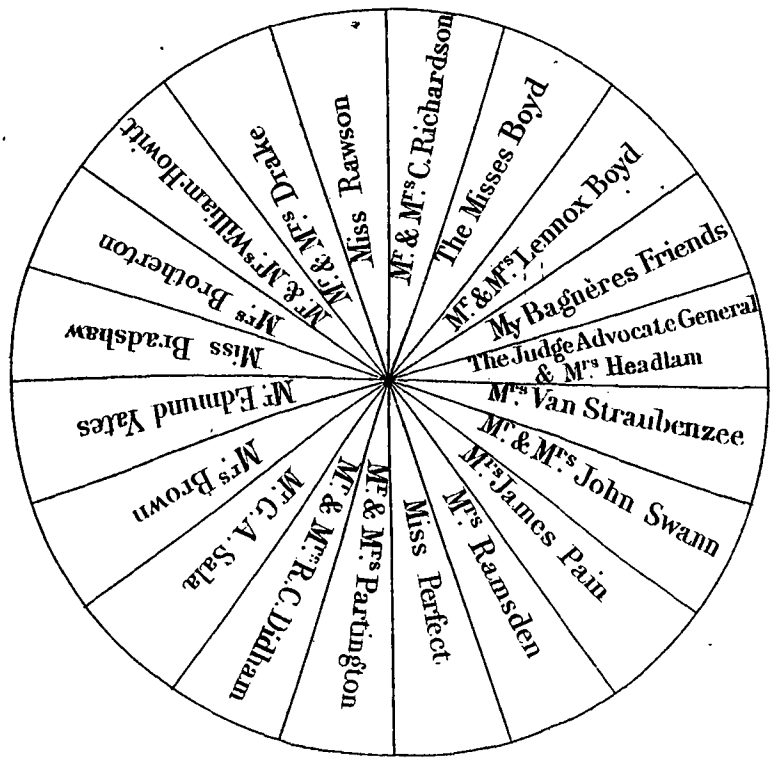
DEDICATION.

In my Preface I thanked the public for their favourable reception of my last book. I dedicate this new one to the Friends to whose kind interest much of its success was owing. By far the greater number of these were the old friends—many the playfellows of my childhood, as well as the friends of my maturer years; but to both I owe a deep debt of gratitude, and wishing to express my thanks equally to all, I dedicate this book to them in a Round Robin.



From one who will never forget the kindness and the help she received from them in her direst need.

MARY EYRE.

PREFACE.

I HAVE but a few words to say by way of preface. The favourable reception accorded to 'A Lady's Walks in the South of France' induced my publisher, Mr. Bentley, to suggest my taking a similar tour through Andorre and the Spanish side of the Pyrenees.

I have given as graphic an account as I could of the marvellously beautiful scenery I traversed, and the habits and manners of the people who inhabited the country; but their state of *semi-civilisation*—for even Spain must be considered a semi-civilised country, so long as a respectable, quietly-dressed woman, walking quietly alone, is subject to insult and outrage in the streets—rendered it most unpleasant to visit the magnificent palaces and

churches in her cities; and absolutely impossible to gather the rare and beautiful plants that adorn her mountains. Even accompanied by a guide, I was yet subjected to hooting and insult: simply *because I was a stranger.*

The Spanish nation is professedly *dévote*; they forget while professing themselves Christians, that hospitality is especially inculcated by Christ, and Heaven itself held out as its reward: 'I was *a stranger*, and ye took me in.'

All, therefore, that this little volume can claim is to be a lively narrative of the scenes I passed through, and the people I met. If it meet from 'a discerning public' as kind and generous a reception as its predecessor, I hope, ere long, to be once more a candidate for equal favour; and meanwhile, I meekly fold my arms, curtsey down to the very ground to the audience in pit and boxes, in grateful thanks for their favour, and hope the gods—i.e. the critics in the gallery—won't hiss me.

MARY EYRE.

Nov. 9, 1865.

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OVER THE PYRENEES INTO SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

THROUGH FRANCE TO THE EASTERN PYRENEES.

THE ROUTE usually taken to the Pyrenees is not the most interesting or varied in scenery. As I hope this book may serve as a guide to future travellers, I must therefore be permitted to say a few words about my journey through France.

Dieppe *viâ* Newhaven, across a sea of azure blue varied by shades of white and lapis lazuli; not a soul ill on board, and the day so calm that the English and French coasts were both visible at once, which the sailors told us is not often the case. I slept at Dieppe, and went to Rouen the next morning; but ah! I went too late.

The picturesque, quaint, old houses, of which I had heard all my life, and whose outlines and aspect are fortunately preserved by Prout and other artists, have disappeared to make room for wide, handsome streets, and lofty Parisian mansions. When I looked at some of these half-demolished old dwellings, and saw the filthy, squalid, small rooms of which they consisted—rooms which none but the lowest of the low could have inhabited—I felt the Emperor was right in commanding their destruction. They had the picturesque beauty of a tumble-down pigstye; and the artist must regret them; but the man of the day, he whose mission is to reform and to elevate his people, could not allow them to stand. Rouen will no longer present to us the aspect of a town of the middle ages, but Rouen will become a grand and beautiful city of France. I shall say nothing of St. Ouen and the Cathedral, (the first is well known as one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture,) nor of the beautiful gateway of La Grosse Horloge, which from its bearing the emblem of the Templars, must, I should think, have been erected by them, except that the carvings of sheep and other animals, on its

interior, are wonderfully spirited and life-like; and that the permitting the lower part of the walls to be covered with quack advertisements of all kinds, from chocolate to those detestable crinolines, is a disgrace to Rouen. So beautiful a monument of antiquity ought to be held sacred from bill-posters. As to all architectural curiosities worthy a stranger's attention, are they not written in Murray? Above the Seine rises a steep rock, whose inland side looked green and verdant. Tired of architecture, I longed for grass and trees, and walked thither along the quays. It was a hot day, and Keeper, my dog, who did not care for views, seemed to think walking on such a hot day cruel in the extreme; he ran under gateways, and lay down there, panting; finally, seeing I went sternly on, he dashed into an omnibus on one of the quays, thereby plainly intimating his opinion that in such hot weather it was better for dogs to ride than walk; but I called him out, and ruthlessly climbed La Côte. Take care where you set your feet in fields near French towns or villages—lift your petticoats high—stop your nose if you can. This beautiful shady lane was horrible. At last I emerged on the open hill-side, and reached the

summit, where once stood a strong fort, 'dismantled,' says infallible Murray, by Henri IV at the request of the citizens, with the memorable words, that he 'desired no fortress but the hearts of his subjects.' Here I sat and gazed on the picturesque old town on the slope opposite—its towers, its pinnacles, and its thousands of houses; its bright-looking villas, standing in trim gardens, a little beyond the city; and then, turning; on the winding Seine, and the fair and fertile valley through which it flows, and thought myself well repaid for the toil of ascending a hill 380 feet high.

I left Rouen for Paris the next day, passing through a rich and interesting country. The Seine seems to flow through a sort of natural basin, surrounded on every side by gently swelling, rounded hills, clothed with grass and cornfields, interspersed with white villas, and farmhouses, and quaint little villages with spire or tower rising above their roofs, meadows full of flowers, and young plantations; but I saw none of the fine old trees one sees in England, and I heard no birds. * After a few days' rest at

* The French farmers have destroyed all the birds, and are now finding out they are a sort of natural police, established

a comfortable French *pension*, I quitted the 'beautiful city,' daily becoming more and more enriched with wide, handsome streets, new boulevards, churches, and bridges, under the Emperor's care; for Clermont Ferrand in Auvergne.

I was told I could get thence directly across France to Montauban, and thence on to Foix, and thought it would be at once the most beautiful and cheapest route to the Pyrenees. Beautiful it was, indeed; but, alas! I was misinformed by my French acquaintance, and I reached it late in the evening, and was persuaded by a young French woman I travelled with, to seek an economical French *auberge* with her. The less I say of that *auberge* the better for it. Sleep never visited my eyelids, and I got up and dressed as soon as daylight dawned, and set off, faint and weary—unable to eat for want of sleep—to explore the town. Clermont is beautifully situated in a basin, surrounded by steep and picturesque mountains and hills. Grandest

by God to keep down their far worse enemies, insects. The trees around Paris, especially in the Bois de Boulogne, have as many caterpillars almost on them as leaves; they fall on one at every step as one walks beneath them.

and highest of all rises the Puy de Dôme; but it is a dirty, ugly, detestable town. I was so weary, I walked into the shop of a M. L'Anglois, and asked leave to sit down and rest. How urbane and courteous the French are! The master instantly rose and gave me a chair; further, on my asking him about trains—for I could not endure the thought of another night with what Dora Wordsworth denominates crawlers and jumpers, (I quote her, for fear of reviewers, who think—or at least say—I ought not to describe things as they are, but as they ought to be, while I think the only way to amend a grievance is to make it public)—he laid down his pen, examined my 'Indicateur des Chemins de Fer,' and told me by what train I could leave Clermont. He also asked me to leave my shawl and bag there while I went through the town, which I was glad to do. The town was not worth seeing; every street and house looked dirty; and the remarkable petrifying spring, and baths, mentioned by Murray, so far distant, I did not feel equal to visiting them. I soon returned, and M. L'Anglois politely handed me, my bags, and my dog, into the omnibus going to the railway station. Query: How many

English shopkeepers would have been as civil to a passing stranger, who bought nothing?

At the station I had a cup of bad coffee, but when I was once in the carriage, sitting at ease, with my feet on the opposite seat, fanned by the soft, pure, balmy air, and feasting my eyes on the beautiful scenery that, as it were, unrolled itself before me as I whirled through it, I soon revived. I could not even regret—though I do 'economise francs and half-francs,' and in this age of shams and pretence have the moral courage to own it in the most shameless manner, nay, rather to pride myself on doing so—that I had gone to all this needless expense, and was now retracing my road to Lyons. So beautiful were the mountain ranges, so rich and verdant the sunny slopes, so lovely the wild flowers. Ah! it is well worth going to Clermont, and thence to Lyons, for the whole route is one scene of ever-varying, never-ending beauty.

At Lyons I went to the Hôtel de l'Europe—because it pleased the omnibus driver to conduct me thither; and as it was nearly ten o'clock I could not go through the large city hotel-hunting. It is a palace; the *salle à manger*, where I

breakfasted alone the next morning, is carved, and painted, and gilt, and panelled, like a nobleman's dining-room, and everything is good and clean, but it is very dear. However, I only needed tea, a good night's rest, and breakfast of coffee; but that cost seven francs and a half; and one may have breakfast, *déjeuner à la fourchette*, dinner, tea, and the use of a *salon* for that sum in Switzerland, and in many and most good French inns, if one did but know them, and if one was not *une Anglaise*, supposed to be a walking money-bag, and charged accordingly. Who cares to pay for carving and gilding in an inn? One only needs a clean bedroom and good wholesome food. If I could, I should not care to spend a guinea a day at any Hôtel de l'Europe; I would rather help others who need help. It seems to me a sin to spend all one has upon self.

Well rested by sweet sleep, I rose early, and walked along the quays and over the bridges. Lyons is a very handsome city, but not a peculiarly interesting one. It is built on gently undulating slopes, with the river Rhone winding between them, and its tiers of large white houses interspersed here and there with green

foliage, its river and its bridges looked all bright and glittering in the pleasant morning sunlight. I left it at ten o'clock for Avignon. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ascalon! I left it in a third-class carriage—partly out of economy, to save up the unnecessary expense of going to Clermont, partly because Dr. Webster, an old and experienced traveller, had advised me always to travel third class, because I should see thereby more of the character of the people. 'The higher classes,' said he, 'are the same in all countries; but I always travel third class, that I may study the habits and manners of the people.' The carriage was *réservé aux dames*, and I had no reason to regret having entered it; it was quite as good as the second-class carriages on most English lines—a mere wooden box, uncushioned, but far cleaner than ours. My companions were all of the working class, but how superior to our English women of the same rank, in neatness, in manners, and in grace. One was the wife of an omnibus conductor. One worked in a house where silk-worms were reared, and gave me some interesting details regarding them. Three were sisters of charity. None went the whole journey with me—most

only a few stations; but I saw a great deal of French life, and heard a great deal that amused me, of French ideas and ways. How beautiful the whole journey was; the railroad often running along the banks of the Rhone, seldom losing sight of it. Among corn-fields, meadows, and vineyards, and through willow copses, the river wound in beautiful long lake-like reaches, with long ranges of blue hills, higher than those of the Seine, but not mountains. By-and-by, the distant mountains of Savoy rose to the right, as I sat backwards in the train. Their outlines were abrupt, varied, and grand; the outlines of one were rounded and scalloped like the edge of a cloud, and had it been evening instead of noonday I should have taken them for clouds; so blue and hazy, with long patches of white snow lying on their summits, and partly covering their sides, they gleamed in the distance. I did not well know on which side of the carriage to sit, and English people would have complained of the way I darted from one end of the carriage to the other, to get a sight of the loveliest views. I wished I could cut myself in two, or at least sit on the top of the carriage, to see both sides of the road at once;

but my French companions were only pleased that I should admire their country. As we whirled along, I saw many of the mulberry-trees stripped of their leaves for the silk-worms; after which it seems the practice to lop their branches, so that they look somewhat like huge currant-bushes in winter—a blur and a blot upon the green landscape. I could not help likening them in my own mind to myself, and others who have been unfortunate in life—left naked, bare, and desolate, while all their companions were flourishing green around them. It seemed to me that the other trees felt ashamed of them, as the rich are ashamed of poor relations; they seem, both of them, trees without leaves and people without means, to have no business to exist; they are both simply a blot upon beauty and prosperity. I thought how Hans Andersen would have made a child's story out of them, and as he was not there to do it, made one for myself. Here it is—for we still teach our children the beauty and heroism of self-sacrifice, endurance, and exertion, in theory, while our practice—our English mammon-worship—is a disgrace to us as a people, and will as certainly, if persisted in, draw down

upon us the purifying fire from heaven, of revolution, as American self-love and mammon-worship—selling the souls of men for gold—drew it down upon the slave states.

Once upon a time there was a fair and fertile land, surrounded on all sides by blue mountains. A wide river ran through its vineyards, and woods, and meadows, and glittered brightly in the noonday sun; and trees grew upon the green slopes, and in the hollows between the hills, and some edged the fields. Tall poplars grew in the hedge sides; silvery stemmed birches waved their light foliage on the mountain slopes; grey willows grew thickly among the sandy reaches of the river, and among the reeds that clothed its banks; here and there a few firs shook their dark green needle-like leaves, and the wind as it rushed through them sounded like the dreary moaning of the sea; and by the houses, and in the fields, grew the bright green mulberries; and beneath the shadow of all these, protected from fierce blasts and scorching sunshine, grew corn, and grapes, and rich grass, full of a thousand bright-coloured flowers. It was a land beautiful as Paradise, and each tree, and plant, and flower, seemed to feel and

rejoice in its beauty, and that of its neighbours.

But by-and-by came men with ladders, and they stripped the poor mulberry-trees of all their leaves, leaving them naked and bare, a disgrace to the scene. The poor mulberry-trees groaned and shivered with shame and cold in the cold nights, and withered and felt scorched in the glaring sun at noon, but that was not enough. Misfortune never comes single. By-and-by the same men came with hatchets, and lopped off all their branches, leaving them like an apple-tree prepared for grafting, uglier and more miserable than before, and bleeding at every pore. Then the other trees, proud of their beautiful foliage, reproached them with scorn. 'Die,' said the proud ones, 'and be no longer a disgrace and a shame to our beautiful land; the ivy indeed might have the charity to cover your nakedness if those men would let her, for she is a charitable plant, and always clings to ruins, but it is of no use her attempting it, for they would stub her up too. You are fit for nothing but firewood; die, therefore, at once, and rid our eyes of so hideous a sight.' The poor mul-

berries creaked dismally in the wind from the river, and looked as if they wished they could die, and trouble the pleasure of others no more, as the unfortunate often do wish in vain ; but the light branches of the vine waved gracefully, and I thought I heard a soft sweet voice come from among them, and it said, 'Ignorant trees, the law of existence is self-sacrifice ; everything on earth suffers, that some other thing or being may be benefited. You, oh, oaks! when big enough, will be cut down to form ships, in which men may traverse the ocean. Your sides, oh, pines! will be pierced that your sap may flow out, and afterwards you will be cut down and burnt for firewood. So it will be with the other trees; and the willows are lopped every few years that baskets may be made of their branches. As to me, in a few months I shall be rudely despoiled of my fruit, and my boughs torn and broken by the vintage gatherers; but I mourn not, for my fruit will be made into rich wine to strengthen the heart of man. As to the mulberries, their leaves indeed have all been stripped off them, but those leaves fed silk-worms, and are turned into the silk which clothes graceful and beautiful ladies,

empresses, and queens. I have even heard, that, at least in China, it is afterwards made into paper, and goes to form books which enlighten and improve the whole world. One should not think only of self.' No doubt the vine was right, but I thought I heard the mulberry sigh, 'All this does not prevent my feeling shabby, and ugly, and miserable, when every other tree around me is green and beautiful in the summer air. I am glad I am of use to man, but I wish I was dead for all that. I cannot endure to be so different to all around me; and, oh, vine! though I know what you say is true, I cannot reconcile myself to my misery and degradation. I would willingly endure my fate for those I loved, but what are men whom I do not know to me? I wish I was dead.' And the other trees waved their boughs and said they wished so too. But the vine replied, 'Ye are all foolish. The insect perishes that the bird may live; the mother suffers that her child may be born; from the crushed grape comes strong wine. Murmur no more, for is not self-sacrifice the law of existence?'

As we drew nearer to Avignon, one of my companions pointed out to me that most of the

mulberry-trees still retained their leaves. 'That will tell you,' said she, 'how bad a year it has been for the worms. They have had the same disease as the vine—*ils sont tout crêvés*. In our house we lost 2,000 francs by them this year—*figurez-vous*, 2,000 francs!' She spoke as if it were millions, and, as all things are comparative, it probably was millions to her. She told me there are three kinds of worms—the common, the Montenegro, and the Japanese worm. Only the Japanese, which is the hardiest, succeeded this year. I had read that the Japan silk-worm required no attention, and was left to feed on the trees; but she said it needed the same care as the others, at least, *dans son pays*, for the heavy rains killed it if left out of doors.

What is the reason of the potato disease, and the vine blight, and the silk-worm disease? Are all things wearing out? Is the world growing old and near its end? God grant it may, and a better, and a happier, and fairer world arise from its ashes!

At one of the small stations, a man attempted to enter our carriage. We all opened our mouths. 'Monsieur, ce wagon est réservé aux

dames!' 'Pardonnez-moi, mesdames!' cried he, continuing to mount, 'mais c'est que je suis si pressé!' As the train was standing perfectly still, we did not see the drift of his argument, but finding the creature resolute, made room for him. Before long, came the conductor—'Monsieur, cette voiture est réservée aux dames.' 'Monsieur, je le sais, mais c'est que je suis si pressé.' 'Mais, monsieur, vous ne pouvez pas y rester; il faut que vous descendiez,' and unwillingly the man obeyed. If there had been a young and pretty girl of the party I should not have wondered. As to his being 'pressé,' the train did not go on for some minutes after he left our carriage. One of my companions observed it was well there was a carriage for women. She had lately travelled in a mixed conveyance, and half a dozen drunken sailors got in, and made the journey very unpleasant. It is only in a country like France that a carriage would be reserved for women travelling alone by third class; and yet the young poor girl requires more protection than the rich one, for she is not so fenced in by the respect always paid to apparent wealth, and consequent respectability.

I reached Avignon by six o'clock, and am disappointed in it. The view of the Rhone, the papal castle towering above, the distant blue mountains behind, and the woody heights of Avignon Villeneuve opposite, are very beautiful; but the streets are narrow and dirty, and the whole town has a squalid appearance. It needs a visit from the Emperor, who would certainly order demolitions to begin at once. The new Palais de Justice is, however, a fine building; so is the theatre close by.

I do not admire the Château des Papes, except as seen from the bridge. I stayed four days at Avignon, at the Hôtel du Luxembourg. It was tolerably clean for a French provincial hotel, the cooking good, the *vin ordinaire* excellent, and the attendance civil. The master of the house died suddenly the day before I arrived, and was buried the morning after I came. 'A onze heures il a déjeuné comme un bœuf, et à quatre heures il était mort,' said the *garçon* to me. 'D'apoplexie?' 'Oh non, il a bien souffert. C'était un grand et bel homme, un colosse; je ne puis pas me persuader qu'il est mort. Ah! la mort, c'est une chose affreuse; je n'aime pas d'y songer.' 'La mort,' answered I,

and God knows I spoke from the heart, 'c'est tout ce qùe nous avons *de plus belle—la vie est un malheur*; heureux ceux qui meurent jeunes.' 'Moi je n'aime pas l'idée de mourir; je veux vivre,' replied the *garçon*. Life had charms for him. There was but one *bonne*, a kind of household scrub under the valets of the hotel, and very difficult to catch. So it is throughout the provinces in France: the *garçon* does everything—sweeps your room—makes your bed—answers your bell. I told them I was 'bien Anglaise' in all my ideas, and insisted on having the *bonne*, not to do my room, that was useless, and besides it was done when I was out walking, but when I needed attendance. I asked her, and a dame who seemed to preside during the retirement of the widow, of what M. Boussot had died. No one would enlighten me. I suspected afterwards it was cholera, because I became unwell myself, and fancied I had caught the complaint there.

I saw one day some cocoons in a window, and wishing to see the new Japanese silk-worm, I entered the shop and asked to be permitted to look at them. With the ready courtesy which distinguishes the French, the master of the

shop instantly came forward to show me the cocoons, and to give me every information in his power. There were no worms at that season; they had all passed into the pupa state, or become moths. He showed me two which had just emerged from the cocoon; ugly, grey, short, thick-bodied moths, with two small whitish wings, which they flapped as if to help them in the difficult process of crawling over the paper on which they were, and quite unable to fly; they seemed to me the very dodos of the entomological world. Certainly they must have been created for the express purpose of benefiting man, for I can scarcely think they can have any animal enjoyment of their short existence, which lasts but a few hours. Then my new friend gave me some interesting details about the man whose energy and perseverance had given so rich a gift to his native country. M. Berlandier was born at Barbantane in the Arrondissement des Bouches du Rhône, near Avignon, in 1826. Having lost his property by an inundation, and seeing the country around him ruined by the continued and successive failure of the silk-crop, owing to the worms being attacked by a

disease analogous to that which in the same year destroyed the vine, he conceived the idea of going to Japan to obtain eggs of a new species of silk-worm. It was a difficult task, for besides having no funds wherewith to undertake so long a voyage, there is a law which forbids the Japanese to give away silk-worms' eggs to any stranger under pain of death. What will not perseverance effect? M. Berlandier obtained credit and funds. He started, accompanied by a young man named Léon Convers, originally a baker, for Hong Kong, in 1860. Having maintained themselves there for some time by honest industry, the two companions started for Tien-tsing, where poor Léon Convers died in consequence of the hardships they had undergone. Berlandier, whose frame was more robust, succeeded in reaching Yokahama in Japan, in 1863, and in bribing a Japanese to procure him silk-worm eggs. Fearing the heat of the sun might hatch them on his homeward journey, he travelled through Russia and Siberia to France, and the result was that almost all the eggs were frozen when he arrived in 1864. Noways discouraged, he again obtained credit and pecuniary aid, and

started on a second voyage to Japan, after having obtained instructions from one of the best French naturalists how to preserve the precious eggs. This time he was entirely successful, and in March 1865 he returned with a considerable quantity of eggs of the much prized Japanese silk-worm, and succeeded in giving to his country a new and valuable article of commerce. But happiness is not the destiny of man. M. Berlandier was married, and the father of two little girls. His poor wife just lived to see him return, and to learn his success, dying a fortnight afterwards. He is thus left alone in the world with two young orphans to maintain, and heavily burdened by the debts he has incurred in those distant and costly voyages. France has given him a gold medal and other honours, but she ought to do more for him who has given her so rich a gift. She ought to settle on the adventurous traveller a sum which would provide sufficiently for his children, and guarantee to himself a life of ease and tranquillity after so much hardship. This Japanese worm must not be confounded with the ailanthus, which also comes from Japan. The insect brought by Berlandier feeds on

mulberry-leaves, and requires the same care as the old French silk worm, but produces at once the finest and the strongest silk. The silk-worm which feeds on the ailanthus is said to require no care beyond placing on the tree, where it takes care of itself until it becomes a cocoon, and the silk produced is of a strong but coarse kind, and is used in Japan chiefly for the garments of the poorer class, and for articles requiring strength of texture. It is said to be almost impossible to wear out silk made from the ailanthus, but it does not seem much in favour at Avignon. My kind informant concluded by offering me some of the eggs. Had I been returning to England I should gladly have accepted them; as it was, what could I do with silk-worm eggs? He was M. Berlandier's agent at Avignon.

Avignon to Nismes.—The country was not particularly interesting, and the grey willow-like olive harmonised with the white dusty road we traversed. I travelled third class in a *wagon aux dames seules*, partly for economy. I scorn all shams as much as Carlyle himself, and being poor—not by my fault, but through cruel injustice—rather glory in proclaiming it,

and in the knowledge that—thank God, in all that poverty—I have never wronged any one, or made a debt, whatever I may have needed, or gone without. Moreover, poverty is a stern but valuable touchstone. It is like that Venice glass which shivered into pieces the moment poison was poured into it. Speak but that one sentence, 'I am poor,' and false friends, who have overwhelmed you with attention, shrink from you as if you had the plague. What does it matter? The noble heart remains true, and is doubly valued, because it has stood that crucial test.

Basta! Let me return to my travelling companions. Two who got into the carriage a few miles from Avignon were pretty girls—cousins. They were accompanied to the station by a tall man in a large straw hat, who made innumerable lover-like speeches to one of them, wishing he could but accompany her to Nismes, &c. She held a young baby folded in her shawl, on whom from time to time she looked down with all a mother's proud love. Of course I admired *le poupon.* 'Was it her first?' 'Oh, no! She had one four years old.' 'And monsieur was her husband?' 'Yes.' Then her heart

opening to the sensible woman who admired her baby, she began to tell me her history. She and her husband had a rich uncle at Panama, and they thought of emigrating there very soon. She did not care; what was it to her; she should have *him* and her *bébeé*. As to the eldest, they should leave it behind with her mother. 'Ah! do not,' said I. 'If you leave her, she will never be your child again, nor you her mother. Your affection will all be given to the child with you, or those who may be born; they will be differently educated from the one left here; and when, after six or seven years, you return to France, you will find her unlike your other children and not love her. I also was separated in infancy from my family. I never was one of them, or loved or treated like the others in consequence. God has sent me to save this child from suffering as I suffered. Take her with you to Panama. If God had given me children, knowing what I know of the effects of early and prolonged separation between parents and children, I would have begged with my children—starved with them, rather than parted from them.'

Another of my companions was a poor old

peasant. 'Que la vie est triste, surtout pour les femmes!' said she; 'Madame est mariée?' 'Non.' 'Ah! Madame est bien heureuse; les hommes sont méchants, au moins le plupart. Vous auriez eu un buvard, un faînéant qui vous aurait insultée, battue, maltraitée, Ah! que vous êtes heureuse d'être seule!' In fact the life of a peasant woman is hard in all countries; especially hard in France, where all the heaviest and dirtiest field-work falls on women, while men clean corridors and make beds! We reached Nismes about two o'clock, and as in duty bound, I went to see the Maison Carrée and the amphitheatre. I had not classical taste enough to admire the first; the second is very grand. I went thence along the canal, which is divided into large reservoirs. In one of these the unfortunate washerwomen were standing up to their knees in water, beating, rinsing, soaping linen. A hard life must theirs be, especially in winter; and how easily might the authorities of the town remedy it, by letting the water run into a fountain, around which the women might stand to wash their clothes. The more I see of French life the more I value England, with all her comforts and conveniences even

for the poor; her coal-fires, her coppers, her public baths and wash-houses. If we fail in many things—if we value rank and riches too much, at least we try to ameliorate the condition of the poor work-woman and work-man.

I followed the canal to the public gardens, which I suppose may give one a fair idea of what an ancient Roman garden was. Those massive stone steps and terraces—those basins of water, date from their days. Here, ruined temples and statues of Pan and Hercules seem in their place. The very air of partial decay and ruin adds to the beauty and interest of the scene. I sat down on a stone bench, 'and the breeze brought a well-known scent to me;' it was not 'Mr. Rochester's cigar,' but my favourite scent the lime-tree blossom. I meant to have spent this summer under the lime-trees of Hampstead; instead, I am here—here, where I never thought of being. How little one really chooses one's path in life, or one's friends, or one's employment. I wandered up and down this garden for two hours, although feeling very unwell, to the great disgust of Keeper, who rushed frantically under the shade of trees and benches,

where he lay panting, with his tongue out, looking daggers at me, and showing me by every means in his power that he thought it too hot to walk. The air was deliciously sweet with the rich odour of the limes, and the spicy fragrance of the pines upon the hill-sides; it seemed to breathe fresh vigour into my jaded frame, and I was loth to quit the garden. At last I returned home to mine inn, and had a *plat* brought to my room for myself, and another for Keeper. I never dine at the *table d'hôte*. It is not agreeable to a single woman to dine among the *commis-voyageurs* and other indiscriminate company composing a *table d'hôte*, and I do not care about my dinner sufficiently to encounter all the noise and vulgarity one is exposed to, alone. If I were one of a party, it would be different.

I stayed that night at Nismes, growing more ill every hour, and started next morning for Montpellier. What can people find to like in that uninteresting ugly town, its shadeless environs, its white-dusted streets? I felt more feverish every moment; to eat was impossible. I did nothing but drink lemonade. All

night I was very ill, but lemonade, which in France is often ordered for cholera, kept me alive; and rather better in the morning, and anxious to get to Spain, I started for a long day's journey—from Montpellier to Foix.

CHAPTER II.

THE EASTERN PYRENEES.

THE route was not pretty at first. As the train whirled on, the country grew more interesting. I noticed many, to me, new and beautiful plants on the banks of the railway cutting. I should think that a botanist would find much to reward him at Cette. The fields hereabouts were often hedged by tamarisk, whose slender graceful branches and pale-pink spike of flowers waved with the slightest breeze. It was a beautiful day, a blue Italian sky above, and the sea below almost as blue. Here I saw large dikes or dams on the other side the railway, in which the sea-water is left to dry up. In a few it had already evaporated, and a slight crust of white lay on the sand. Most of the salt used in France is thus procured, but it is always of a grey colour, has a brackish unpleasant taste,

and is very inferior to our rock-salt. We passed through Narbonne, but I saw nothing very interesting till I came to Carcassone; there the country became more hilly, and the old feudal castle looked well from its lofty hill, overlooking the town below like an eagle's eyrie. Though I was travelling third class, I had a pleasant lady-like Toulousaine for my companion, and in our long, weary, hot day's journey we became great friends, and she expressed much regret that I was not going to stay at Toulouse, and that she could not show me her house and garden. A number of peasant women with strange head-gear got in at one station; two were widows, and wore under a black hood a sort of stiff cross-way border of muslin, to which a cross-way double border or hem was pinned on with small pins. How do French women, especially with French pins, contrive, that they shall never drop out or loosen? There are the Sisters of Charity of various orders, with those strange indescribable caps of stiffened linen, the caps of each apparently more inconvenient and flapping than the other; they are held in their place by three single pins. One plaits the cap up behind; one attaches it to the white head-band on each

side the temple. How is it that those pins never come out? Altogether the French woman is a mystery to me. I cannot comprehend her. Unquestionably we English are fifty times cleaner, in our houses, and in our persons, but we do not look so. Are they sprung from the ermines, which are said to die of grief if their fur is stained, and do they inherit from that remote ancestry a power of passing undefiled through all dirt? This morning—no later—I saw a French lady trailing a fawn-coloured gown over the floor of a dirty-looking lodging opposite, which I dare swear never knew scrubbing-brush, or even clout, and water. She has worn that gown ever since I have been here, and she has two children always clinging about her, and it has not a rumple or a stain upon it. I only got caught in the rain yesterday, and my gown is tattered and rumpled as if it was rough dry; but then I am an unhappy Englishwoman; my clothes will get dirty and tumbled, do what I will.

Oh, how sultry and disagreeable that day's journey was! From the time I reached Avignon the soil has been a kind of white limestone, which grinds into a fine white dust, that works

into everything, scorches one's throat, and blinds one's eyes; I felt literally choked with dust. The Toulousaine talked *patois* with the peasant women, and I was glad to hold my tongue; I felt too exhausted for speech. After awhile they all got out at some little village, and the Toulousaine recounted to me what they had told her. It was a modern miracle. The daughter of one had been ill of some unknown disease (probably hysterical) for years; she could not swallow, and spent most of her time in bed. The mother heard of some celebrated shrine of Our Lady—I do not retain the name —and she had a *neuvaine*, nine days' masses, said for her daughter. After this a Monsieur went to this shrine, and when he returned, he brought back a handkerchief that had touched the image. As soon as this was laid on the young girl's breast, she felt something go downwards towards her feet. She grew better daily. In twenty-five days she was quite cured, and went to thank God for her marvellous restoration to health. Of course I felt it was a case of mesmerism. The Monsieur was a powerful magnetiser; he had magnetised the handkerchief, and the girl's simple faith and excited imagina-

tion had done the rest. But I did not say so. Why should I try to take from any one the deep happiness there is in belief? At Toulouse my pleasant companion left me, and I went on towards Foix. She was soon replaced by peasants, who, however, were all very civil; and the train being very full, some men entered the sacred wagon devoted to the *dames seules*. One was a colporteur, with his pack of Bibles, and other Protestant works. He knew the Protestant pastor, M. Frossard, of Bagnères, and had lately had a letter from him. I asked him if he had a Spanish Testament, and he opened his pack to look, but, alas! had only French ones. Instead, with many regrets he offered me as a *cadeau*, 'La Vigne Stérile'—a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon. Think of having a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's given to one in L'Ariége! Not to wound his susceptibilities, I took it and thanked him. I read it afterwards in my bed at Foix, and am bound to say it was a good one. I left it on the mantelpiece of my bedroom there, hoping it might fall into the hands of some one who might also be benefited thereby—a grain of corn cast by the way-side. As we whirled along, the country became every moment more

beautiful; the rich fertile lands were cultivated like a garden. I passed through fields of maize and corn, and green English-looking meadows of rich deep grass and common English hay-field flowers, shaded by the inevitable poplar, willows and alders. Slender streams crept here and there down the hills, or through the grass. Vineyards clothed every sunny slope, and the noisy Ariége murmured hoarsely in its rocky bed, while blue rounded hills, ever varying in form and outline, rose one above the other at every bend of the line. But the night-breeze from the mountains blew keen and cold after the terrific heat of the day. I had been broiling and stewing for nearly twelve hours, and now my teeth chattered in my head. At Saverdun all my companions left me; and, tempting as it was to look at the grey church tower and stone-built little town on that green hill-side, all flooded by the golden light of the setting sun, I was glad to draw up both windows and exclude the cold air. We passed Pamiers, seated, like Saverdun, on a green hill-side, amid vineyards, walnut-trees, and fruit-trees of all kinds. I fancied I should like to stay there: but time presses; I must hurry on.

It was dark when we reached Foix, but a clear bright night. My first impressions of the Ariégois were not favourable. I asked the omnibus drivers to take me to a clean but moderate-priced hotel. I was driven to one so wretched looking, I was thankful when Madame clapped me on my shoulder, and said, 'Bien fâchée, ma chère, mais nous n'avons pas de chambre.' The men said roughly, 'Get into the omnibus; we will take you to another.' 'I would rather find one for myself,' said I, 'for I see you have no idea what I want.' But they gruffly replied, 'Montez donc!' So, to evade a quarrel in the street, I got in with Keeper—firmly resolved I would sleep in no inn whose appearance displeased me. As I expected, they drove me to a wretched little *auberge*, which I refused to enter. The men swore and grumbled. 'What could I—what did I want?' 'I pay you,' said I, 'for the omnibus, libre à moi de choisir mon hôtel.' I had left my carpet-bag at the railway station. I had nothing but a small travelling-bag and my shawls and Keeper to encumber me, so I set forth on foot at half-past nine at night to explore this unknown town. Seeing a tolerable-looking druggist's shop, I entered, and asked the master if he

could tell me of a clean, moderate-priced hotel; he named one, 'à côté,' and I went thither. The sight of the outside was enough. I resolved to trust only to myself, and I retraced the way I had come in the omnibus, till I reached the Hôtel Rousse, opposite the Rocher de Foix. There I was shown into a good and clean-looking room. I ordered *café au lait*, and while it was preparing, I seated myself, despite the cold, at the open window. I do not think a more beautiful scene ever presented itself to an artist's eye. Below ran the Ariége, crossed by the small narrow bridge, the white foam of its turbulent waters gleaming brightly in the starlight, and the innumerable lights that shone on the picturesque groups of houses clustered on the hill-side beyond. Above rose a barren, isolated, escarped rock, with two heavy square towers and one tall round one, connected by a mass of masonry, whose outlines were dimly discernible, and whose windows also were all lighted up. All this, framed in by grey-blue hills on which lay dark masses of cloud-like shadows, broken here and there by trees and gardens, and above all, the deep azure blue sky flecked with its thousands of stars, made up such a

picture as one does not often look on. Talk of Avignon! Go and see Foix in L'Ariége. Reluctantly I told the *bonne* to close the casement; reluctantly I went to bed. I could not sleep. I was annoyed by insects of two kinds, and a violent attack of neuralgia and bronchitis combined, kept me in bed all next day. I could not swallow anything but liquid, and, alas! I had no magnetiser to give me a handkerchief to lay on my cheek and cure the tic. The next day I got up and walked about; the acute pain was somewhat lessened, but I could not open my mouth. I could not eat sopped bread, nor even some cherries I bought in the market. This and some remarks I made to the *bonne*—for the Hôtel Rousse, large as it is, wants the common decencies of civilised life—offended its pert and prettyish mistress. She avenged herself in her own time and way. Throughout the middle of France the charge for a good bedroom is one franc and a half per diem. You pay for your food according to what you have. Now Madame Rousse conceived that, not eating, I failed in my duty as a guest, and inwardly resolved I should be no gainer. Here, therefore, is my four days' bill; I keep it as a curiosity.

Hôtel Rousse.

	F.	C.
Un bain de pieds (N.B. cold water to wash in)	0	50
Un café au lait	1	0
Appartement	1	50
Bougies	0	50
Juin 10.		
Un café au lait	1	0
Bougies	0	50
Service	0	50
Juin 11.		
Un café au lait	1	0
Appartement	1	50
Un verre de groseille	0	30
Bougie	0	50
Service	0	50
Juin 12.		
Un café au lait	1	0
Appartement	1	50
Bougie	0	50
Service	0	50
Juin 13.		
Un café au lait	1	0
Pour dégradation du tapis de dessous le lit	4	50
	19	50

The *dégradation* of my *tapis* consisted in my dog's having lain upon it and left thereon a few hairs; it was not even soiled. However, I was in haste to catch the diligence for Tarascon, and I paid it without examination, thinking simply it was very dear. My motive for going to Tarascon, was to ask St. André, the *viguier*

d'Andorre, who resides there, for a recommendation to some of the chief inhabitants of that town, as there is no decent hotel there, according to Murray's guide-book, and the Honourable Erskine Murray, the only Englishman who ever penetrated into Andorre; and without one, one may sleep in the street. But the *viguier* was a modern Dogberry. Clearly he looked on me as a very suspicious personage. 'Qu'est-ce que vous voulez faire à Andorre?' said he, endeavouring with his stupid, meaningless eyes to look me through like a lynx, read the very innermost folds of my heart, and find there treason to his little republic. 'Mais, Monsieur, je suis artiste; j'écris des livres. Je viens d'écrire un livre sur les Pyrénées de la France, dont sa Majesté l'Empereur a bien voulu accepter une copie—en voici la preuve,' exhibiting my letter of thanks from the Chef du Cabinet de l'Empereur. 'Je n'ai pas le temps de le lire. Qu'est-ce que vous voulez faire à Andorre? Il n'y a rien à Andorre.'

'Monsieur, je suis botaniste, je cherche les fleurs dans les montagnes pour les décrire dans mon livre.'

'Des fleurs! Il y a des fleurs en France.'

'Yes,' thought I; 'and there be rivers in Wales, look you, and there be rivers in Macedon, and there be salmon in both.' 'The French flowers,' I answered, 'are all well known and described by others; those of Andorre are not. I am going on to Spain to visit the Spanish Pyrenees, and wish to go by Andorre. I am told it is necessary to have a recommendation from the *viguier*, or otherwise I should have to sleep in the street. I hope you will not refuse me one.'

'And where,' said he, 'are your papers? How do I know who you are, or what you want? And then, if anything is wrong, M. St. André will be to blame!' I handed him my passport and the letter from the Chef du Cabinet, which proved I was an author by profession. He tossed the first indignantly aside. 'C'est en Anglais,' said he,—'mais visé par el Consuelo d'Espagna.' Qu'est-ce que ça fait? et la lettre, elle n'est bonne à rien. Vous n'avez pas de papiers, et vous me demandez des recommandations en Andorre? Vous auriez dû m'apporter des lettres de M. le Préfet de Foix.'

'M. le Préfet told me to come here.' But I might as well have talked to a stone wall.

Monsieur le Viguier was a little great man, very great in his own eyes, and of crass ignorance. He had determined to look upon me as a spy, a traitor, a revolutionist, God knows what. He eyed me as if I were a bomb ready to explode under his feet; and, absurd as it was, to find myself suddenly become of such consequence as to be thought dangerous to the safety of the republic of Andorre, there was nothing to be done but to return to Foix, and again petition M. le Préfet de Foix. I returned accordingly in an open carriage belonging to the rival hotel, La Coste; and the drive, though one of great beauty, did not add to my comfort, for it increased my cold and neuralgia. When I got down, the *garçons* at the hotel La Coste objected to my carpet-bag remaining till fetched by the porter of the Hôtel Rousse, so I carried it myself. I put this in as a tit-bit for my critics to pounce on; who one and all object, not to my book, but to my economising francs and half-francs, and carrying my own carpet-bag. All I can say is,—gentlemen, if any of you are near death, and will, kindly remembering my poverty and hard way of life, leave me five thousand pounds, I shall be grateful to

you the rest of my days, and thereafter will not economise half-francs; but to find fault without aiding me to a more luxurious mode of existence is unreasonable and unkind. The *public* has been more generous. It helps me in the best way in which honourable poverty can be helped. It buys my books, and thus enables me to help myself. God willing, thanks to its favour, I shall one day be better off, if I live.

M. le Préfet de Foix, or rather his subordinate, was very polite, but cautious; he did not like to commit himself, was but recently come to Foix, and did not perfectly know *les usages*, but he would direct a man in attendance to take me to Monsieur Lafitte. M. Lafitte knew Andorre; he could give me any information I needed. The *huissier*, or clerk, or whatever he was, called magisterially to his wife for his *portefeuille*; and thus armed with the badge of his office, conducted me, to my great amusement, through the narrow, dirty little streets of Foix, everybody staring at the man with the portfolio in his hand, and the Englishwoman in the large flapping Leghorn hat, walking by his side so quietly, who had no doubt been taken *en flagrant délit*. M. Lafitte

habitually dined at the *pension* de l'Hôtel Rousse; he soon arrived there, the messenger gave M. le Préfet's message, and I told my tale. 'I will call upon you at eight o'clock this evening,' said M. Lafitte. 'In that time I shall have seen a person who I think will be able to help you.' So I mounted to my chamber, had a trout for my dinner, and, to amuse myself, studied the bill I had paid in such a hurry that morning. Its contents amazed and angered me. It was the first time in all my travels in France that I had ever been charged for a *bougie*. One half candle had lasted me all the four days I had spent at Foix, and to be charged two francs for it, when a pound of *bougies* costs eighteen sous, was too much. The *dégradation du tapis* was harder still to digest. In plain English, I had been treated as a rich Anglaise, and victimised. I descended to make my complaints. Madame Rousse was inflexible. She swore Keeper had dirtied the rug. It was false, and she knew it, and I told her so, adding, I should put her bill into my book. 'Qu'est-ce que ça me fait?' demanded she insolently. 'To prevent two thousand English people, who may happen to read my book, Madame, from coming chez

vous.' There was no redress to be obtained, however; but as I mention where I am made comfortable and well treated, I deem it right to mention where I am wronged; and associating as I do with Frenchwomen of moderate means, I know the exact price I ought to pay, and which these ladies pay at hotels. The degraded *tapis* was a narrow little common rug, whose price, when new, was precisely four francs and a half. I have priced many such at Bagnères and elsewhere, and since I came to Ax, my landlady has bought several new ones, of far superior quality, at four francs each, of a travelling merchant.

M. Lafitte kept his word; he came in the evening, accompanied by M. Tolede, a gentleman-like Spaniard, professor of Spanish at the Collége de Foix, and told me that if I would give him, M. Lafitte, a copy of my work when written, M. Tolede would give me letters from four children belonging to the principal families of Andorre, who were under his care at the Collége de Foix, to their parents, which was the best introduction I could have. I thought so too, and agreed, telling him the book could not be translated except by permission of my

publisher. He said he had a friend at Toulouse who understood English well, and would read it. It might be very interesting to English people who knew nothing about France and Spain, and not at all interesting to those who knew both countries well; if it was likely to be generally interesting, his friend was well able to translate it, and could, no doubt, make an arrangement with 'mon éditeur,' as a publisher is called in France.

M. Tolede asked if I was a good walker, and if I had strong shoes. 'The roads,' said he, 'are so bad in Andorre, you will often have to dismount and walk.' I told him I had a pair of men's shoes. 'Then,' said he, 'half the battle is over. Once in Spain your difficulties will be over. The Andorrans in general are a very dirty race. I don't know how you will get on there, but in Spain you will find comfort and cleanliness.' 'But in the mountains,' said I, 'I am told the mountaineers live by *contre-bandisme* and brigandage, and am afraid of being robbed and murdered.' 'N'ayez pas peur,' he answered; 'c'était comme ça autrefois, après la guerre, quand le gouvernement n'était pas assuré. Maintenant tout est tranquille, et

les montagnards espagnols sont bons enfants.' This was cheering, for I felt nervous about this Spanish tour. I thanked both gentlemen for their courtesy, and they bade me good-night, and the next morning M. Tolede sent me some letters of introduction.

CHAPTER III.

AX.

At the railway station, where one is obliged to take a *billet de correspondance* to insure a place in the old diligence, the superintendent, M. Thoumin, who found me lounging about the station, waiting for its arrival, offered to show me his cabinet of curiosities. He had things worth seeing. Foix is very rich in minerals; there are iron mines, and lead is also found in the lodes. M. Thoumin had some splendid specimens of iron ore, of crystals, stalactites from a neighbouring cavern, which, he told me, was full of them, antediluvian fossils, and other curious productions of the country. Some of the stalactites were singular in form; they resembled the wooden trees of a child's toy farm-house; upon slender little stems, the thickness of a drawing pencil, grew little oval tufts. I

could not fancy them natural; I imagined they were plants or toy trees petrified by being placed under a stream of water like the dropping well at Knaresboro', but was told that it was their natural conformation. At last the coach came; Keeper and my bag were hoisted on the roof, Keeper astonishing everybody by the celerity and adroitness with which he climbed up the ladder. 'Ce n'est pas pour la première fois!' cried the conductor, amazed; and I, a lady, and a gentleman, got into the *coupé*. From the *coupé* I had a good view of the rich and beautiful, though narrow, valley, which narrows more and more as one approaches the heart of the mountains. Every time the road turned, new combinations of hills rising above hills—they were scarcely to be called mountains —gave new beauty to the scenery. The hills are generally rather rounded, at least towards the base, but very irregular in outline. Sometimes the summit is broken into peaks; sometimes a bare bluff of granite rock juts out grand and naked above the foaming Ariége. Most of them are partly covered with stunted trees, or cultivated nearly to the top; on a few grow dark patches of pine-trees. All have brighter

colouring and deeper and more varied shadows than the loftier mountains of Bagnères and Bearn. On the most distant, snow still lies, contrasting beautifully, and yet harmonising, with the green trees and fields, and the time-stained granite rocks. The whole of this long valley gives one the idea that it has been gradually produced in the course of æons of ages, by the waters of the Ariége ever wearing their channel deeper, and the melting of the snows upon the heights. In some places scarcely a narrow field lies on each side the road, on the banks of the river. At Les Bains d'Ussat the river seemed to divide into many small streams, each bounding a narrow green meadow, shaded by poplars, alders, and willows. The place seemed to consist of a few hotels, and *bains*, and lodging-houses. The best hotel is kept by Madame Delpêche, the wife of a banker of Pamiers, and a very nice woman. Her husband was forced to take this property as a bad debt, and being unable to sell it, his wife, though not brought up to anything of the sort, undertook to manage the concern. The house has been newly decorated, and newly furnished from garret to cellar, and under the new administration is successful during the short season

of three months. In winter all the hotels of Ussat are shut up. The valley is just traversable for the posts, and that is all. At one hotel my companions descended, and were succeeded by two fat men. One could have played Falstaff unstuffed, and his features resembled those assigned the chivalrous knight by immemorial custom. I had not too much room in the *coupé*. What a strange thing it is, by the way, this power that authors have of not merely inventing a character but a form, which shall be for centuries—perhaps while the world lasts—as real and familiar to all well-informed people as that of any living friend. When will Falstaff, and Don Quixote, and Sancho Panza, and Mr. Pickwick, cease to exist? By-and-by, my companions pointed out to each other and to me St. Barthélémi, one of the loftiest of this portion of the Pyrenees, but I did not see the snows and glaciers, of which Murray speaks, from my *coupé*. We passed one or two ruined castles, in particular that of Lordat, near Les Cabanes. 'C'était de là,' said one of them, 'que les grands seigneurs d'autrefois, comme un aigle de son nid, dominaient et ravageaient le pays.' 'Oui,' answered the other, 'et quand le Seigneur de Lordat passait

près d'un autre château non loin d'ici mais plus petit, il fallait que le châtelain descendît sur le pont pour lui offrir un verre d'eau, seulement pour faire voir qu'il était son serviteur.' 'C'est bien,' said we both, 'que ces temps sont passés.' 'C'est bien'—but are the people much happier even now in wealthy England, in Ireland, in Scotland, or in France? Here, in this part of L'Ariége, I heard my companions say they suffered much. In summer they worked hard to gain slender crops from the stony poor soil; in winter they were half buried in snow; and wood must be dear, for as nothing but wood is obtainable as fuel—and no one scarcely plants—it necessarily becomes scarcer every year. As the evening closed in we reached Ax. A wedding party was promenading up the street with a trumpeter behind them to invite people to dance at the wedding. The bridegroom, in his uniform of a *douanier*, looked rather sheepish, as bridegrooms generally do; but the bride, all in white with her white chaplet, appeared to me one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. As she turned and nodded and smiled to our coachman, who was an acquaintance, her face was quite radiant with happiness. The diligence stopped

at the hotel of M. Sicre, 'mâitre de postes aux chevaux.' I stopped there likewise, quite worn out by my long day's journey and the being squeezed to a mummy by Falstaff and his friend. The exterior of the hotel is not very promising, but I was shown to a clean room with a boarded floor, which Mdlle. Sicre assured me was washed. I believe her; for, though Keeper slept in my room, I had no insect plagues. I meant only to stay a day or two at Ax, but I find here kindness, civility, and attention, and I am so weak I can hardly sit up, quite unfit for travelling on horseback to Andorre. Instead of a rude *valet* coming to my bedroom door as at the Hôtel Rousse at Foix, and threatening to 'l'enfoncer,' if I, who was in bed, did not instantly open it to let in my dog—a threat he nearly executed, for he kicked it with such force, it would have burst open had it not been locked, and the insult was intentional, because I had refused to allow him to enter and insisted on the *bonne* waiting on me while I was ill—there is a pretty, civil, neat *bonne*, named Marcelline, to do the bedrooms. Behind the house is a good-sized garden, shaded by platanes and sweet-scented lime-trees, in the midst of which plays a good-

sized fountain; and opposite the house, fronting the row of trees, are a range of handsome marble baths for bathers. There are various springs at Ax; some of them hot, others cold; some are sulphurous, others impregnated with iron; and they are a good deal frequented. My landlord has just built a large and handsome *salon*, looking on one side into the garden, on the other into a little court full of flowers, where plays another little fountain. And here in *la saison* they dance every night. Above the baths is a *jardin potager*, whence one has a pleasant view of the surrounding hills, and one set of apartments opens upon it. Here, stealing currants (not however without permission given by Mdlle. Charlotte), I found, suspended by two threads to a currant branch, the nest of a solitary wasp. She was so busy laying eggs or constructing new cells on the side furthest from me, that she did not even notice me when I touched it with my finger. It is a pretty delicate little nest, about the size of a middle-sized Siberian crab. The cells are perfect hexagons, like those of the bee, and each is like a long sheath, open at one end, probably that she may add new cells; for, waxed up half-way down, as in the bees'-comb, I saw a

pupa. I have never been able to get a good view of the insect herself, as she works on the side next a wall that I cannot get to, but she appears much like the common wasp, only rather smaller bodied, and with a more pointed tail and narrower wings. I want to take the nest, but am afraid of being stung; and only fancy carrying a nest of wasp larvæ to hatch in one's bonnet-box, as they would be sure to do *en route*. To-day the wasp is at work on my side, constructing new cells. She is smaller than the common wasp and darker, her body is black, banded with narrow yellow stripes, her wings are dark brown, her legs yellow, her head larger than the common wasp and black. I like Ax extremely. One is not so covered with white dust when one walks along the road as at Avignon, Nismes, and Foix. There are innumerable little green valleys, and woods, and shady nooks, where I like to stroll now I am able again to walk—for the first few days I could only sit in the garden, I had scarcely strength left to speak—and everywhere among the fields murmur little cascades or rivulets, carrying the precious waters to the different bathing establishments, of which l'Hôtel Sicre is decidedly the

first in cleanliness and comfort. I like sitting idle under the lime-trees in the garden, listening to the song of the birds and the soft murmuring of the fountain, and breathing the sweet air of jessamine and limes. There I breakfast and dine, for two meals a day are all I can manage to eat. It is months since I had a desire for food, and I only eat as a duty; and there, when I am well enough, I mend my stockings or write up my journal. Two of the demoiselles Sicre are well-informed, educated women. Mdlle. Charlotte has a real genius for music, and sings well. One day, she and I and the two Mdes. Delpêche, one of whom also had an inexhaustible *répertoire* of French romances, strolled to the parc, and thence to a pretty little wood where rises La fontaine Ferrugineuse, and they sang song after song together, or alone. This French life is a curious mixture of refinement and its opposite. This house is cleaner than any I have seen since I left Paris; but even here, how much that to English ideas is necessary is left undone! How long will it be before the French learn to wash kitchen floors and entrances and stairs daily? I suppose they are now what our ancestors were two hundred years ago as to internal and domestic

comforts. They understand outward show, large rooms, handsome furniture, magnificent public buildings, jewels, and dress; so did our ancestors, better far than we of the present day, who can but copy feebly the grandeur of their cathedrals, castles, and halls; but to them, as to the modern French, household comfort was unknown. They are, however, happy in their own way—that is to say, those who have means. One of the Mdlles. Sicre is married to the doctor of the town, and, having associated a good deal with the family, I have seen something of French domestic life in Ax. The doctor's daughters are two pretty girls, and one has a very fine voice. Like their aunts, they are *bonnes ménagères*, and will make good wives. They make all their own dresses, they cook, and they iron all the linen the *bonne* has washed. In England we have carried refinement so far that most young girls in the middle classes of life would fancy themselves degraded by these domestic duties; here they are cheerfully performed and honestly avowed. 'J'ai repassé ma robe d'Indienne. Comment la trouvez-vous?' said Mdlle. Rosa, arriving in all the glory of a neat, fresh-looking, buff print gown, and purple

necktie to her little collarette. I think our would-be young ladies in England—for it is always those who are of the lowest family who are the proudest and idlest—might learn much from these French girls. A man here in France knows that he marries a helpmate; in England a man too often marries only a drag, who will put her hand to nothing useful.

I strolled so far with Keeper one day, that I found myself at Mérens—a little village some three or four miles from Ax. I did not intend to go so far, but was beguiled by the wild beauty of the scenery, and I wanted also to try my strength before setting out for Andorre. The road lay up a mountain defile, in places so narrow, it might almost have been called a chasm. At the base of the rocks on one side, the Ariége dashed over a bed of huge stones. At every bend in the road the scene changed. Here were rounded hills with corn-fields and woods half-way up their sides; there, huge granite rocks, bare and gloomy, frowned above the torrent; there, an avalanche of huge stones covered the hill-side. In the fields grew beautiful field flowers. I noticed two kinds of pink. One, the small pink we name Indian; the

other, the mule pink. In one place, the sloping meadow bank towards the river was crimson with their blossoms, contrasting beautifully with a large bed close by, of turquoise blue forget-me-not, and the rich golden hue of the summer buttercup. In some fields I saw a new flower with a white glittering corolla, like the stiff petals of the everlasting; and in the fissures of the rocks grew a beautiful plant, about three feet high, with divided leaves like a small horse chestnut, and white tassels of flowers like the male flowers of the chestnut. There were, besides, the smaller and the larger scabious, campanula of different kinds, corn-flowers, and marguerites. I said to myself, 'I will gather these treasures as I return.' Arrived at Mérens, I went to the Hôtel Sicre, kept by a cousin of the Ax family. The mistress was out, so I made my way into the *salon*, turned for the nonce into a linen-draper's shop, and occupied by an itinerant pedlar and his wife, who gave me a chair, and sent for the hostess. This is the way in which these mountain towns are supplied with necessaries, for the shops, even in Ax, are few and worthless. That very morning, going to the market with Mdlle. Charlotte to buy cherries, which cost

here a sou the pound, she joyously hailed the arrival of 'Gabrielle,' another itinerant merchant, who, with her husband, was busily unpacking stores of prints, muslins, and popélines, from a huge unwieldy-looking vehicle, half cart, half carriage, in 'la Place.' Even in the season, there are no shops as at Luchon, and Bagnères de Bigorre. All articles of dress are dear in France, especially in the provinces. I asked the price of a coarse spotted alpaca at Mérens; it was two francs and a half, about two shillings the mètre, which is rather longer than an English yard. In the room were three or four girls of twelve or thirteen, each with a coloured wadded cap on her head, a coloured handkerchief crossed over the breast, dirty frocks, and naked feet. Almost all the women and girls here go barelegged in summer. Knitting in hand, they stood and stared at *l'Anglaise*, or tumbled the merchant's goods about with their dirty little paws, with the *insouciance* of French children, who never seem to think they can be in the way, and have no respect for superior rank. At l'Hôtel Sicre, the dirty little brats are a continual annoyance to me; they come by half-dozens at a time to dabble in the fountains, and drink water out of

various little toys, and stare at me as I breakfast, write, or dine, and seat themselves on the benches as if they were their own property. I scold them out twenty times a day—afraid of the company they may bring with them. Yesterday, a quarter of an hour after I had chased them away, they returned—a troop of four, the eldest not five years old. Madame Delpêche and I demanded angrily what they wanted. The eldest replied with a dignified sense of the irrefragable right she had now to be here, that they came to wash their pocket-handkerchiefs! Each flourished a rag—they proceeded with great state to the washing fountain at the end of the baths, and having there *fait leur lessive*, returned to our fountain in the garden, to rinse the *mouchoirs*, which they continued to do, with an air of mingled defiance and injured innocence, for at least half an hour. As to us we were really too much amused to scold—we were fairly beaten by the tiny washerwomen, for we could not keep our countenances. This want of privacy, however, is to English ideas a great nuisance. Even now while I write, a man comes into the garden leaning on two sticks, for he is lame. The garden gate is necessarily open all day, that

bathers may come in, but Monsieur—for everybody is Monsieur or Madame in France—plants himself beside the fountain, where he stands, leaning on his two sticks, looking at me. I look up from my writing at him, but he never flinches or moves; there he stands for at least half an hour, staring at the Englishwoman sitting writing on a small table under the lime-tree, as if I was a professor of the black art. Perhaps he thinks I am.

When the hostess came, I ordered some milk, bread, and an omelette. The omelette was made with grease and utterly uneatable. And here I must say a word about the folly of parents' extreme watchfulness as to their children's food. I was brought up by a strict aunt, who thought privation of all pleasure was the true education. I was never allowed to taste soup, or sauce, or gravy. A slice of meat and a little bread and potato was my dinner; pastry or fruit I rarely had. My breakfast and tea were milk and water and dry bread. A slice of bread and butter was a treat thought of for a week. The consequence is, that my stomach cannot digest the smallest amount of fat or grease. I am continually suffering from the over-strictness of my

early diet; while my sisters, who had whatever was on their parents' table, had good digestions and better health. I have known many children of great families brought up in the same way; in fact it is rather the fashion among a certain class in England; they fancy it insures a good complexion; instead, it insures liver complaints and jaundice, from one or other of which, all those ladies, like myself, suffered. A caged bird or animal will not thrive without variety of diet, neither does the human being.

However, the bread and the milk were good, and a person is not much to be pitied who, after a long mountain walk, gets a fresh egg, good bread, and a quart of rich scalded milk.

As I left Mérens, an old peasant going to work in her fields joined me. She deplored the dry weather; the season has been unusually dry; but the summer is never wet here as in Les Hautes Pyrénées. There is seldom much rain after May, I am told. Scarcely had I parted from the old woman when drops began to fall. I quickened my pace, not daring to return to Mérens lest the Mdlles. Sicre should be uneasy about me, and fearing that if I did, the evening might turn out wet, and prevent my return alto-

gether. Just as it rained heavily I got to a cabin, where I asked shelter. The barelegged dirty women who tenanted it brought me a chair, and I sat in the stable, where there was scarcely room for even that chair, and they with two little children sat down on the door-step, not to incommode me. I felt I was the intruder, and thinking the stable would probably be cleaner than the house, preferred remaining there. So I pushed my chair back among some sheep hurdles, and made room for them all, and they sat on the staircase, for a common arrangement among French peasants is the stable below and a room over it as their dwelling. The grandmother was ugly as well as old, but had a good expression; the mother, for all her dirt and rags, had a fine face; and the two children, Pauline and Marie, aged four and two years, were cherubs. Pauline was a merry little brunette, with hazel eyes and curling flaxen hair; but Marie might have been a little countess, so perfect were her slender limbs, her delicate hands and feet. She had large soft blue-grey eyes and fair hair, with the angelic sweetness of smile which makes one feel almost sure that one so nearly an angel will never live to womanhood.

I did not emulate Wordsworth's Matthew—I could not say I looked on her extreme loveliness, 'and did not wish her mine.' I envied her, and questioned in myself whether in all her dirt and poverty, having known no better lot, the evidently contented mother of children, loving and beloved, was not far happier, perhaps also a far nobler woman in God's sight, than the more highly cultivated solitary woman who sat beside her. If I had been rich I would have tried to buy that child, and bring it up as mine, but perhaps it was well I am not. Children inherit love, and that cannot be bought or sold. 'Dear little creatures,' said an uncle of mine, 'they bring love along with them.' How rarely are aunts beloved by the children they educate! The fault is in them. They do not bring to the task they undertake, the mother's heart; where they can and do, they have a parent's rights, and obtain filial love.

I played at bo-peep with Pauline, till the little one laughed and crowed with delight; then when the rain cleared I gave them two sous and started anew. I had to shelter once more before reaching Ax, getting thoroughly drenched before I did; but except for my flowers—my

precious herb Christopher, as I called the elegant palmated plant, though I knew it was not a herb Christopher—and my crimson pinks, and the white flower I wanted to gather and class, if I could, I rather enjoyed the rain than otherwise. How loaded the air was with the scent of all those meadow flowers, literally heavy with honeyed fragrance; it was like breathing honey instead of eating it; and how reviving the scent of the rain-moistened earth and the trees!

Every now and then, as I walked along, the thunder rolled like a peal of artillery amid the mountain-tops; now and then there was a flash of sheet-lightning; twice, the lightning played above my head like an aureole, and all round my hat shone flashes of blue and pink flame; but as I felt I was unhurt, I was not frightened. The Romans had a belief that, when lightning thus played on a person's head, or struck a house without doing harm, it was an omen of good fortune; but what good fortune can come now to me?

I felt rather nervous, for these mountain storms sometimes become dangerous; and besides an umbrella, and that detestable iron-

hooped crinoline, I had Keeper's iron chain in my hand. I had taken it, intending to wash him in the river near some green fields, where he could roll himself dry, but found none suitable. Once I thought of calling him and coiling it round his neck, but then I thought if he should be struck dead before my eyes, I should feel as if I had killed him; so I carried it home myself.

As I passed through La Pacaudière, in Auvergne, I heard the details of a sad accident in the mountains. A postman and two *gens d'armes*, traversing the hill-side, were struck by lightning. The two *gens d'armes* were instantaneously killed; the clothes of one were torn from him; he was completely stripped naked, except his boots, by the electric fluid. The postman's eyes were much dazzled by the flash, and he was dreadfully frightened by his fall, and the death of his two companions; but he was nearly recovered the day I passed—two days after the accident. Both the men killed left a wife and family.

Fancy the distress of the poor wives, whose husbands had left them in perfect health and strength only a few hours before! What sor-

row there is in the world; one might almost say it was all sorrow. Would that Dr. Cumming were right, and that the millennium was indeed drawing near, and after it, the destruction of evil.

Keeper made for a *métairie*, and sheltered in the door-way, and I followed. The farmer's wife invited me up-stairs, and I went. It was a long large room, not very dirty according to French ideas, but rather dark, though it had three small windows, and the light admitted from a door opening into an inner chamber and the staircase. Opposite the latter was an open chimney, flagged for some distance with stone, on which smouldered a few brands; a baby in a wicker cradle—which had a thick stick passing from the head to the foot, over which hung a wadded coverlet to exclude all air—was in front of it, rocked by a little girl. In this hot climate and weather, the French coddle up their children more than we do in winter; but it seems to answer, for consumption is rare in France. Dr. Combe, and some of our first medical authorities, attribute its prevalence in England to the exposure to cold, the bare legs. and scanty petticoats worn by English children,

which sow the seeds of consumption in their constitutions in early childhood. In one corner of the room was a square block of masonry, reaching to the ceiling—it was an oven. Now I understood what a gentleman once told me, that in travelling in Tyrol, he had often slept on the top of the oven. Had there been a vacant space above, this oven would have made a tolerably comfortable bedstead, though a little too short. Two beds stood in a corner; over a table were three large bright scoured brass pans, and the crockery was all ranged in order in a plate-rack over another. But none of the tables seemed as if they had ever been washed; people appear to dread water in France like a mad dog. I asked for milk, and having carefully rinsed a basin, *la fermière* gave me some. I tendered payment, of course, but it was refused —I was welcome to the milk. These peasants seem pleased to be able to offer you anything; and to force payment on them is clearly an affront. So I thanked the kind woman, and when it was fair, returned to Ax, well satisfied to have seen the interior of a peasant's house of the better class in the Ariége.

Next day was Le Saint Jean—our Midsum-

mer-day—a grand *fête* in the Pyrenees. A tall pine-tree was cut down, and planted in the space near the hospital for invalid soldiers, and as near the houses as was safe. A crown of white lilies and other flowers decorated its summit, and in the evening, when we all turned out to see the sight, its branches had been further ornamented with small balls the size of oranges, containing gunpowder, while men were busy piling fagots and dry straw round the stem. It made one perforce think of the burning of heretics that once took place. When all was complete, the priest came in procession from the church, with a boy bearing incense before him; a kind of mass or benediction was said, the priest sprinkled the tree and fagots with holy water, and then, taking a lighted taper, set fire to the straw among them in various places. The dry fagots soon blazed high, and as the flames reached the balls of gunpowder, they exploded with the noise of artillery, reverberating grandly from the surrounding mountains.

Fire is always beautiful. The long tongues of flame that leapt up from the crackling fagots, flickering and twisting round the stem of the tree, until they reached its branches, and the

balls of gunpowder exploding, sent forth showers of sparks on every side; and the dark fantastic shadows cast on the faces of the crowd, and on the tall houses beyond; the curving bridge in the foreground, the snow-wreathed Ariége that foamed over the huge boulders below it, and the wild, craggy, deep-shadowed, picturesque blue mountains, closing in the scene; above which the stars were just beginning to gleam in the deep azure sky—was a scene well worthy a painter. I have been ten days at Ax, detained by illness, and there have been three benedictions or processions—the Fête Dieu, the St. Jean, and another. The priests encourage them as much as possible, as they amuse the people, gratify their love *du spectacle*, and increase their power —over the women at least.

On the 26th of June, I left Ax with much regret, for I had been ill, and received there the kindness I needed; and it is in itself a most lovely valley, full of picturesque and beautiful walks, and fields of loveliest rare flowers. M. Sicre wished to give a little pleasure to the two Madames Delpêche, and therefore it was arranged that, instead of taking a guide, and going alone to the Hospitalet, they, the Juge de Paix

of Ax, Monsieur Lafitte; Mdlle. Charlotte Sicre, and I, should all go together in a large open carriage, of the usual uncouth and unwieldy kind common in France. Before I quitted Ax, the demoiselles Sicre gave me a necklace of the jet of the country. It is not so brilliant a black as our Whitby jet, but I value it as pretty in itself, and a souvenir of people who showed me much kindness. In very sooth I dreaded leaving Ax—where I led a sort of dreamy, idle life under the lime-trees in the garden, listening to the plash of the fountain—to encounter the barbarous people I expected to meet in the wild mountain regions I was about to visit alone; and I was well pleased to have a merry party, whose presence at least broke the sense of dreariness which would have pressed on me had I left Ax alone. The two Madames Delpêche sang French romances most of the way, and there was much laughter and noise—though I felt sad at heart. I dreaded this Spanish journey more every day.

The whole way from Ax to the Hospitalet is up a narrow mountain valley or ravine, at the bottom of which foams the snowy Ariége. It is impossible to describe the wild, savage, yet

exquisite beauty of this pass. At every turn of the road the scene varies; now sternly grand and savage—now pastoral, wild, and picturesque. Above Mérens, we passed a large waterfall that came foaming down over the rocks above our heads, and passing under the road, fell into the river below. 'A fortnight ago,' said our driver, 'the fall of water rendered this road quite impassable; the road was covered with water from the melting of the snow.' I have not therefore really lost much time, though I have been detained at Foix and Ax by illness; for I could not have traversed Andorre until the melting of the snow rendered the roads passable.

The Hospitalet is the last village in the Ariége, and miserably dirty. We took our provisions to the *douane*, to the young bride whom I met crowned with her white *couronne de Mariée*, as I entered Ax. Imra had been Mdlle. Sicre's *lingère*, and had married a *douanier*, and exchanged that pleasant little town for the bleak, dreary, desolate Hospitalet; and our dinner was now to be spread in her room, as there were no shady fields where we could sit and eat it. The apartment, *au troisième*, consisted of two rooms—a good-sized front room looking into the street,

and an inner one without window, for Monsieur le mari, behind it. The furniture was merely two deal tables, two beds, a press containing some linen, and a little crockery, two or three shelves of pots and pans, and a few chairs; and on a long row of pegs hung her husband's garments, her own, and her crinoline. They had but about thirty pounds a year to live upon; but Imra had married for love, and seemed as happy as a queen. Had she been able to remain in Ax, their income would have been nearly doubled, as she was a good ironer and workwoman; and Mdlle. Sicre, *dite* '*L'Agneau*' (for everybody here has a sobriquet, by which they are better known than by their real name) was always bewailing her loss; but these people are accustomed to live on a little, and I have no doubt Imra is happier in her poverty at the Hospitalet, than she would have been remaining better off, but separated from the man she loved, at Ax. She fried our eggs and boiled our coffee, and when we had devoured that, and the cold ham and fowl we had brought with us, giving a share to our driver and Imra, we went to visit M. le Curé, to inquire about a guide for my next day's journey to Andorre. M. le Curé was

a gentleman-like agreeable man, and recommended a certain Jerome Roan, *dite Tatine*, as *un homme de confiance*, who would take good care of me; and it was agreed I should sleep that night at the Hospitalet, in Imra's room, and start with him on horseback at four the next morning, for Andorre la Vieja—i.e. the old town of Andorre. I was to give him seven francs for that day, and seven for the day he would lose in returning to the Hospitalet; and he was to provide for himself and his horse. This arrangement made, we walked with M. le Curé as far as the wretched little cabin on the mountain-side, where the *douaniers* watch in turn, and sleep. Imra and Madame Delpêche's maid were already there, for her husband had kept watch the preceding night. There, while the others rested at the *douane*, I mounted the rocks and botanised. I found several old Pyrenean friends, and some new plants. There was the Gentiana lutea, a tall, handsome-leaved plant, whose wide, straight leaves I had gathered on the Col d'Aspin, but whose spike of small yellow flowers I had never seen till now. I cannot imagine why it is called a gentian; it does not in any way resemble one; its petals are divided instead of

forming a cup, and its leaves in no way resemble those of any other gentianella I know. There was also the delicate little white lily of Argélés, and another still prettier, more salver or bell-shaped, whose chalices, all leaning one way, are a pure white. I found also the pretty bright-eyed, crimson mountain pink; a handsome yellow flower, somewhat like a French marigold, but much taller; the greater and the lesser blue centaury, and many common English wild flowers: and then we returned to the Hospitalet, my friends—for friends they had become—to return home, and I to remain alone in Imra's gloomy, comfortless room, which, nathless, to her was a paradise.

I can conceive no place more dreary than the Hospitalet. Even in summer nothing can be procured there, except goats' milk and eggs. There is no butcher there, not even a village shop. Coffee, candles, salt, sugar, everything has to be fetched a long five hours' mountain journey from Ax. I wanted coffee; Imra had to borrow some of M. le Curé. Of course I gave her money to buy some, but none was to be bought; it could only be borrowed. The bare mountains produce no trees; brushwood is

scarce, and the poor must be badly off for firing in winter. The entrance to all the houses is a cobble-paved passage, often—indeed generally—leading to a stable. M. le Curé's lodgings were little better than Imra's, and in the winter the snow often reaches the second story of the houses. 'Tiens, Mademoiselle,' said Imra's husband; 'last winter I got out of that window, *la troisième*, into the street; the snow reached to there.' A pleasant abode truly! But what true-hearted woman cares where she lives, provided it is with the husband of her choice? Imra's husband was a quiet, civil young man, and seemed very fond of and attentive to his young wife, though he privately confided to me, what I had guessed before—that the promenading about on his wedding-day 'lui était beaucoup à charge—one was obliged to parade the town and be stared at.' He seemed thankful it was over.

After I had had café, M. le Curé, and Mdlle. the schoolmistress of the village, came to walk out and botanise with me. He brought with him an old herbal, not of much use, and I was glad to be able to offer him, in return for all his civilities and his coffee, the 'Flora des Pyrénées'

of M. Philippe, which I had brought with me, but which proved of little use to me now I had no longer M. Philippe to apply to for help, as I do not understand the French terms without a botanical dictionary, and have no room for more learned lumber in my carpet-bag.

I did not pass a pleasant night in Imra's dwelling; the bugs gave me no peace; I never closed my eyes, and it was a relief to me when my guide, Roan, *dite* Tatine, knocked at my door, and said it was time to rise. Imra got up also, and made me some coffee, and gave me some brandy, for I felt ill and faint. I was to pay her a franc for my bed; I gave her three francs and a half; more I dared not give her, because I had been unable to change my bank-notes at Ax, and had barely sufficient to bear my expenses into Spain; but knowing she was poor I wished to give her a little wedding gift, so I opened my sac and gave her a pair of sleeves and two collars. In fact I have but 120 francs, and how I am to get on I don't know. It never occurred to me at Foix, that I could not change English five-pound bank-notes or circular notes at Ax, neither did I contemplate remaining there above a couple of

days at most, and knowing there is a heavy loss in changing French money into Spanish, I wished to have as little as I could. So that when I had paid L'Agneau, who keeps the books, I had little left for my long mountain journey. The morning air was chill, and I was glad of my water-proof cloak, as well as my merino jacket, but it was clear and bright, and augured well for our journey. What a figure I should have cut to eyes polite could they have seen me at 5 A.M., following my guide up the dirty little streets of L'Hospitalet in my cloak and flapping Leghorn hat, and by the aid of a chair mounting a lean sorry beast not much unlike the celebrated Rosinante in leanness and form; accoutred with an old leathern bridle fastened beneath the animal's head with rope, and eked out with whipcord to lengthen it; a cumbrous man's saddle, over which was an old woollen rug; a sack with my shawl, containing my guide-books, &c., at one end, and a small tin bonnet-box in the other; while behind me was strapped my carpet-bag of clothes, and my small travelling-bag, and in my hand, instead of a whip, I flourished the well-known 'Mrs. Gamp'—a sobriquet my

friends have been pleased to bestow on the shabby umbrella I invariably carry with me. How can I have a decent umbrella, when it has to serve as a walking-stick, a riding-whip, a crook to pull down flowers or fruits, or even to drag rare aquatic plants out of the brooks?

As to my stirrup — a rare thing to obtain at all in this part of the world—it also was a pleasing combination of cord and knotted leather, the last necessary to make it the proper length, being anything but soft or agreeable to one's limbs. How thankful—as from a chair I ascended above my saddle-bags, or rather sacks—I felt to my father for having taught me as a child to ride without stirrup or crutch on a pack-saddle; but for that I might now have been lying a shapeless mass of broken bones at the foot of one of the Pyrenees. We ascended slowly, my guide on foot, a desolate barren region belonging to Andorre, but rented by the inhabitants of the Hospitalet. Seven hundred head of cattle were pasturing here under the care of a few shepherds. They were of the grey, thick-necked, buffalo-looking breed, and it was really a grand sight to see such a herd on the mountain-side; not so pleasant, how-

ever, when they threatened Keeper with their horns, and my guide told me they often killed any dog that passed. The cows are not milked when taken to the mountain-pastures; the shepherds take what they choose for their own use, the calves have the rest. No butter, and little cheese, is made here, or in Andorre; and with all these cows, the inhabitants habitually drink goats' milk. In the southern Pyrenees, on the contrary, the peasants live during the summer in châlets near the mountain-pastures. The cows are regularly milked, and their produce, either as butter, cheese, or milk, brought every morning to market. But the patriarchs did not live a more primitive comfortless life, than do the Ariégois, and the Andorrans. My guide pointed out a ruined *métairie* belonging to his uncle and himself, where a few years ago they lost sixty or seventy head of cattle and horses, as well as the poor old shepherd who had charge of them. All were killed by the falling of the stables in a mountain-storm. After we had nearly passed these herds, my guide, who had joined company with two other men carrying loads on horses to Soldau, coolly told me he 'was going to ford the Ariége, and take a

shorter cut up the hill. I might go on alone, my horse would follow the others, and I could cross where they did.' I did not like it, especially as some of the bulls still menaced Keeper; but there seemed no help, for he suited the action to the words, and in a moment was far beyond screaming distance; so I rode on. The ford was of course not very deep, but the Ariége always brawls over huge stones, so that there is always a considerable eddy or current. The two other pack-horses crossed alone without their leaders, who had gone on with Tatine; mine would not, but stood stock-still; while Keeper, seeing I was in trouble, and anxious to do his best to help me, commenced a war-dance, accompanied by quick angry barks, meant to encourage me and my horse, but likely enough to bring down on him and me the thirty or forty cattle grazing on the hill above in threatening attitude. My guide came to the other side and shouted to me to come on; but in vain I plied Mrs. Gamp; that wretched horse would not face the current for more than a quarter of an hour. At last he slowly wetted his feet, and next, cheered by the sight of the other horses going up the hill,

or dreading his master's stick, he leisurely crossed. Not an apology did that *homme de confiance*, Jerome Roan, make; he was only angry I could not force the '*sacrée bête*' to cross sooner. It was no use scolding or arguing. I said nothing; but I thought inwardly, it will be well if I reach Andorre without an accident.

After this, the road grew every moment more interesting. Peak after peak rose up in front, some yet white in many parts with snow; and the morning sun threw deep blue shadows on the clefts and hollows of the mountains behind me. It was a grand and glorious sight, worth quitting England to see! Nor was this all; the loveliest flowers covered the hill-sides, and I must avow I rather tired Tatine's patience by asking him to gather the rare ones; I only asked for those unknown to me before.* Oh, how I wished I could have gathered roots or seeds for the gardens of my English friends! One mountain-side was all yellow with a large flowered anemone of a pale sulphur hue, deeper towards the centre. It had the stem, leaf, leaf-

* In hiring him, Mdlle. Charlotte had distinctly stated I was in search of rare flowers, and he must gather me any I saw.

let, corolla, and rounded seed vessel of a true anemone, but it is difficult to botanise on horseback, with no book in which to put one's acquisitions. There a hill-side was snowy white, as if it was covered with daisies. But these were a small white flower, like a wood anemone in size, but with a grey-hued, cistus-like leaf, and probably belonged to that class. Then there was a small white anemone, whose flower, of a dead lily-white also — had deep orange-hued stamens like the cistus, but the true anemone stem, flower, sheath, and leaf. There were a few roots of sweet-scented daphne. The blue gentian grew in profusion among the yellow anemones, and there was also the lovely small gentiana verna, but here of a duller hue, and more of a purple than at Bagnères; and along with the smaller and larger pinguicula grew the delicate pink labiated flower, with a finely pinnulated or serrated leaf, common in our bogs,* in rich large whorls of deepest Magenta; crimsoning whole fields, and mountain-sides. And what shall I say of the forget-me-not—here of the deepest azure hue, there absolutely deepening into lapis lazuli? What of the small

* Pedicularis sylvatica.

meadows full of flowers, gleaming here and there among rocks or copses by the side of the foaming Ariége,—here—all golden with buttercups, there—a whole bank of forget-me-nots, or meadow pinks; or of lovely white ranunculus, growing like a meadow buttercup in size, but taller, and with more glossy, larger leaves; and golden stamens, enlivening the pure white calyx? In damp situations the bushes of this plant are often two feet high. I saw also a few asphodels, globe flowers, the teazel-like plant I found at St. Sauveur, here nearly white, and no longer pretty; and the silvery everlasting-like flower I never saw before I came to Ax, and which there the rain prevented my obtaining.*

We stopped, that the men might dine and the horses feed, at the little village of Soldau, a dirty nest of some half-dozen stone cabins, in the midst of a narrow valley of rich meadows, a little after we had passed Le Teint Noir, a small black-looking pond where the Ariége has its source, and here I had a still further proof of the egoism of my trusty and much vaunted guide. The place was too dirty, and I was too tired and un-

* These flowers all died long before I reached Andorre, so that I could not class them.

well to take anything except a small quantity of Spanish *eau de vie*, which is a white milky-looking fiery liquid, not very palatable. Even Keeper disdained the soup offered him, and lay on the balcony looking reproachfully at me because I did not feed him better after his long mountain run. A young man—a lad of seventeen, speaking Castilian only, of which I knew but little—dined there also. Monsieur Roan coolly proposed to turn me over to him; he had a horse, and could take me on to Andorre with my baggage, while he, Roan, could return that night to the Hospitalet, with of course two days' pay for half a day's work. I positively declined. I had made an arrangement with him, M. le Curé and Mdlle. Charlotte having assured me he was trustworthy, and I could not break the agreement and intrust myself to a new lad of whom I knew nothing. He assured me he knew him to be of very respectable Andorran family. 'Possible,' said I; 'but the thing cannot be.' In fact, had I done so, and had any accident befallen me, M. le Curé and Mdlle. Charlotte, who had taken much trouble to secure me a good guide, as far as they knew, would have had just cause to blame me. Jerome

Roan did not insist further, and made a merit of not doing so, but I soon found he had lost his temper. After awhile the new-comer asked me if I would ride his horse, which looked young and skittish. I declined, and at a little village on our road he left us to pay a visit to friends. Our two former *compagnons de voyage* had remained at Soldau. I now dismounted and walked, forgetting, when I did so, to take my umbrella from Tatine, who held it while I got down, and he walked on with the horse, at its pace, obstinately and sulkily refusing to stop every now and then, and wait till I could get up to him. The mountain road grew very steep, slippery, and stair-like; often it was merely the partially dry bed of a mountain torrent, and I had carefully to pick my way from huge boulders to small stones; now across a stream of water whose stepping-stones were just those that naturally rose above the surface of the water as it lessened in volume through the summer heat; often, nay, generally, rocking about, while I had neither alpenstock nor even my beloved 'Mrs. Gamp' to aid me in steadying my feet; and if I fell, and seriously hurt myself, my guide was beyond call. I need not say it never even

occurred to him to give me a hand in any ascent or descent, however rough or perilous, except once. Once when we had crossed the first mountain after l'Hospitalet, covered with such beautiful flowers, we came to a crevasse still full of snow. There was a large round hole in the middle, and it was curious to see how very thin the snow was round its edge, not thicker than my finger. Tatine pointed it out to me, and gave me his hand to assist me in crossing. So far as I could judge by the eye—for with such guides one cannot stop to examine into anything, however curious or beautiful—the whole crevasse was full of snow merely, without ice. I met, at the hotel at Ax, a Mr. Russell, a member of the Alpine Club, who had just returned from an expedition into Andorre, whither he went to make a more correct guide than has yet been published of this chain of the Pyrenees, and he told me that the day before, descending one of the mountains, he slipped and fell into one of these deep beds of snow; luckily he escaped without injury. I believe he is the second Englishman who has visited Andorre; the Honourable Erskine Murray was the first, and for above twenty years had no follower. I, so

far as I know, am the first Englishwoman who has ever dared to invade the privacy of that pocket republic. I recommend no single unprotected woman to follow in my track. I travel because *c'est mon état*, as the French say. The public has accorded so kind and favourable a reception to 'A Lady's Walks in the South of France,' that my publisher, Mr. Bentley, urged my taking another similar tour on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees. Happy are those women who have a home of their own, and can stay in it. I had rather have been tying up sweet-peas, and training clematis round the porch of my wee four-roomed cottage at Hampstead, could I have retained it, than have seen all the sights in the world! There is no place like 'one's ain fireside.' As the pretty little Scotch song says,

> Oh! I hae seen great anes, an' sat in great ha's,
> Mid lords and mid ladies, a' covered with braws,
> But the dearest enjoyment my heart ever saw,
> Although it be humble and narrow and sma',
> Is the bonny bien blink o' my ain fireside
> My ain fireside.

I am not sure I quote correctly. I used to strum that song every night, but I burnt it, I believe, the night before I broke up my little home. Its music was discord to my heart.

A lodging is no home. It is a sort of prison. Shut up in one's two rooms, condemned to eat day after day the same tasteless, ill-dressed, dried-up food—*toujours perdrix* might be bad enough, but *toujours* mutton-chops—or roast meat on Saturday, cold on Sunday, ditto on Monday, till in utter despair on Tuesday you give it to your dog! And as for boarding-houses, no one who has not lived in them, can imagine the petty spite, the jealousies, the unprovoked calumnies spread about all who are in any way superior to the others. One runs from them to a lodging to escape ill-nature, after trying in vain to oblige everybody in the house; and the want of proper food and consequent illness, drives one back to those refuges for the destitute, till even the inconveniences and discomforts of a foreign tour undertaken on slender means, with its changes of scene, its varied and majestic scenery, and its beautiful flowers, seems a desirable alternative. But, ah! one envies the poorest cottager in Yorkshire who has her own home and garden, her bed of flowers before the door, her garth, and her wee haystack, her pig, her chickens, and her cow!

I have often seriously thought of turning

cottager, but the habits of a life are against it. I have not strength to live in a brick-floored room, with the outer door opening into it. A certain amount of comfort is become a necessity for me as a condition of tolerable health. A person liable to violent attacks of bronchitis, with no one to nurse her when ill, is obliged to be careful of herself. I put these remarks in for my reviewers, who have been pleased to wonder why I did not content myself with 'even the humblest lodging in a country village in England, instead of wandering in this comfortless way.' Gentlemen, I want to earn a home of my own once more ; and, thank God, and a kind public, which buys and reads my books, I hope I am in a fair way now to do so.

Basta ! Retournons à nos moutons. About a mile and a half from the village of Encamps, I was painfully picking my way down a steep mountain-side alone — Tatine and the horse were of course out of sight and call—when I passed two shepherd boys. I saluted them ; they replied with smiles, and I thought, 'if these are a sample of Andorrans they are a fine handsome race.' I had scarcely passed them when an ass came galloping down the mountain, and attacked

Keeper, who, tired with his long run, instead of showing fight as usual, jumped over a wall into a field, to avoid her; she then galloped up to me, and turning, commenced kicking. I managed to frighten her off, and calling Keeper, retreated to a thick box-hedge growing against the mountain-side, intending to pass her that way. I had scarcely done so, when I was stunned by a most violent blow on the top of the head from something falling through the box-hedge above me. I felt sick and faint, and putting my hand to my neck, down which something was trickling, found my fingers covered with blood, and the large stone which had struck me, weighing at least three pounds, lay at my feet. My first impression was that it was an *éclat de rocher*, but a loud triumphant laugh at their successful aim, from the young Andorrans, soon undeceived me, and showing my bloody fingers, I exclaimed, 'Vous m'avez tué.' Upon which they ran away as hard as they could. No guide was in sight, and I felt growing fainter and dizzier every moment. How was I to make Tatine hear—I, who, just recovering from a severe attack of bronchitis, had not yet recovered my voice? I

could not articulate any word; I could only scream, 'Ai! ai!' in the hope he might hear. I screamed at intervals for at least a quarter of an hour; when at last, finding, I suppose, that I did not follow, he left the horse, and came to seek me, but when he saw me, it was some minutes before he would come to me. He shouted to me to 'come on to him, the ass would not hurt me,' &c., &c. At last, seeing I did not stir, he came nearer, and heard me faintly articulate, 'Ils m'ont tué.' 'Qu'est-ce que c'est donc?' I held up my bloody hands, and told my tale. He was for leaving me there fainting, and pursuing the young savages, and it was all I could do to persuade him I was not fit to be left. Then it was, 'Les vilains diables! Who would have thought it? who could have dreamed of such a thing happening? If he could only catch the villains!' 'I did not expect this, certainly,' said I slowly and feebly, 'but I predicted that some misfortune would happen to me before I reached Andorre if you persisted in leaving me. I expected I should fall and perhaps break a limb in descending some of these difficult paths; and if I

had, you were not there to help me. A guide's first duty is never to lose sight of his traveller. You knew I was not a mountaineer, accustomed to mountains; and you promised M. le Curé, and Mdlle. Charlotte Sicre, to take good care of me.'

He wanted me to mount and ride the rest of the way to Encamps, but I was far too dizzy and faint to be able to sit the horse along such roads, if roads they can be called. In these Pyrenees, the roads appear to me to make themselves. They are generally down or up a mountain-side, the dry or partially dry bed of a torrent. Where they wind around a precipitous mountain, they appear to have been originally goat tracks, widened perhaps a little by man. All the way to Encamps was a steep descent, and ill as I was, I was obliged to walk. My head was excessively painful, the cold wind cut through it like a knife, and I dreaded that part of the brain might be exposed, from the intense pain I suffered. Tatine was in a rage because the accident had happened through his negligence, and because I could not sit the horse; and I had nothing with me to relieve the feeling of faintness—not a drop of wine or brandy, or a smel-

ling bottle—even water was unattainable for that last weary mile and a half. At last we reached Encamps. I had letters for a wealthy Andorran there, but there was some difficulty in finding him. His son had naturally addressed him by his right name, and as is usual in Ariége and Andorre, he was known only by his sobriquet. At last we found his house, and I presented my letters, and received from him and his wife every possible kindness, though they must have thought me somewhat of a bear, for I was too faint to talk. They wanted to wash my wound with salt, or wine, or brandy; but I knew my flesh always healed well if let alone, and bound it up in the warm blood, shook my head, exclaimed 'No! no!' and refused to have it touched. I bathed my hands and face with water, and when a little revived by that, and drinking two or three tumblers of cold water, instead of the wine and *syrop de groseille* kindly offered me, got a thick Indian silk handkerchief I happened to have out of my bag, and tied it over my head under my hat, and as the blood dried over the cuts, and the handkerchief protected them from the cold air, they began to feel less painful. My host was much annoyed that such a

misfortune should have happened to me, and vowed he would have the lads severely punished. I described them to him, and so did Tatine, but it is not the custom to punish any crime short of murder in Andorre, and then only under very aggravated circumstances; and I dare say they escaped. However, Don Antonio Maestro was clearly much ashamed that so uncourteous a reception should have been given to an unoffending stranger, who had, moreover, brought him letters from his boy, and his boy's schoolmaster, and did all he could to atone for it. He and his wife pressed me to lie down, and to remain that night at Encamps, but I was bent on getting to Andorre. I thought the sooner my journey was ended the better, and if I grew worse I should at least be in an inn. Don Antonio accompanied me to the blacksmith's where the horse had been left to be shod, some of its shoes having come off with the rough road, and helped me on to it. I was less faint now, after an hour's repose, and both he and Tatine assured me there were no more precipitous descents; so I remounted, and we started again. Ill as I was—for though the acute pain of the cut had ceased, the headache left by the violence

of the blow remained—I could not help admiring the savage grandeur of the passes through which we reached Andorre, and the magnificent views from Escaldos, the last village before Andorre. Here we again stopped to have a shoe put on the horse, and were overtaken by the young Andorran we had met in the morning, and whom the faithless Tatine had proposed to me as a guide; who stopped at the forge for the same purpose. He also had been 'cobbled' by the same shepherd boys, but had jumped down from his horse, and ran after and thrashed them. He could not forbear a significant smile when he heard of my misfortune. It said plainer than words, 'I should have taken as good care of you as the guide you have.' True enough; but if my head had got broken under his care, the Curé and Mdlle. Charlotte would have said it was my own fault. Now it was Tatine's. The fresh air and the rich aromatic scent of the box-trees somewhat revived me, and I was able to admire and even enjoy the lovely and magnificent views opening before me. Fancy, to the left, a rich well-wooded valley, watered by a clear winding stream, walled in by grand and majestic mountains, varying each from the other in outline,

with deep shadows thrown on them by the fading light, retiring, as it were, one behind the other, till the imagination failed in fancying their number; and in front, a narrow gorge or defile leading to the valley, with an old, broken, high, one-arched bridge, almost covered with ivy and creepers, spanning a chasm, below which ran the river. Above the bridge, the rocks fantastically clothed with creepers, fringed with graceful trees, rise more abrupt and precipitous, while the river pours down a foaming cascade between them, and a large blue mountain rises like a wall between you and the sky. We traversed the bridge, wound round a steep ledge of rocks, only fit for goats, and having on each side gardens and houses, the gates of the first often thickly covered with a large single-clustered white rose, which drooped in rich masses to the ground—entered a dirty ladder-like street, and behold, we were in Andorre la Vieja, or the 'old Andorre.' Here also I had letters to deliver; and as Don Antonio had told me very significantly that I had better consult his cousin before fixing myself at an hotel, I refused to accompany my guide to the inn, and made him take me to Don Pedro Moles. Alas! Don Pedro

was at his *métairie*, a mile off; so also was Señor Babot, whose real name was Don Bonaventure Moles. They had to be sent for, and I was asked to sit down in a large room, hung round with, apparently, family portraits; for I was in the house of the richest proprietor of Andorre. The rest of the furniture was of the simplest description; rows of high-backed rush-seated chairs, with the frames painted lapis lazuli blue, and two large deal tables, I think, completed it. The window, which was large, but with small panes of glass, opened on to a balcony, and looked out into the main street of Andorre. I could not speak Spanish, and no one there, except Tatine, who spoke both French and Castilian, could understand me; but they brought me two little bits of chocolate on a plate—the usual refreshment offered, apparently—which I refused, and cold water, which I drank greedily. Now I was out of the fresh air, the feeling of deadly sickness returned, and I was afraid of fainting outright before Señor Moles should arrive and recommend me to an inn. By-and-by, the daughter of the house came and asked me to go in to 'Maman'—the only French word she seemed to know. I followed to an inner room,

and, to my horror, found I was intruding on an invalid; Madame Moles was in bed. Moreover, there was a huge bunch of white lilies in water in a jug on a side-table, and I turned so deadly faint that, exclaiming, 'Perdona, sono malato,' I rushed from the room to the balcony in the outer room, where stood Tatine, grumbling at being kept waiting so long; and sent him to apologise for my apparent rudeness. At last the two Andorrans came, and they also seemed much pained for the honour of their country, that I should have been so shamefully abused. Don Pedro could not speak anything but Castilian. Señor Babot, his brother-in-law, spoke French, and accompanied me to an hotel, but my perfidious guide had requested him, in Castilian, to take me to the one where he had chosen to put up his horse. We went there accordingly. What a place it was! We entered a paved court-yard or passage leading to the stables, and beyond this came to a large kitchen, where, around the wood fire which burned on the hearth in a wide open chimney nearly the width of the room; some ten or a dozen bronzed-visaged, swarthy, dark-eyed men, in knee breeches, and plush waistcoats, and with sashes round their waists, were

lying grouped in a most picturesque manner. It was quite a scene for an artist—indeed, a tour in this wild country would be a mine of wealth for a painter—but it was anything but a pleasant place for an 'unprotected female,' with a broken head, to repose herself in. At the other end of the apartment, round a long deal table, as wild, ragged, and barefooted, or *espardined*, if I may coin a word (espardines are hempen-soled sandals, worn by the Andorrans and Spaniards of the lower class), a set were sitting devouring their supper, and all were shouting, gesticulating, and talking, as none but Pyreneans and Spaniards can shout and gesticulate. It was a Babel. 'Had the host a comfortable bedroom?' Señor Babot asked. 'Yes, he had as comfortable a room as heart could wish.' 'Was it ready?' I wearily asked, for I longed to lay my aching head on a pillow. 'No, it was not ready, but it could be got ready directly; it was a charming room; Madame would be comfortable.' Rooms never are ready in Andorre, or Spain, except at the great hotels. They remain as their last occupant leaves them, till another arrives to take his place. We stumbled all three, led by the host, up a dark staircase encumbered by sacks of

flour apparently, on to a landing encumbered with more sacks, and straw, and other lumber; and throwing open the door of a small, close, suffocating, hot room, whose window had never been opened that day, whose bed bore evident traces of late occupancy, as did the room itself, the host again declared his conviction that when it was put in order I should be 'bien dans la chambre — absolument comme chez moi.' 'Absolument comme chez vous,' echoed Tatine. At home, indeed, in that filthy room, whose very odour told of innumerable bugs. 'Je ne dormirai pas ici,' said I, descending. 'Señor Moles, let us try the other hotel.' We went back to what I suppose I must call the 'place' or square of Andorre; and going through the same sort of court-yard paved with cobbles and leading to stables, ascended a large stone staircase—all the staircases here are stone apparently—we were led through a large room where a throng of Andorran peasants were supping, shouting, and smoking; into a large room divided into two unequal halves, by an arched and curtained recess which formed an inner room; receiving no light except from the archway, and from two large ovals about half a yard long pierced in the wall

on each side the arch. This inner room was to be my bedroom; the outer opening on to a balcony, my *salon*. Of course the bed was unmade and everything in disorder; but still it was all so far superior to the other inn, that even Tatine had nothing to say when I declared I preferred this hotel to the other. He slunk sulkily off, and as soon as he was gone, Señor Babot said, 'I could not bring you here before, for your guide told me you had already put up at the other house; the horse was there already; and besides, the owner of this hotel is my cousin. So it would not do to force you to come here.' He recommended me to the care of the hostess, and then left me. The poor little woman could not speak a word of French, but she had a willing heart, and her eagerness to serve and please, helped her to comprehend my wants. I got water and bathed my face and hands; and coffee, but, alas! with goats' milk; and I was thus refreshing myself with *café noir* and dry bread when my two Andorran friends returned to see whether I was made comfortable, and help me (Señor Babot at least) to explain what I desired. Finding I could not drink goats' milk, whose very scent is enough to sicken one, Señor Babot

promised that I should have cows' milk next morning, and while I stayed, and so I had. With all the avaricious propensities of these peasants, how much they waste! With seven hundred head of cattle grazing on the mountains, not a drop of milk or a bit of butter is to be had at L'Hospitalet. It is not on account of the heat, for the thermometer which Dr. Scholfield of Doncaster kindly gave me as a useful travelling companion, never indicated more than 70 or 75 degrees of Farenheit; and in Les Hautes Pyréneés, where the heat is far greater, one can always have both butter and milk in profusion, though there also they keep goats. Again, just before entering Escualdos, or Escaldos, for it seems spelt both ways, I saw on a hill-side more bee-hives than I ever saw collected together in my whole life before. The hives were of the rudest description; about a yard or a yard and a half of the stem of a tree with the bark left on, fixed in the ground, and hollowed out in the middle. How they get the honey out is a mystery to me, and I leave it for some braver and more adventurous traveller—in a word, for some *man*—to solve. Most of these hives were swarming, but there was no one to collect the swarms. As

in the Hautes Pyrénées, the peasant will any time lose pounds, *in futuro*, rather than spend a penny at the moment. To have paid some one to hive all these swarms would have ruined the rich bee proprietor. They all, Señor Babot informed me, belonged to one man.

Tatine now came to be paid, and I was very glad of the company of the two Moles, while I settled with him. After giving him the fourteen francs agreed upon, he had the assurance to ask me to recommend him as a good guide in my book. 'Certainly not,' said I. 'It is no thanks to you that I was not killed. You undertook to take good care of me, and you walked on with the horse, quite out of sight and hearing too. I told you to keep with me, which was your duty as a guide; for if I had fallen down those steep mountain precipices and broken a limb, who was there to help me? Had you been beside me to protect me as you ought to have been, those Andorran boys would never have flung stones at me. You are not fit for a guide.' 'Assez, assez,' said he, sulkily, and away he went. 'It seems to me,' said Señor Babot, 'that you are more angry with Tatine than with the boys who hurt you.' 'Certainly,' answered I; 'for

it was his fault they assaulted me. They dared not have attacked me had a powerful man like Tatine been by my side. They pelted the doctor's son, also, who is only a youth; but they never threw a stone at Tatine.'

It was late when my two friendly Andorrans (for whom I had brought letters from their sons at school at Foix) left me, and I was thankful at last to lay down my weary head.

CHAPTER IV.

ANDORRE.

ALAS! I have had a wretched night; bugs and fleas forbade sleep; and I could only lie on one side, and not on my back, as I usually do, on account of my bruised head, so that I could not obtain relief by change of position. Keeper also was discontented and unhappy. Poor little dog! After that long run, on his legs from half-past four A.M. until nine at night, he had had no dinner; for at the inn where we had stopped to bait, nothing was to be had but cabbage soup, kitchened with grease, and bread soaked in it, which he would not eat; and here there was no meat to be had either; the butcher only comes to Andorre twice a week. So, poor wretch, he had had nothing but a little dry bread and water. Then the floor swarmed with fleas, and he groaned and rattled his chain (I

had chained him to the table-leg to prevent his wandering about and breaking something) in a most eerie and ghost-like manner. Altogether we had both a wretched night, and ill-rested, I got up early next morning in self-defence. Señor Babot came, and the hostess was charged that day to procure some meat for Keeper, but the butcher from San Julian forgot to come, and poor Keeper had to eat bread soaked in goats' milk. The butcher often forgets to come to Andorre it seems, for the people live chiefly on hogs' flesh, and do not patronise him extensively. Only to see those lean, scrofulous, measly-looking pigs, is enough to make one forswear pork for ever. I don't wonder God forbade pork to the Jews. It must be a most unhealthy diet in hot climates. I saw one pig in Andorre which was a mass of sores. I dare say he will be killed and eaten when his time comes, notwithstanding. I had nothing to eat all the time I stayed in Andorre, but bad çoffee, excellent chocolate, hard-boiled eggs, and dry bread. It was no use trying an omelette, made, like the one I tried to eat in vain at the Hospitalet, with rancid grease. I talk of eating chocolate because the Andorrans and the Spani-

ards do eat chocolate. It is made in little cups, shaped like our old-fashioned mug-shaped coffee-cups, but not holding more than an egg-cup. One square, when boiled, fills a cup, and it is eaten by dipping a sponge-cake or a piece of bread in it, and tastes like a rich cream. I should like it very much now and then for luncheon or dinner, but for breakfast or tea, one wants something to drink. I used to have a glass of water brought me, and dilute it till it was drinkable, to the great amazement of my kind little hostess, who used to come into my room, smooth my hair, or stroke my arm, or my cheek, and try very hard to make me understand Castilian, often saying, 'Povera Señora! non mingia. Diviene magra,' holding up her forefinger, '*magra, come qua.*'* Then I used to laugh, and say, 'No, no, magra come *qua*,' holding up in my turn my little finger. She and her husband were both kind-hearted, good sort of people, and did their best, while I stayed, to

* 'Poor Señora! she does not eat; she will become thin—thin as that.' Mingia is not a true Castilian word—they would say comida; but I believe, though I was told to the contrary, that the Andorrans speak a *patois* kind of Spanish, more akin to Catalan, which province is nearest them, than to the Castilian or pure Spanish dialect.

make me as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The husband had lived in Foix, and had some notion of the requirements of civilised life, and knew how much I must miss — and I, on my side, endeavoured, like Mark Tapley, to feel jolly, and make light of their loss.

I was determined, however, to try at all events for a quieter night; so I set to work to sweep out my own room thoroughly, going into all the corners, when my poor hostess fancied it already well swept. What a shovelful of dust there would have been, had there been a dust shovel to put it in! There was none, so I swept it into the eating-room or *salle-à-manger*, and then my host and hostess' only son, a lad of fifteen, who had looked on with wondering eyes at the dama Inglese sweeping; began in his turn to raise the dust with such vehemence, in his desire to show me Andorrans could sweep as well as English people, that I was fain to close the folding doors and shut him out; but I heard him for half an hour after, at least, while I was sprinkling my room floor all over with water, and scouring my eating-table, which had never certainly been scoured before, with

English soap, and water; my landlady all the while looking on in amazement, and at last making me understand, by way of excuse for its dirt, that it had been 'depinta,' painted the favourite lapis lazuli blue, of which some few streaks still remained. In the filthy little inns between the Hospitalet and Andorre, I noticed the beams of the ceilings, and the outer frame round cupboards, were thus decorated. It is equally customary in way-side *ventas* in Spain.*

Fortunately for me, a French schoolmaster, sent by Government to learn Castilian or *patois*, was lodging also in the inn. He civilly became my medium for making my wants known, and was also obliging in accompanying me in the only two country walks I took while in Andorre. I wished to see the church, about a stone's-throw from my *fonda*, or inn, and thought I might venture so far alone. No such thing; I soon had a crowd of ragamuffin children bellowing and screaming after me, and was obliged to return to my quarters. The escort of this Frenchman, dirty and shabby as the poor man was,

* *Venta* and *fonda* both signify an inn. But a *venta* is a way-side inn or public-house; a *fonda* is an hotel.

The inn at Andorre, in size, was more of an hotel.

was very acceptable to me. He was rather well-informed also for his rank, and could read Italian, of which he was not a little proud. He brought me an odd volume of 'Alfieri,' *pour passer le temps*, as he said. I had other ways of passing *le temps*; endeavouring to keep my room clean, mending my clothes, and writing up my journal, which is to me like Sinbad's old man of the sea, a load never to be shaken off. I always feel I have this horrid book to write in a given time, and wonder how I ever shall get it written. My Frenchman was moreover sensible and conversable, and from him, who had been some months at Andorre, I learnt more of the character and manners of the inhabitants than I could otherwise have done in a year. But even with him, who was known throughout the valley, walking out was a dangerous thing for a lady, dressed of course differently to an Andorran peasant, to do. And had I even bought a peasant's dress, I should have been known as a stranger, for every face and figure is known throughout the valley. Nor is there any costume belonging to Andorre. The women wear a common print or woollen gown, with or without an apron, a dirty handkerchief

folded over the bosom, and a cleaner one doubled in two across the head, with two ends tied loosely under the chin, and two hanging down loosely over the back of the neck. A more unbecoming costume than this, common from Bordeaux to the Hautes Pyrénées, in the Ariége, Andorre, and throughout Catalan, Lerida, and in Barcelona, can hardly be devised. I had nothing at all peculiar but my large flapping Leghorn hat, which I needed as a shade from the sun; and had I had a bonnet, a pork-pie or a small round hat, it would have been as novel to the people, and as peculiar. It was natural the people should stare at me; but there are, however, two ways of doing everything—a civil and an uncivil way; the Andorran and the Spanish way is the uncivil one.

The Frenchman took me one day to see the hot springs of Escaldos. As we were annoyed by a crowd of children who followed us, hooting, while their relatives rather encouraged them than otherwise, we clambered down an Andorran short cut, over some rocks, rather more like the steep roof of a house than a road, to the quiet and pleasant fields through which flowed the clear winding river. Andorre is, as Ford

truly says, 'a Paradise inhabited by devils.' I noticed to the right an immense quantity of broken rocks, that seemed to indicate the recent fall of a part of the mountain. We went there, and my guide told me the sad tale. A small hamlet of six or seven houses stood there this very spring, some of whose inhabitants were among the wealthiest in the valley; and while we stood and looked, a poor old peasant came up, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'Here was my house! I was rich then! I saved nothing but the clothes I had on, which were my worst. Now, I have nothing.' Poor man! I gave him two francs, all I could spare, for I had but 120 to carry me on to Barcelona. No one would change English notes at Ax.

It seems some shepherds coming down the mountain noticed a large crack in the ground, and warned the inhabitants of their danger. Instead of at once removing their cattle and property to Escaldos, only about a quarter of a mile, they went to the chapel to pray that the misfortune might be averted At last they did make up their minds to depart altogether. They had only just done so, when an avalanche of rocks, stones, and earth, loosened, it was

supposed, by the gradual sapping of an underground stream swollen by the melting snows, overwhelmed the whole hamlet, burying houses, chapel, furniture, stables, and cattle beneath it. Nothing escaped destruction but a barn on the outskirts of the place; and so nearly were the inhabitants caught by the falling rocks, that the last man of the troop was caught by a part of the falling mass. The bough of a tree, part of which I saw still remaining buried in earth, saved him from loss of life or limb; but I was shown the narrow angle where he remained imprisoned till people came from Escaldos to cut him out. The Bishop of Urgel, their diocesan, sent to the unhappy people a hundred francs, but the rest of their rich neighbours, all of whom, especially the inhabitants of Andorre, above which lies a similar bed of loose shale, are exposed to similar disasters, never aided them in the least. There is no fellow-feeling or real charity in Andorre.

It was Sunday, and as we passed through the village of Escaldos a great part of the population were just issuing from the church, and all stopped to look and comment on the Inglese. That was but natural, but as we drew near the

rocks whence the hot-springs issue, just above the bank of the river, the women and children gathered round me, hooting; and my guide spoke sharply to them, but did not succeed in putting a stop to the annoyance; they still followed us with insulting exclamations as we went down the stone steps to examine the springs. There are several of different degrees of heat and mineral strength. I could bear my hand in all. Some Germans sent a medical man to report on them, and wished to establish baths, which would have been an excellent thing for the poor miserable little village; but the Andorrans are averse to any alterations, even for the better. They have given up working the iron mines, which yielded iron of excellent quality, 'for fear,' say they, 'that if we work them, and the riches of our mountains are known, either France or Spain will annex our territory, and we shall lose our independence.' The best thing that could befall the Andorrans would be to lose this boasted independence. It consists only in not progressing with the rest of the world; in being able to remain poor, bigoted, ignorant, dirty, lazy, and vicious. *Les Andorrans sont méchants* is the common saying,

both of their French and Spanish neighbours. There are honourable exceptions, and I am bound to say I received much kind attention in Andorre, but these individuals formed the exception to the general character borne by the inhabitants. Therefore, like other good gifts of God, the mineral hot-springs of Andorre remain useless to every one except that the women wash their clothes in them. After examining them we turned our steps homeward, the women and children still following us with cries and execrations for some distance; but quickening our pace, we at last succeeded in tiring them out, and got away from them. I was still weak from my accident, and sat down on a broken wall breathless, when my guide said,

'Have you a knife with you?'

'Only a penknife.'

'Bon! give it me; I may want it. I spoke roughly to those women; it is possible their husbands or lovers may follow and attack me, and I am unarmed, while no Andorran goes without his gun or dagger, and generally both; and they do not warn you either; they stab from behind. Ils sont méchants—les Andorrans.'

I gave it him, thinking to myself that all

republics* were dreadful places, from the huge one of America to the pocket republic, Andorre. However, no one followed or molested us further, and as we walked up the beautiful road to the picturesque bridge I spoke of before, my guide told me a few traits of the savage character of the Andorran peasantry.

'It began about the women. Such quarrels are always the worst. It is the custom in Andorre—for the people are very superstitious and bigoted, though their religion does not withhold them from crime—to bear annually in procession through the valley an image of the Virgin, which is much venerated. Now, the Andorrans are passionately fond of dancing, which is the only amusement the young girls have, and the priests interdict it; but the Andorrans say, "Our wives danced, and they were virtuous; our daughters shall dance also." Above everything an Andorran abhors change of manners. The priests, however, persisted, and

* Where, except in America or Andorre, do men beat and stab and shoot one another without warning on the slightest offence, even for a difference of opinion; and honourable members knock honourable members down with loaded horsewhips in the senate-house, as the Southern member did Mr. —— in full congress?

more especially the curé of Escaldos. He instituted a society of young girls called chorales, or singers, who were pledged never to dance, but they might do worse. In fact, these choraux were a *pépinière* of vice, and the priest chose from among them, as his servant, the prettiest girl in the whole valley. But the Andorrans set their face against these societies; they would not allow their daughters to enter them, and, do what he could, the curé of Escaldos only got four girls to join the choir. He resolved to seize the occasion of the annual procession to punish both them and their parents. It was the custom that the young girls of Escaldos should bear the sacred image to that wall; there they are relieved by the girls of Andorre, who bear it a certain distance, when the girls of St. Columba, the next village, relieve them, and so on; but the curé declared that no Andorran girl should bear the sacred image. The Andorrans were highly indignant; the most influential represented to him the danger and scandal of such a proceeding, but he was inflexible. He wrote to the Bishop of Urgel, it is said, but without truly stating facts, and then he proceeded to forbid the Andorrans the

church, because they persisted contrary to his decree in allowing their young people to dance. He was warned of the consequences again and again, but he was obstinate. Do you see that field, Mademoiselle? Eight Andorrans lay among the corn there, with loaded guns ready to fire, if the Andorran girls were prevented taking their part in the ceremony of the day. The Andorran girls, therefore, bore the image into Andorre, but when they reached the church the priest forbade any Andorran to enter it. They were prepared for this also. At every window stood the master of the house with his loaded gun. The priest and the Escaldans entered the church and proceeded with the ceremony, but when they wished to come out, they became aware of the guns aimed at them from every house. The priest was a coward. He called his vicar,* and bade him head the procession. "Coward!" said an Andorran, drawing his knife, "if he falls, *this* for thy heart!" The vicar went out. "Let him go! let him go!" shouted the Andorran; "he has done nothing; it is the curé we want." The

* *Vicaire*, in France, is an inferior grade to that of the *curé*, who is the parish priest.

curé dared not go, and the procession was at an end. When night came, he slunk away—the Andorrans did not want his life; they had avenged the insult offered to their daughters and sweethearts; he escaped to St. Columba—he dared not return to Escaldos—and thence to France, but he dared never show himself in the valley again.'

Mr. Erskine Murray, in his interesting work on the Pyrenees, lauds the pure manners of the peasants of Andorre; had he lived some months among them, like M. Poéte, he would have learnt that they are by no means the highly moral people he supposed.

'The women are slaves. They have no voice in disposing of themselves, but are given in marriage by their family, like the French girls; but without being, like the French girls, educated in the seclusion of a convent, and thus kept free from attachments. All the Andorrans are landed proprietors, some owning more, others less land, but there are no gentry.' 'The wealth of an Andorran,' says Mr. Murray, 'consists in sheep, cattle, or a share in a forge. Most have nothing beyond the garden round their cabin. Each family acknowledges a chief,

succeeding by primogeniture, who chooses a wife of his own rank. Fortune is not heeded; *mésalliance* is. The eldest sons have a certain consideration, even during their fathers' lives. They never leave home till they marry. If they marry an heiress they join her name to theirs, and unless married, are not admitted to a charge in public affairs. When there are only daughters, the eldest succeeds as an eldest son, and is always married to a cadet of another family, who takes her name, and is domiciled in her family; and by this arrangement the principal Andorran families continue for centuries in the same position as regards fortune.'

'The women are wretched here,' said my French guide to me. 'They are mere slaves. "My sister was passionately attached to a young man," said an Andorran to me, "and he to her; they adored one another. A stranger came and asked her of my father in marriage, and he consented. Since then my sister has never had a day's health."

'"And did she make no objection?" said I.

'"Poor thing! Elle s'en garda bien. She was a victim, and submitted of course; they always do, but it does not answer; terrible

things sometimes happen. I will tell you one —a tragedy which happened in Andorre only a year or two ago. A mason married a young woman, and they had two or three children, but after a time the husband began to suspect all was not right, and he watched. He reached home at an unexpected hour one day, and found a villager with his wife. For his children's sake, perhaps from some lingering love for his faithless spouse, he resolved to avoid a public scandal, and he removed with his family to Barcelona, where his trade enabled him to obtain work. But before they had been long there, the woman wrote to the young man, who had up to that time borne an irreproachable character, asking him to follow, and proposing that they should elope together from that town. The lover was eager to do so, but money was necessary, and he had no money. He went one evening, armed with his gun—an Andorran peasant, as you may have noticed, always carries arms, so that it excited no surprise—to the cottage of a wealthy proprietor, and said to him and his wife, 'Your daughter has had a terrible misfortune; she has fallen down a precipice. I am come to fetch you.'

'"The poor unsuspecting parents followed him in haste. They reached a lonely hill-side, and then the young man turned sternly, and said, 'A terre! à terre!'

'"The terrified peasant obeyed, and he bound him first, and proceeded to rifle him; but while he robbed the man, the woman made off to summon aid. Perceiving this, he left the husband firmly bound, as he thought, and running after the woman overtook and murdered her. The husband, meanwhile, had got free from his bonds, and came to his wife's assistance; him too he murdered, and with the booty he obtained he set off to Barcelona, fetched the woman, for whom he had committed the crime, and returned with her to Andorre."

'"And was he permitted to remain quietly here?"

'"No; the principal Andorrans joined together to arrest him. He led a miserable life for days among the mountains, hunted like a wild beast, and at night he slept in a barn near Escaldos; but he was well armed, and he had vowed to shoot the first man who should lay hands upon him, so they were afraid to take him. At last one man advanced to seize him;

he shot him dead, and he was the father of seven children, and belonged to one of the first families in Andorre. Then, the Andorrans drew a circle round the mountain-side where he lay hid; he wanted food, and he tried to break through one night, and fell down a precipice and broke his leg."

'"Then they took him, of course?"

'"No; they said, lying there three days and nights—he was there three days and nights; because, you see, he had tried to go down the other side of the mountain, which was not guarded, to get food at night, and so fell where no one was within call, until at last some shepherds heard his dreadful groans, and they went to the bottom of the ravine and found him nearly dead, and carried him to the village. And the Andorrans said God had punished him enough by the breaking of his leg, and those three days and nights of pain, so they let him go free. All the punishment inflicted on him was banishment from Andorre."

'"Is not murder, then, punished by death?"

'"They say so, but it is not true. I could point out to you any day in the street men who are known to have committed two or three

murders. If it is a very bad case, if there has been no precedent of such a crime for a hundred and fifty years, death is adjudged. But, as I told you, assassination is frequent in Andorre. A quarrel arises, and at the first opportunity one comes slyly behind his neighbour and stabs him, or shoots him. Andorran revenge is never open. The assassin escapes to France or Spain for awhile, and then he comes back; no one takes any notice. A few years ago an Andorran was condemned to death. The executioner had to be sent for from France—there are no executioners here. The crime was a dreadful murder, and none such had been committed for a hundred and fifty years. The criminal was sentenced to death, and the scaffold was erected, but at the moment the sentence should have been executed, the Bishop of Urgel sent him a reprieve; he is living now."'

'What a horrible state of things! What a savage set of people!'

'Yes, savage enough. You should see their gaol. There are two criminals there now, awaiting their trial; one is for attempted assassination of a sister. The parents and relatives in a family

gave almost all the property to a sister, excluding, so far as they could, the brother from all share. After awhile, he proposed to his sister that he, his wife, and children should go and live with her, and aid her to cultivate her farm. Knowing his violent character, the sister refused. One day, soon afterwards, she went up into the mountain to collect firewood. She never returned. After the lapse of a day or two, the neighbours who had seen her go became uneasy, and went to seek her. They found her at the bottom of a ravine, dreadfully bruised and injured, and only just alive. They carried her home and took care of her, and she is living yet, though it is some months since; but she obstinately preserves silence as to how she fell down the chasm. The torn bushes, the footsteps on the brink, the fragments of clothes on the briers, all tell of a terrible struggle. Every one is sure her brother met her, dragged her to the brink of the precipice, and forced her down, but she will not accuse him. He is now in the gaol in Andorre, and if his sister dies, will probably be put to death, for public feeling is very strong against him, and she is sure to die. She has never left her bed since her accident.

She cannot, by all accounts, survive much longer.'

'The sister behaved nobly in not telling.'

'Yes, for there is no doubt as to the brother's guilt.'

'I thought that in France, and here, the law guarded against parental injustice. It ought, for parents and relatives are often frightfully unjust and capricious; and even where injustice does not cause terrible crime, it always causes alienation between the members of a family.'

'This is the French law. A man can dispose of the fourth part of his estate or goods. If he chooses he can give one-fourth of all he has to an entire stranger. If he gives it to a favourite child, that child has, first of all, the fourth part of all the father has; afterwards, as one of his children, he or she comes in for a share of all that is left; if there are six children, for a sixth part; if two, for half the remaining property.'

'That seems to me very unjust.'

'It is the law.'

'I still think it unjust; except in the case of an entailed estate, which then, if so entailed, ought to be burdened with a provision for female and younger children suitable to their

birth. I think the children of one family ought to be equally provided for. Where one favourite or two favourites get everything, and the others, nurtured in equal luxury and having done nothing to merit such exclusion, are left to semi-starvation, I hold such treatment to be cruel and shameful in the extreme—a sin before God and man. Even if a child has done wrong, it has still a birthright, an inalienable claim for subsistence, according to its birth. If the child waste or alienate his heritage, that is his affair; but wherever injustice is committed by the parent or near relative, a family breach for life is the necessary result.'

I thought of a family in Ariége, whose history had been told me, and who were at bitter feud because one child had been made heir to a fourth of the parents' fortune for no merit except being the stupid one of the family. Is a little unjustly-gained extra wealth to one party, which dooms the other to a life struggle with bitter poverty, really worth the family affection that it costs? I think not.

My friend Monsieur Bonaventure Moles, *dit* Babot, came every morning to visit me; he brought also his brother and brother-in-law.

Whenever I wanted to walk out, one of them would accompany me; but as the Frenchman was equally courteous, and I understood him best, while he had lived some months at Andorre studying Castilian, and knew all the ways of the people, I generally went out with him. It seems odd, by the way, that the Andorrans should speak pure Castilian, which every one told me they did; for the inhabitants of the Seu d'Urgel, and I should think of San Julia also, speak Catalan only, which is a dialect of Spanish. The little Spanish that I had learned proved entirely useless to me there.

M. Babot told me the valley of Andorre contains six communes or parishes, containing between five and six thousand souls in all. Each commune elects four members of the public councils, who meet in a kind of parliament and decide on all affairs. Criminal matters are referred to the syndic, and there are, besides, two *viguiers*, or magistrates; one appointed by the French government, the M. de St. André, who received me so uncourteously; the other by the Bishop of Urgel, who ranks as Prince of Andorre. Neither of these two resides there. He took me to see the Council Chamber where

these worthies meet, and opening a cupboard where was a vilely-painted picture of Christ, told me prayer was first offered, and then the business of the day commenced. There was nothing curious or worth seeing in the place. It was not even very old, having, it is said, been built by a priest, with the money he won at cards. M. Moles afterwards showed me the gaol, a small square building, about the size of a very poor English four-roomed cottage. A few holes were drilled through an iron plate in the door.

'Surely,' said I, remembering what M. Poéte had said, 'you do not keep prisoners in there?'

'We did,' replied he, 'till one day we found the man we put there all but dead, *il était asphyxié*. Now we keep them on the other side, where there are windows.'

'Have you many prisoners now?'

'Two; one for theft, and one for attempted assassination of a sister.'

'And do you punish murder with death?'

M. Moles coloured. 'Yes,' answered he somewhat evasively; 'the last crime of that nature had not been committed—for they searched the records—for a hundred and fifty years before.'

He seemed anxious to turn the conversation, and I felt sure the Frenchman's information was correct. About Andorre and its ways, I had afterwards some conversation with my host, the cousin of M. Moles, *dit* Babot.* He had lived at Foix, and now kept a petty shop and travelled; possibly, by the excellence of his chocolate, he might be a *contrabandista*, or smuggler, between France and Spain. At all events, his cakes of chocolate surpassed the best to be had in Paris, and he was very moderate in his charges, and very civil to me.

'Here,' said he, coming into my room the day of my departure, 'we will make out the bill together. I do not want to overcharge you; I only want to live.'

The bill amounted, for four days, to somewhat less than ten francs. I had not eaten much certainly, but I had eaten nothing at Foix, and been made to pay for a *dégradation du tapis*, of which poor Keeper, who in his way is a virtuous dog, was wholly guiltless, for the *tapis* was unsoiled. My Andorran host said the

* Jose Ventosa en la Masana de Andorra. It is the inn nearest the large square fountain in the chief street of Andorre.

people of Andorre were stupid; they did not march with the rest of the world. They had given up their mining for fear either France or Spain should annex them on account of their mineral wealth; for the same reason they would not make roads, it would help invaders to enter their territory; nor would they make use of their hot springs. The country was governed by a set of illiterate men, 'who merely understood the rearing of cattle,' he said, unconsciously travestying Shakespeare; 'their talk is of beeves.' They do not elect a man like M. ——, who has been to college, and has travelled, and who is one of the wealthiest men here, but an ignorant peasant for the council. All that an Andorran wants is to keep things as they are, and live as his forefathers lived hundreds of years ago. They abhor all improvement.

Still, some little progress is making even in Andorre. Five children belonging to the most influential families there, are at college at Foix. When they grow up and return home they will bring with them a little leaven of the knowledge of 1860.

M. Babot and his brother have travelled in

Poitou. 'And even,' said he, not without just pride, 'we have seen Paris. We said to each other, "Now we are so far, we must see Paris." We even thought of England. I do not say, but I may yet go there.'

'I hope you will,' replied I. 'If you do, so far as I can, I shall be happy to do for you in England what you have done for me here.'

And I gave him an address sure always to find me. I hope he will come. For an Andorran, M. Bonaventure Moles is a very superior, enlightened man: he was very kind to me personally in doing all he could do to render my stay in Andorre comfortable; and I should be very glad that he should see England and her comfortable homes, and carry back with him a higher standard of civilisation and progress than he now possesses.

There are one or two beautiful lakes to be seen among the mountains of Andorre, and from their heights there are splendid views of the surrounding chain of the Pyrenees; there are beautiful flowers in its green valleys (by the way, the purple iris grows on the banks of the river, near the ivy and clematis-covered bridge between Escaldos and Andorre la Vieja; and on

most of the steep cliffs: for plants that with us are water-plants, grow on the summits of mountains in the Pyrenees), and there is good fishing in its clear streams; good shooting, and wolves, but not bears, as Tatine told me, to hunt in the mountains. 'They are so bold,' said he, 'they will carry off a sheep-dog to the foot of a tree, and eat him before your eyes; but it is not true that they come down into the villages and carry off children. They attack the flocks, and in hard winters make sad havoc, but pour les enfants—non.' But all these delights and explorations I leave for the year 2000 or the millennium; it will take that or a thousand years more to civilise the bulk of the Andorrans, and till then it is not safe for any stranger, far less a woman, to wander amongst them. When the day of my departure arrived, my poor little hostess came to take leave of me with tears in her eyes. I kissed her on both cheeks, French fashion, and then the flood burst forth. 'Povera Señora!' said she, stroking me fondly. 'Povera Señora! non felice. Ma più felice di me;' and she sobbed as if her heart would break. It seemed a real grief to her to part with me, so valuable is even a stranger's sympathy to the

unhappy. Ah! if we would but remember this! If we would but endeavour to be what we proudly call ourselves, Christians, and bear one another's burdens, instead of making them heavier!

Are the inmates of an English boarding-house—for whom no petty act of malice is too mean or too pitiful, if it can annoy or humiliate any one higher in birth, education, or position than themselves, and who do not even shrink from the falsest calumnies to drive away any such superior—a whit better than these Andorran peasants, who, abhorring the light because their deeds are evil, elect for their representatives and governors, not the most intelligent and cultivated, but the most ignorant and debased of their countrymen? In all countries, and in all ages, like will to like!

CHAPTER V.

SAN JULIA.

My host undertook to supply me with an ass which should carry myself and my luggage to San Julia. I was afraid it would not be strong enough. 'Je vous en réponds de cela,' he answered. When the ass came, it was as big as a moderate-sized horse, far bigger than all the mules I have yet seen. His son was to guide me, 'and perhaps,' said he, 'he will be as good a guide as the one who brought you.' I believed he would; but these guides are all alike; they remind one of Voltaire's saying of his countrymen: 'Scratch them, and you will find the tiger underneath.' They are all the same. Used to no women but the peasants who till the fields, and endure even more hardships than themselves, they have not even an idea of what a lady's strength is. My young guide was not absolutely

uncivil, but he would not stay a moment or answer a question after I reached San Julia, or, as the Andorrans call it, Santa Julia, and he wanted to compel me to trot all the way there. I strenuously resisted. 'You may gallop home, if you will,' said I, 'but I will not go at a disagreeable pace to please you. I came to see the country; the ass must walk.' I hardly know what words to use in speaking of that ride. The views varied at every turn. Now one wound up a lovely narrow valley, watered by the same clear stream that ran below Escaldos and Andorre, and, shaded by alders, oaks, and willows, a rustic little bridge crossing the stream, the view closed in by a background of green mountains, with shades of darkest blue marking out their hollows; then, stern, wild, savage mountains, denuded of trees, cliff rising above cliff in stony solemn grandeur above the narrow stream, which, bare of trees, curved round a bed of gravel. I can only say it was picturesque, beautiful, wild, and grand in the extreme, far wilder and more beautiful than the ride to Gavarnie, but not than Gavarnie itself. The Ariége and Andorre essentially differ in colour, form, and character, from the Pyrenees of Bigorre, and Bearn; Luchon most resembles them. The outlines of the mountains are

more broken, varied, and grander; their colouring deeper and more varied; the blue of their shadows darker and more distinct. The prevailing hue of the Hautes Pyrénées is a slate-grey; that of the Ariége and Andorre, the deep lovely purple tint we see painters give to Scottish moors and mountains.

In all these journeys I saw no game, not a rabbit, a partridge, or a hare; but I heard the pleasant song of lark, and nightingale, and thrush, and I saw many pretty little birds I knew not. We reached San Julia in about two hours. Here I meant to have passed the night; but when I saw the preparations for my reception by the turning out of some French monsieurs, the dust that was sweeping from under the bed and out of corners, and inhaled the close musty atmosphere of the bedroom, my heart failed me utterly. Why should I sleep at San Julia, since I dared not make excursions in the vicinity? 'I shall do you no good,' said I to my host, 'if I stay, and I would rather go on to the Seu* d'Urgel,' commonly called here the Seaũ or Se-ow. They were civil and reasonable people, and complied with my wish to proceed. They

* Seu means bishopric. The Bishop of Urgel resides there.

introduced a woman who engaged, for four francs, to take me to the Se-ow. I offered them a franc for their trouble; they refused it; but both father and son courteously did all they could to mount me comfortably on my mule. I was just mounted when a man rushed up: 'Was I not Inglese? Did I not expect a letter?'

'Three,' I replied.

'There was one for me at the post-office; I must dismount and fetch it.'

I went. The post-office was a linén-draper's shop; the master was absent; they did not know if they ought to give me the letter. 'Let me see it,' said I.

It was from Mrs. Brotherton. 'No others?' I cried, eagerly. 'That is mine, but I expected two more;' and I showed my passport, got the letter, and went back and remounted my mule.

The beast *was a mule.* It tried to throw me over the first bridge we came to. It would walk on the very edge of the precipice, clearly with the same villanous intent. I began to think it would be safer to walk to the Seu. I called my guide, and, with some difficulty, made known my intentions, for she had no French, I no Spanish, *patois*, and I dismounted and began

eagerly to read my letter, instead of looking at the beautiful country I was traversing. Two stumbles warned me letter-reading on such wild paths was not advisable, and I pocketed it to read at leisure, having learnt that those I loved were well.

The country grew wilder every moment. It could scarcely be termed a valley. It was a chain of lofty, precipitous, barren, or nearly barren, mountains to the right, with here and there a few fields, a few straggling farm-houses, or a village, or one or two wee little fields only, green oases in that desert of stone. To the left—my side—a low irregular swelling chain of hills, now bleak and bare, now planted with vines or wheat, which swarthy black-browed men, who said, 'buona dias, Señora,' were returning from tilling, and along which a narrow stony track wound; and between these two ranges, at their very base, ran the river. A little further we came to a small cottage by the roadside, near a bridge. Upon its front was inscribed: 'Por la Reyna d'España.'

It was the *douane*. *Pro formâ*, they opened my bag. 'What is this?' 'Calzette,' and 'bottine,' and *roba antiqua* (dear fastidious critics, who

are so greatly distressed at my poverty, and the state of my travelling wardrobe—for I do assure you, oh tender-hearted, and dress-loving critics! that I really have at least one decent gown to my back), I beg you will read the above, *moiré antique*? it is not the truth, but it sounds better; and have not you, one and all, united in telling me to recount my future adventures—not truthfully, as I recounted my first—but seen *couleur de rose*; therefore, instead of 'old gown,' read *moiré antique.*

The *douaniers* were satisfied. 'Fige,' which I suppose meant 'put them in;' but it might have been translated 'fidgets,' for it was fidgeting work to get them in again. At last the bag was tied and replaced on the mule, I having first duly explained I was *malato*, and had brought with me a little tea. If you openly state such a thing, the *douaniers* are always civil, and pass it. I had but half a pound, which I kept for illness. A great blessing it has proved to me. I asked for a glass of water; we exchanged adieus, and I and my guide walked on. I was in Spain. I looked at the mountain ridges and could hardly even then realise the fact.

I had not walked far, when a respectably-

dressed and good-looking man met and addressed me: 'You are the English Señora, who was at Andorre; did you get a letter at San Julia?'

'Yes, and was much surprised it did not come to Andorre; I expected it and two others.'

'Bah! it would have been lost had it gone to Andorre. They have not even a letter-box. They know nothing, those Andorrans. A monsieur told me the Señora was coming to Santa Julia, and I kept it for her. Now she has it safe.'

'Thank you,' said I; 'I would not have lost it for much. But I expected two other letters; will you kindly forward them to me at Hôtel d'Andria au Se-ow?'

He promised civilly to do so, bowed, and we parted. 'All the Spaniards I ever knew were polite,' said I to myself, 'at least I shall meet courtesy in Spain.'

The crimson sunset had faded into sombre grey before we reached the Seu d'Urgel. It is beautifully situated in a hollow, surrounded by lofty mountains. I thought I should like the Seu, and how pleasant it would be to make an excursion or two among them, and seek for wild flowers; and so thinking, we entered the town.

No sooner had we done so than a tribe of half-naked, barefooted, or hempen-sandalled little vagabonds, whose swarthy, bare little breasts and legs reminded one of English gipsies, to the number of at least thirty, collected together, hooting and shouting at my English hat, I suppose, for I had nothing on but a dark lilac and white plaid gown, and a dark-grey water-proof cloak; they were joined by women and girls, and the whole pack followed me, shouting and screaming, till we reached the very portal leading to d'Andria's hotel. We met also several dark-robed priests, who never attempted for a moment to stop the tumult. No one ever does in Spain. The dress of the Spanish priest is more hideous than that of the French one. He wears a sort of pinafore, without sleeves, or cassock reaching to his ankle; over that a cloak with sleeves. The hat can be best described by imagining a middle-sized apple-pudding (turned out of its basin) upon a huge pancake, whose two sides are folded over so as to nearly hide its top. This *outré* hat is worn end-foremost, and is the very oddest and most unbecoming, and, I should think, uncomfortable, head-dress imaginable.

At the Hôtel d'Andria, my guide screamed

and vociferated some time in vain, a female head now and then emerged from the staircase above the entrance to the stable (a common arrangement, I afterwards found, in Spain, where, in the *ventas* haunted by the muleteers, one enters through the stable), and then disappeared, but no one came or answered the summons. At last a man came, dark-visaged, with curling black moustachios, and hawk-like, dark, fierce-eyed face, tall and stout in person, with full white shirt sleeves, puffed out below the cuffs of his black coat, a small turn-down white collar, and black necktie, who politely offered me his arm and conducted me up-stairs. My guide followed, and we explained that I wanted some hard-boiled eggs, bread, wine, and a bed-room. In fact I had eaten nothing but a little bread and two small squares of chocolate all that day, although I had walked at least seven miles of rough mountain road, besides the two hours' ride from Andorre la Vieja to San Julian. 'Prao, prao.' I should have it directly. So I sat down in the kitchen, joyfully noting its clean scoured tables and whitewashed walls. Immediately a stormy discussion began between my host and his wife. She said there was no

bedroom; he vowed I should have one. If I had not been faint with hunger and sad-hearted at finding myself alone among strangers, of whose language I knew not a word—for the very little Spanish illness had left me power to learn, was Castilian, and these people spoke Catalan, a *patois* dialect—I could have laughed outright to see this tall large man gesticulate and dance with fury. To hear him shout, one would have thought he meant to stab somebody or other. Now he danced up to his wife and shook his fists and his shoulders, and then threw up his opened hands; now he danced up to his daughter, who never stirred. No one took the smallest notice. At last, overpowered by his exertions in my favour, he sat down and wiped his face. His son, a pretty little boy of nine or ten, went up to him, and put his arm round his neck, and in a few moments Señor d'Andria was fast asleep. I found afterwards that his normal state was either sleeping or raging.

In about half an hour he woke up, and inquired about my 'quarto' (bedroom); nothing was done, and again he danced and screamed until he was tired, when he dropped off to sleep, and so it went on for nearly three hours,

during which time his daughter sat doing nothing, while his wife was cooking the supper. All that time I was fainting for food and drink, and in vain repeating the few, to them, intelligible Spanish words I knew—'Vino, pan, agua fresca, huevos duros,' or hard eggs. I could get nothing. At last M. Andria woke up, looked at his watch, shouted furiously to the two servant-girls, who disappeared, but soon returned, bearing, one a truckle-bed frame, the other a mattress and bedding, from which I concluded I had some chance of a bed, if not of anything to eat, and immediately afterwards there was a general move, the *soupé* was ready, and I was to go with the rest. I knew I could not swallow the greasy Spanish cookery, and I never, if I can avoid it, dine or sup at a *table d'hôte*. The sort of men one meets are not precisely those a lady would like to mix with. I could only repeat 'Non sopa; yo soy malato. Huevos duros, pan, vino, agua fresca;' and at last, after waiting till half-past ten at night, having reached the Seu at about seven, I got something to eat for myself and Keeper, and, tired and dispirited, retreated to bed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEU D'URGEL.

Oh, that dreadful night, after all the day's fatigue! I was never still two minutes. Sleep never visited my eyes during my five nights' stay at the Seu d'Urgel. The room was as dirty as that at Andorre, and when I afterwards complained of it to Señor Andria's son-in-law, who spoke French, and was really a gentleman-like young man, he explained, like the Pyreneans of Bagnères, 'that no one ever did wash floors there; it was not the custom; the dust had not caused the fleas; but Monsieur,' pointing to a guest, 'occupied the room before me, and Monsieur kept squirrels there.' Fancy, in hot Spain, being put into an unswept room which had been inhabited by squirrels! And yet, in some things, the Spaniards are far cleaner than the French. The ceilings and walls of this hotel were all whitewashed and

clean, and the tables off which the food was eaten were scoured every morning, and were white as snow, as in a well-kept Yorkshire kitchen. But they have not yet made the discovery that floors, especially in a hot country, require also washing. Nor are they likely to do so, for both French people and Spanish are singularly unprogressive. 'C'est la coutume ici' is sufficient to excuse in their eyes any time-honoured inconvenience. How easy, nevertheless, would it be to keep their floors, which are all either of brick, marble, or tile, clean in Spain, by mopping them over every two or three days, an operation which would take about a fourth of the time consumed in sprinkling water as they do over the corridors, but not where it is more necessary—in the rooms. But mops are unknown in Spain. The Spanish invention has not yet reached a mop. I really think a fortune might be made by importing English mops. It is such a lazy, negligent, 'canna be fashed' sort of way of appearing to clean a room, that I think it would suit French and Spanish indolence to a hair, and a well-mopped room would be freer from insects than one merely badly swept, as is the case now.

Oh, what a dirty set they are, both French and Spaniards! Keeper's supper disagreed with him—probably, like me, he cannot eat oil—and next morning he was sick. I called the girl, who came very unwillingly and cleaned it away. The fashion is to leave whatever is spilt to dry on the floor. I also made her sweep the corners of the room free from the quantity of dust accumulated in them. Grumbling, she complied, but having swept it out of my room, she coolly opened the bedroom door opposite, and swept it under the bed there. Is it any wonder the unhappy traveller has no rest by day or by night from jumpers and crawlers?

Drearily went by the hours in my hot small cage of insects at the Seu. I wrote to friends the day after my arrival, and wishing to post my letters myself, one of the maids was sent with me to buy stamps. When I got to the linen-draper's shop, where they were sold, the mistress did not know what value the stamps ought to be, and asked if England was not in America! A young man came in, and she appealed to him. Happily for me, he spoke French, and he very civilly undertook to escort me to the post-office, where they would know

what stamp I ought to have. In order fully to appreciate his civility, you ought to know, dear readers (if readers I have), that I and the girl had been followed through the streets and into the shop by a tribe of howling, shouting girls, women, and children, and one or two of the lowest class of men. It suffices to be a strange face and a foreign woman walking alone in Spain to expose one to insult. A *paese*, a countrywoman, may walk alone, dressed like a harlequin if she think fit, and no notice is taken of her; but let a strange female be never so quietly dressed—and what dress can be quieter than black? — she is followed by hooting and insult, both in Andorre and Spain. The last-named country is not in this respect a bit more civilised than brutal Andorre, and for the same reason. The French, whatever their faults, are *aimable*, if not exactly what we term amiable, a much higher quality. They have a natural pleasure in obliging. It is impossible to live amongst them long, and not to like the French. But the Spaniard's heart is rotten at the core. The few Spanish gentlemen I have known in my life have been polished and courteous, and I doubt not there are thousands of good

and noble men in Spain. But it is not by the character of her higher classes that the character of a nation must be estimated, but by that of the mass. It is not our few great nobles, our landed gentry, our merchants, or our manufacturers, that have made England what she is this day—the leader in every work of progress—the pioneer of all improvements; it is the great, true, noble heart of the English nation, beating healthily and vigorously in all manly English hearts—in her sailors, her soldiers, her navvies, her cotton weavers, who so nobly endured privation and famine without murmuring, because their big, great, noble hearts espoused the cause of the slave, and freedom; it is the poor ill-fed, worse-housed Dorsetshire and Midland agricultural labourer, toiling stubbornly on through a lifetime of privation and drudgery, looking to God only for his reward; it is the deep sense of DUTY pervading all ranks, ennobling all minds, that has made England what she is.

But gain is the duty of the Spaniard. Belonging to an impoverished country, money is his ruling passion. He makes a contract to perform a certain thing for a certain fixed price, and expects you to perform your part of the

contract, while he is trying, by neglecting or evading his, under any circumstances which enable him to do so, to compel you to pay a second time for the thing you have already bargained for, and which it is his bounden duty to perform. There is no true manliness, no pity for the weakness of women or children, in the Spaniard's heart; they are, as a class, brutalised, degraded, and debased. The more I see of them the more I abhor them; and from Ariége to Spain illustrates the three degrees of comparison. The Ariégois are bad; the Andorrans worse; the Spaniards worst of all!

Arrived at the general post-office, the master knew England was not in America; he did not seem so sure that England was not in London; but he had no stamps. However, he civilly sent for some; they were affixed to my letters, and I posted them. I heard afterwards of the safe arrival of some of them. I would here advise all travellers in foreign countries always to stamp and post their own letters. The people who offer to do either may have the best intentions, but the foreign habit of procrastination renders their being laid aside to be attended to by-and-by, and forgotten altogether—a very

likely thing. Mr. Howitt, in one of his clever books on Germany, tells a story so pat to the purpose, and so illustrative of foreign dilatoriness, that I must quote it.

Travelling by packet-boat with his family, I think up the Rhine, he noticed that every lady who entered tore her dress against a nail in the boat. 'Why do you not remove that nail?' asked he. 'Oh, they had not had time—they should do it by-and-by.' Mr. Howitt quietly went to a place where he had observed some carpenter's tools lying, got them, and extracted the nail. 'You are an Englishman?' said a gentleman, coming up to him. 'Yes,' answered Mr. Howitt; 'but how did you know that?' 'Oh, easily enough. You took out the nail at once; the Germans would have left it there to tear everybody's clothes for the next six months, and always said they were going to take it out by-and-by, when they had time.' It is this promptitude, this doing at once that which ought to be done, this instinctive sense of duty, which is above all things the merit and the characteristic of an Englishman.

All I saw of the Seu d'Urgel was in that short walk. It was too disagreeable to be so

followed and hooted to go outside the inn again, and besides no one seemed willing to go out with me either. I noticed that in several of the streets the lower story or basement of the houses consisted of archways, under which were shops, forming also a cooler thoroughfare for the people than the unshaded streets. There was a terrace in front of my window, where, when the intense heat permitted, I used to walk up and down, admiring the extreme beauty of the mountains beyond. Below this terrace the military band played one evening, and M. and Madame Andria, and their married daughter, Madame Federigo, her pretty black-eyed little baby, just beginning to run, who took a fancy to me, as children generally do, and always held out her little arms to come to me, her husband and their friends, and the servants; all congregated there to listen to them. Below the terrace was a road and a wide open space with a few trees; there most of the townspeople were sitting or walking about in groups, while the lower class of people occasionally danced to the music. The ladies had most of them made themselves very smart, except poor Madame Andria, who had a dinner to cook; but none of them

wore the *mantilla*. La Señora Federigo was very handsome, and had the true graceful carriage and walk for which, I have so often heard and read, the Spanish women are celebrated; a rich olive complexion, pomegranate cheeks and lips, dazzling white teeth, and soft silky black hair, not frizzed out so as to deform the graceful contour of the head, but artistically twisted loosely below it— a sort of compound between the old classical Greek knot and the modern fashion. Her husband was evidently very much in love with her. 'Ma femme,' said he to me the day after my arrival, when he introduced *sa petite* to me, 'est très-jeune, nous avons été marié deux années, et elle n'a pas encore vingt ans.' Her father, too, softened his voice and did not shout at her. He was evidently proud of being the father of La Señora Federigo. She had clearly married above her station, and was 'a credit and an honour to her family.' And there was the equally pretty, and more amiable looking, single sister unnoticed, as is usual. I have no patience with this worldliness in families— this making a favourite of the successful ones, which is so universal. Surely, it is from their family that the unsuccessful in the contest of

life ought to find pity and comfort. Whether man or woman, they too often find the reverse.

I stayed at the Seu in order to await the arrival of a muleteer returning towards Calaf, from whence I could take the rail to Barcelona, there being no other way of travelling across the mountains; but when I learnt *how* I was to travel, not on a side-saddle or any saddle, but perched up on a pack a yard high, my heart failed me. It needed all Señor Federigo's rhetoric, and the knowledge that I must go that way or retrace my steps through Andorre, to determine me. I do believe I was very provoking, for I felt horribly afraid. Señor Federigo made a bargain for me with the muleteer when he came. He was returning home with unloaded mules, so that I was rather a godsend to him than otherwise. He also was *un homme de confiance*, who would take good care of me. May God defend me from *un homme de confiance* in future! This muleteer, Joan Montas by name, was a fine-looking, well-made man, rather, I should say, a good specimen of his class, and a bit of a dandy in his way. His dress was a scarlet woven night-cap, the long

end of which folded over in a square protects the wearer from sun-stroke, and is the common head-gear of Bigorran, Ariégeois, Andorran, and Spanish peasantry so far as I have yet gone in Spain; a blue velveteen waistcoat, and white trousers, girded by the gay coloured scarf common to all these districts. He had, I thought, a good-humoured countenance, and I rather liked his looks. The postmaster of San Julia kept his word, for that last night, when I was sitting gloomily by the flickering light of the oil-lamp common in Spain, thinking of the dreadful ride before me next day, in he walked with two English letters. I needed something to cheer me and pass away the time, for all my possessions were packed up, and I had nothing to do. I was to be called at three in the morning, as we were to breakfast and start by four; so as soon as I had read them, I went to bed and tried to sleep, but in vain, the creepers and hoppers gave me no respite. I did not even close my eyes. I was almost glad when Joan rapped at my door. I got up and drank a little chocolate and ate a small bit of bread, and before I had finished Señor Andria made his appearance, and descended with Joan to the stables to see

to the packing of my seat. Ah! when I saw that dreadful seat, reaching nearly to the top of the stable, how like a naughty child I behaved! The tears came into my eyes, I nearly sobbed outright, and declared I could not sit without stirrup, or foot-rest, or support, on that mountain of horse-cloths. Señor Andria stamped, and raved, and danced at me in the most fatherly manner, and at last fairly scolded me into my seat.

'What did I come there for,' he said, truly enough, 'if I did not mean to do like other women? Spanish women rode so.'

In despair, I submitted to my fate. Then, when up, Señor Andria showed me how I was to hold on by my hands to the cords which bound the package to the saddle, and also I was to bend myself nearly double as my mule went out of the stable door, for fear I should break my head. Señor Andria saw me safely off, and wished me a good journey, wishing also, I dare be sworn, he might never be troubled with an Inglese again, and I proceeded with my muleteer in a sort of mute despair, expecting every moment to fall off as we descended the steep paths from the Seu, and dash my brains

out. However, after the first ten minutes, finding I had not rolled off in descending a road like a flight of stairs, I began to grow reconciled to my elevated position; then to find I was able to look about me and enjoy the scenery; and finally I felt quite at my ease, left my mule to walk as close to precipices, and pick her way, as she chose, without troubling myself about her, and began to enjoy myself thoroughly.

Before you despise me, dear readers, let me *insense* you as to what mule travelling is. First of all comes a sheepskin, over which is placed an enormously high saddle without stirrups, with a large iron loop in front to fasten goods to; on one side of this saddle swung an empty wooden crate, such as in England is used to pack crockery in, balanced on the other side by my carpet-bag; and across the mule's neck was a sack, holding at one end my small tin bonnet-box, at the other a shawl containing guide-books, dictionary, &c.; under all this went the bridle of the mule, for the mules lead themselves, but they are always bridled, and muzzled like a dog. The saddle has no crupper, but a rounded board covered with leather, about six inches broad, goes round the haunches of the

animal, and joins by traces to the saddle. I should think it far less painful to the mules than our tail-band and crupper. Between and above all the above-named articles, Señor Andria had made Joan cord a pile of useless sacks and horse-blankets, on which I sat as securely and as much at my ease, now I had got used to my elevated position in life, as a queen on her throne, or M. Blondin on his tight rope.

That morning's ride was one of the bright hours of my life. We clambered up and down precipices, and wound round mountain-sides on narrow tracts, worn apparently by the feet of goats and mules only, for roads they cannot be called; oftenest our way was along the partially dry bed of a mountain torrent. The whole chain of the Pyrenees unrolled like a map before me, mountain succeeding mountain in interminable distance. Now we rode along a narrow mountain defile, among bare grey rocks, piled wall-like against the sky, at whose base ran a narrow dark-looking river, not roaring along over stones, foaming like the Ariége, but flowing on Styx-like and gloomy; our path, a narrow craggy ledge overhanging the river, and beyond in the distance a narrow, crazy, pictu-

resque-looking bridge, which we were to cross, to reach a road as ledge-like as the one we were on, on the opposite side of the river; so narrow, in fact, that it was not at first discernible. We traversed many such bridges that day. Then we ascended a mountain-side, so steep that the stairs in most London houses would have been mere child's play to ride up compared to it, and emerged on the top of a range of hills, flat and level, nearly as a plain, barren, dry, parched, and dreary. Well may Mr. Ford speak of 'Tawny Spain.' On all sides rose mountain ranges, tier above tier of grey, broken, rugged stone, shadowed with deepest blue, and studded here and there with gleams of pink and crimson where the light fell. Martin painted such scenes as these in his 'Cephalus and Procris,' (I think it is), and in others of his pictures. If he never visited Spain in the flesh, he did in the spirit. He must have seen it in his dreams, for those everlasting walls of rock, that bare sloping foreground, and their hues, are all Spanish.

Every artist should visit Spain. Such a tour would make the fortune of a man of genius, for at every turn he would find fresh and un-

exhausted subjects for his pencil, instead of the trite conventional ones so often selected for want of better choice. For instance, we passed a group of peasants reposing on the hill-side; they might have been gipsies for ought I know, but they had no beauty of form or face; it was only the picturesque grouping of the whole set around what was worth an artist's going to Spain to see. In the centre of the group stood an ass, laden with packages like mine, minus the crate; but upon those packages, as fearlessly and securely as on a bed of down, slept a child some two years old. It was not a pretty-faced child, but I never saw anything so exquisite as its attitude of perfect repose—anything so beautiful as the curves of its delicately moulded limbs, whose foreshortening—its feet were turned towards me—would have been a study for Raphael or Correggio—anything so lovely as the rounded dimpled arms. What a study for an artist about to paint 'The Flight into Egypt,' the whole group would have made.

One is tired of the old conventional virgin sitting on an ass, with the Infant Jesus in her lap, and Joseph leading the beast by the bridle. Here was the same subject in a totally new

aspect. Beside the ass or mule, on each side stood father and mother; at a little distance two black-eyed, bronzed, half-naked boys—fit models for St. John; while the sleeping infant occupied the centre of the picture, and a background of mountains appropriately filled up the picture. I have read somewhere that the grouping of a picture should be pyramidical, the centre or principal figure forming its apex. In this natural group of figures this rule of art was completely fulfilled; the distance of the parents, who were occupied in unloading and preparing for a meal, making them fall under a lower line than the ass and the child.

I did not see many new or beautiful flowers during this ride. One beautiful one recalled to me the days of my childhood, for it used to grow in our old vicarage garden. I little thought when I admired it then, I should ever see it growing in its native home in Spain. We never knew its name. It has narrow grey leaves, not unlike those of the corn-flower, but growing all together like a tuft of ash-grey grass. From this rise narrow grey leafless stems, about half a yard high, with a bud exactly like that of n unblown corn-flower. The blossom, however,

is composite, more nearly allied to that of the hawkweed, and consists like it of a star, only of two shades of blue, pale cerulean and the deepest gentian blue. It is exquisitely lovely in itself, but makes little show in a garden, and fades in a few hours in water, for which reasons, I suppose, it is not often cultivated.

Most of the shrubs and plants that grew in these wild and sultry regions were aromatic. We rode in many places through a brushwood of rosemary and lavender plants, the latter just coming into flower, among common thyme, lemon thyme, peppermint, fennel, sage, marjoram, tansy, balm of two or three kinds, and wild clematis. No dew appears to me ever to fall in Spain. In those early mountain rides, when I started at half-past four in the morning, the air was always as clear, the ground and plants as free from moisture as at noonday. It was delicious to breathe that pure invigorating atmosphere. However tired I was from weeks of sleepless nights, the moment I was mounted and riding among the hills, all sensation of fatigue and weakness left me. I dare say there was something medicinal and healing in an atmosphere impregnated with the scent of so many odo-

riferous plants. German doctors send their patients to walk in pine woods, and I have myself experienced the invigorating effects of the smell of the fir-trees, when faint and tired I have rested beneath them, but these odours were so mixed that one was hardly conscious of any scent, only one felt the air was peculiarly soft and balmy. I used to wish a shower of rain would fall, that I might enjoy more perfectly the delicious scent of the lavender and rosemary ; but it rarely rains in Spain.

We came at last to a small wayside *venta* or inn, where we were to bait and rest the mules and breakfast ourselves, if food was to be had. The foremost mule led the way into the stable, and the other three, mine among them, followed. These creatures seem to know by instinct the route they are to take, and the houses at which they are to stop, and never turn aside for a moment, or make a mistake, in those all but trackless—often utterly trackless—moors. In the stable Joan lifted me off my perch, and a boy led me to a flight of stone steps in one corner. I ascended them as directed, and found myself in a long, large, dirty room, with two long deal tables, one at either end, and various chairs, forms, and

benches. At the first table eight or ten muleteers were dining; so I went up to the other, and sat down waiting for Joan, who, having fed his mules, now came to feed himself. The food was cabbage soup, kitchened with grease, and bread soaked in it, and some queer-looking meat, lettuces, and eggs; for the Spaniard, like the Frenchman, however poor, must have two or three *plats*. The wine was in curious-shaped bottles, not unlike those inkstands warranted never to upset, or still more like an oil-can in shape; that is, a long narrow spout projected like an arm from one side, the opening or mouth of which was no bigger than a quill. From this the peasants drink, never letting it touch their lips, but, holding the bottle above their heads, they direct a continuous stream into their open mouths. They never spill a drop; but I should think it required much early practice to attain such dexterity. One invaluable advantage these bottles have to lazy Andorrans, for they also use them, and equally lazy Spaniards, is that they obviate the necessity for drinking-glasses, which require washing after every meal.

Joan had been very civil all the morning, and I was bent on rewarding him. I said to myself,

I would give him five francs over and above the fifteen Señor Federigo had agreed I was to pay him at the close of our journey; and, moreover, I would treat him with cigars. Ford says, 'It is desirable to keep your muleteer in good-humour, and the best thing you can give him is cigars.' I had one real good Habana by me in case of tooth-ache—smoking being the only thing that ever relieves me; but as the critics are inclined to think ill of me already, I beg to inform them I abhor tobacco, and never smoke except to seek relief from violent pain. This precious cigar I determined to bestow on Joan, and to get him some more as opportunity offered. Ford says good smuggled cigars are always attainable in these mountains. He accepted the cigar, and seemed in the best of humours; but, ah! when we had to mount again, the cruel, faithless man, forgetting all his promises to Señor Federigo, that I should ride comfortably, had unpacked the comfortable seat Señor Andria had prepared for me, and left me nothing to sit upon but a sack stuffed tight with straw till it was as hard as a stone, and so loosely bound by ropes that I had no secure hold to cling to in ascending and descending precipices. He did not do it to save

the mule, for he could as easily have removed my packages on to the leading mule; he did it to annoy me, and compel me to walk, hoping, as I afterwards found, that I should offer to pay him something extra for a little more comfort. Ford says, 'The smallest civility must be paid for in Spain.' It is true. Between Calaf and Barcelona, I wanted a glass of water at the railway station. A well-dressed man said he would show me the buffet; he did, and I got water. My self-constituted guide—for, of course, having eyes, I could read the word 'buffet'—followed me to the railway carriage and held out his hand. I gave him two copper coins, and he grinned, contented, and went away.

It did not occur to me that Joan was seeking to extort money from me; and perhaps it was as well, for the more I had offered for comfort the more he would have tried to extort. I simply thought him ill-tempered and savage; besides, I had only just enough to take me to Barcelona.

I mounted, therefore, having in vain tried to get him to alter my seat. He affected to do so, pulled this cord and that cord, and did everything except what would have made it more comfortable. We rode on a couple or three

miles, when he asked if I would stop at a wayside inn and have coffee. I saw he wished it, and wanting to keep him in good-humour, assented. He went in and had a cup of coffee, a smoke, and a chat with his friends. I remained outside on my mule, and coffee was brought to me, but it was so bad I could hardly drink it. Most coffee is bad in Spain. This coffee was brought in a large cup and saucer, I suppose because I was riding; but the usual custom in Andorre, and Spanish wayside inns, is to drink it out of glass tumblers, such as we use at dinner. My host at Andorre made bitter complaints to me one day of the number of tumblers that got broken, especially in frosty weather. 'Why do you use them then?' said I.

'The peasants will have them; they are larger, you see, and hold more than a coffee-cup.'

I thought it would have been easy to have large coffee-cups, but probably they are not easily attainable in either country, at least in the wild districts.

I got very tired of waiting, for the flies teased the poor mules sadly; and they all began kicking so violently, impatient to be off and out of that hot, sunny, shelterless street, that I thought I

should be thrown. But at last Joan came, and we again started. Of course I paid for this sumptuous repast.

A little further on, my side and back gave me such exquisite pain, I said I could ride no further. The sack of straw was stuffed so as to form a sharp cone, and it must be hollowed out to enable me to sit. An elderly man who came by saw what I needed, and tried to persuade Joan to alter it to a hollow, but he would not do it, and I was obliged to dismount and walk.

Our way lay along a rough stony road, the bed of a mountain torrent, and then up the spur of a mountain range. In all that road Joan never once stayed for me. I often stumbled or hit my foot against a sharp stone, but I had no time to stop to rub the bruise. Joan and the mules were often out of sight even, and but for Keeper, who ran backwards and forwards between them and me, I should have lost their track.

We overtook several peasants, men and women, walking, or on mules. The seats of all the riders were so packed as to form a hollow to sit in. Joan told them all I was obstinate and would not ride, and every now and then, after

they joined us, affected to stop, and asked tauntingly, 'if I would not ride now we had a mountain to climb.'

We climbed the mountain and descended it. One woman pitied me at first, for indeed I was in intense pain. My back had been injured some months before, by being thrown down by a large package flung against me, at the Great Northern Railway office in Pall Mall, and that rough hard seat, and the consequent jolting, made it very painful. At her request, Joan lent me a handkerchief to tie tight round my waist, but though he fully understood my broken Spanish, 'that I had had a fall in London, that the riding on a hard seat was unbearable,' he would not alter it. I told him at last indignantly that the Swiss guides never left their *voyageurs*, and piqued themselves on taking care of them, even at the hazard of their lives.

'Ils les portent dans leurs bras, quand ils ne peuvent marcher. Ils sont payé pour cela,' he replied, phlegmatically.

Was not he paid a fair price? Of course; for I had nothing to do with the bargain, and he had undertaken to make me comfortable while under his care.

'You would not care,' said I, 'if I never walked again all my life, in consequence of this hard seat, though I told you I had been thrown down, and injured a bone in London. I cannot sit on that seat. I should fall off, fainting with pain.'

'If you can't sit,' he replied, insolently, 'I can fling you across the mule like a sack of wheat.'

I understood perfectly, for I comprehend far more than I can express, as the Catalan dialect is partly French, partly Italian, but I did not choose to understand.

'No comprende,' said I. 'Non, marciera, perdero la vita si montava queste mule; marciera sulle miei piedes.'

'Yo montera,' he replied, 'I shall ride however,' and lashing on his mules to their swiftest pace, up that stony staircase road, often ankle deep in water; he gloried in seeing me painfully endeavouring in vain to keep up with them.

He and the other men pointed out that I could not be ill, for I had a colour. No one pities me when I am ill, on account of this hereditary misfortune. I never lose my colour, even when fainting, till I become senseless. In fact, colour is with me a certain sign of illness;

while when people pity me and say how ill I look, I am feeling remarkably well. It was so with my father. His hectic hue always deepened in illness, and he did not lose it even in death. No one could have looked on that flushed cheek, and believed it was the face of the dead.

I was dying of thirst. I had emptied the small quantity of wine remaining in my wine-flask, and every now and then I stopped at the mountain springs and snatched a handful of water as I passed. I dared not stop to fill my flask and drink, for fear of never being able to overtake the mules again, as nothing would induce Joan to slacken their pace; in fact, he urged them on by blows to a quicker walk than when I was riding. I snatched a branch of wild rosemary as I hastened past, and crushed it in my hands, and its strong aromatic scent, far stronger than that of our garden-plant, a little revived me; it was as good as a bottle of smelling-salts.

By the time we descended the mountain I could scarcely crawl. The sole of one of my shoes had a large hole in the middle, and my bare foot was on the ground, and I had yet

a mile to go. How I reached my journey's end God knows. The mules were far out of sight, but I saw a village beyond, and toiled on, hoping I was in the right path. Even Keeper, worn out by fatigue, had deserted me and followed the mules. I felt as if I must faint every moment, and was conscious of a deeper flush from the blood rushing to my head. All that day I had had nothing but bread, and I had had no sleep now for at least nine nights. When I got to the village, I could just articulate 'mules.' A man understood me, and pointed out which of the two streets I was to take. I reached the *venta*; passed the stable; Joan came down the stairs, saying he was coming to seek me. Everybody looked alarmed. I dare say I was white enough then, for one rushed for water, another for wine; the room seemed to turn round; a mist was before my eyes; everything looked blue. Supported by Joan, I staggered to a bench, laid my head on the table, and fainted.

They bathed my hands and face, and gave me vinegar and water to drink. In my life I never tasted anything so delicious as that draught. I wonder vinegar and water is not

oftener given to the sick, especially in cases of fever. Nothing is so refreshing and restorative.

The people of the inn were very kind to me; so was a Spaniard, there by chance, who spoke a little French, and even Joan looked alarmed. 'She will kill herself with drinking cold water,' I heard him say, as I swallowed glass after glass. He wanted, however, to leave me there, and the traveller explained to me that if I was ill I had better stay there all night. 'And how am I to get to Calaf?' said I. No one knew. In fact, if I left my treacherous muleteer, I might have to stay in the mountains for weeks —and without money, for I had only English bank notes, and circular notes, neither of which I could change till I reached Barcelona. I must therefore go on. I explained this to the good-natured Spaniard, and also that Joan had compelled me to walk above ten miles up and down precipitous mountains, by wilfully making my seat on the mule impossible to endure. The Spanish mule saddle has a large piece of steel projecting in front of it: will it be believed, he wanted me to sit on that, uncovered. The sack of straw which I demanded when we started at midday, after he had removed my blankets, was

a favour, only conceded because, as I found afterwards, it struck him the straw would serve as provender for his mules. He declared 'the seat could not be altered;' my host and the stranger agreed it could easily be done, and said if I would accompany them to the stable and show them what I wanted, they would do all they could to make me comfortable. They pulled out a quantity of the straw against all Joan could say or do to prevent them, and finding himself beaten, he gave it the mules to eat; and my kind friends spread the rest over the steel loop in front of the saddle, and made me a comfortable hollow seat, which I could endure, though my back was dreadfully sprained by all the previous jolting, and they mounted me, and wished me 'buon viaggio!' May God bless them for their kindness to a friendless, solitary, unprotected woman! Joan was very sulky for a long while, of which I took no notice; but at last he seemed to come to, and inquired if 'ça va bene?' and I replied 'Sì.'

No one who has not tried can imagine the horror of riding on a hard conical seat, without bridle, or crutch, or stirrup, or footboard, with nothing but a loose cord to

hold on by with each hand; so placed, moreover, that in holding it, your shoulders are wrenched as if in a backboard. When your mule descends a precipice, the whole weight of your body rests on the hands so placed behind you, while at every step she takes you are thrown nearly over her neck. It is like being at once in a backboard, and tied up by the thumbs; and in ascending, the being jolted up into the air and falling back upon a seat as hard as a sack of stones and about as even, is enough to lame a person, whose spine has already received a severe injury, for life. I have not yet recovered those two hours' ride and that walk; probably I never shall.

We rode till about eight o'clock, when we reached a *venta*, where we went to sleep. It was a dirty-looking hole, apparently, but there was a terrace behind it, from whence there was rather a pretty view, where I went and sat in the cool and drank water, and ate chocolate cakes I had got at our last resting-place, but had been then too ill to eat. I was delighted therefore when Joan, coming also on to the terrace, caught sight of two rabbits, and carrying them into the house, ordered them for supper. When

I was asked what I would 'comidar' (eat), I answered, 'Conijo, ma non ule.' They were therefore fried, and not in oil, and I had the first good meat I had had in Spain. I was then shown into a bedroom; a large bed occupied the centre of the room; there was an empty truckle-bed against one wall, and a pile of mattresses against the other, and three chairs; but no table of any sort, or glass, or washing apparatus. I got a bowl of water to wash in, which I placed on a chair, and a towel; and the girl set a long-shaped, awkward oil-lamp, that the least thing upset, on the edge of the turn-up truckle-bed, wished me good-night, and left me. I was sure I should have no good night in such a hole. I was wrong. There were no insects, and that was the only good night I have yet had in Spain. I was fast asleep when Joan called me at four next morning; and still hardly awake, I rose and dressed by the dim lamp light. I had put all my things of value, my watch, the little money-bag I wore round my neck, a jet brooch, and an amethyst seal ring, all together on the mattress; alas! half asleep, and half in darkness, I left my amethyst seal ring behind. I did not miss it till we were too far

on our way to return for it, and had I missed it sooner, Joan would not have turned back to oblige me.

Neither of us breakfasted. There was nothing to be had but dry stale bread and vile chocolate. When we mounted, that villanous wretch had stuffed the sack of straw even worse than before. I refused to mount, and insisted on having some taken out, and the man who held my mule, after receiving Joan's permission, altered it, so that I could sit with tolerable comfort, and we rode on till midday, when we reached a filthy little village, where we stopped at Joan's home. This part of the journey was very uninteresting; the mountains had dwindled into long bare ridges or spurs of bare broken ground, and the views were neither extensive nor beautiful. Joan's house was like the other *ventas*. We ascended by the usual stone stairs in the corner of the stable, to the first floor, where he and his family lived; and though the rooms were good sized, they were filthily dirty. Large heaps of dirty linen lay about on the floor in various places in both rooms; a wash-hand basin was not to be had, and I washed my hands in a plate of water.

There was nothing to eat either; for myself I did not care—I could not have tasted food cooked in that filthy hole; but I wanted meat for poor Keeper, who had had a day and a half of severe and unusual exercise. Poor little beast! as at Andorre, he had made many futile attempts, when foot-sore and weary, to mount one of the mules and ride, and a good-natured English carter would have let him ride and rest for an hour or so, for his weight would not have added much to the mule's burden, and except the one I rode, they were all returning home unladen, but Joan was not good-natured or kind-hearted; and yet this man, who behaved so ill to me, was not all bad. My heart melted towards him when I saw his children clinging round him—when I saw him take up and hug the little one who was very ill with hooping-cough, and when I saw how pleased his wife, a fat good-humoured-looking dirty little squaw, with more of an English than a Spanish face, evidently was by his return. She was near her confinement too; and as I looked round on those four half-naked, ragged boys, the wife, and the old mother, all of whom had to be maintained by his work, I said to myself, if he only behaves

decently to me the rest of the way, I will give him the extra five francs still. I do not suppose, however, that he was peculiarly poor for his rank of life. All the Spaniards of the lower class that I have seen, certainly in these *ventas*, dress in the same beggarly way; and the size of the house Joan occupied, I should think, betokened a sufficiency of means. It contained large well-proportioned airy rooms, each, except the eating and cooking-room, being divided into two halves; in the front one, was the window and door; in the second, separated from the first by an archway hung with curtains, so as to darken it, stood the bed. Joan's *salon* was probably twenty feet long by fourteen broad; his sleeping-room, divided as I have described, two-thirds this length; there was another room with no windows, behind, opening from the front bedroom, and into the *salon*, so as to have air, and there was the usual dark hole, which forms a Spanish kitchen. How they see to cook in those windowless holes, with no light but what comes from the open door, I can't think, but 'c'est la coutume,' and is better of course, in Spanish eyes, than any improvement. In due time Joan's dinner was set before him,

and taking his youngest child on his knee, he sat down to it; but before he fell to, he invited me to eat, offering me fried birds (*perrette*). 'Son frito,' he repeated, and seemed vexed I would not eat them. I do believe he had got them on purpose for me, but after what I had seen,* I could not have swallowed them.

'You will not eat in my house,' he exclaimed.

'No,' said I, 'I am not hungry, but I will drink of your wine, for I am thirsty;' for I did not wish to offend him or pain him. 'You know I ate nothing yesterday until night,' and I filled my flask and drank. I told him of the ring I had left behind me at the *venta* where I had slept, and he wrote down that the ring was to be sent to Señora Eyre, care of the English Consul at Barcelona, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction.

Then he retired into the bedroom, and I sat and wondered when he would come out to resume our journey to Calaf; and tried hard to explain to the wife that the juice of pounded garlic was a cure for the cough from which the poor little baby was choking perpetually. I

* Hereto hangs a tale I cannot tell to ears polite.

found a mortar and an onion, and thus made them comprehend me; but I dare say they did not believe me. It is, however, a certain cure, and not an unpleasant one.

The wife of Archdeacon Bentinck, who was a great doctress, cured me in three days of a second attack of hooping-cough—so severe, that I was forced, when the fit seized me, to lay hold on bed, chair, or table, to steady and support myself—by garlic pounded in a mortar with a little water, strained through muslin and sweetened with honey. It stood on her drawing-room table, and therefore had, of course, no objectionable smell, as one would have expected; and whenever I coughed, I took a teaspoonful. Half a one at a time is enough for a little child. It lulls and quiets, and is in fact a strong soporific, but without the bad effects of laudanum.

I wearied at last of doing nothing, and inquired for Joan. 'Lo señor dorme' was the reply.

Every man is a señor here, as every man in France is monsieur. Mr. Ford says the very beggars address each other as 'your excellence,' and 'my lord.' Certain it is, that there is no

respect for rank, or feeling of the difference made by education in Spain.

I have had in my wanderings some laughable proofs that the Spanish peasant, or *bourgeois*, considers himself anybody's equal, but I don't tell them for fear of the critics.

Here, at Barcelona, I go to eat ices, into a splendid café, brilliantly lit up, and as richly decorated with mirrors, marble pillars, gilding, and magnificent chandeliers, for ladies may go into many of these, and I followed some respectable ladies into two, having no one to go anywhere with me, since I knew no one, the consul being absent with his family at the sulphur baths of Fonda, near Montserrat: and half the people in them are clearly workmen. One may say that in both France and Spain the prestige of rank is quite done away; that of money and dress has taken its place.

All this is right; for God made all men of one flesh, throughout the world. It is a preparation, I hope, for a better state of things than the present, when 'every man shall sit under his own fig-tree, and eat bread to the full.' I would fain believe with Dr. Cumming,

that the millennium draws near, for it is a glorious hope; but a state of transition is never a quiet or a pleasant state, and it seems to me that the nations of Europe, at least, are all in a state of transition. The masses are rising to their true place and rank, as men and women, but have not yet learned how to behave with due respect to others as well as themselves; and are not yet sufficiently educated, or refined, for the position they claim. A hundred years hence I dare say it will not be so.

Godwin calculated long ago, that all the labours performed in the world now, might be equally well performed, if every man laboured four hours a day. We are coming, I doubt not, to a time when there will be no masters, or servants, mistresses, or maids; but each person will look on work as on a duty, and wait upon themselves.

At last, 'lo Señor' woke, came forth, and said, 'We must march.'

It was about four o'clock. We descended, and he led out of the stable one mule laden with my baggage—not the one I had ridden all the journey, but one whose neck was streaming with blood, from fly-bites. I objected

that it would spoil my clothes. Joan replied, 'Ce n'est rien,' and wiped it off with a bit of straw. I well knew it was no use objecting, so I comforted myself by thinking it was lucky I had put on a dress made on purpose for such expeditions, instead of the handsome silk-like alpaca given me as a travelling dress by a Yorkshire friend, and I mounted. The seat was as badly arranged as ever, and I asked Joan to alter it. Of course he refused. I rode out of the village, and had scarcely got out, when I said I could go no further, the seat hurt me so. Joan led the mule to an old wall. I dismounted, and stood on its top, and he pretended, as usual, to alter it, but did nothing. An old man came up, and asked what was the matter. I explained, and he said it was 'facile' to alter it, and came to help, but Joan said, 'No; it must remain as it was; the road was good; there were no precipices now; the distance was short; it would do.' All these were lies, as I soon found.

The old man went away shaking his head at me significantly; but before I got on again, I beat and thumped the sack as well as one could flatten one tightly tied, and with cords

across, and made it a little better, though only a very little.

The way soon proved as bad, but not so interesting, as the march across the Pyrenees yesterday morning. We wound up and down dry, bare, rugged hills, ridges not high enough to be called mountains, and at every step the mule took in descending, I was shaken a summersault into the air, and flumped down on my hard seat by mere personal exertion again. We reached a level height after some hours of travel. The ground around was curiously hollowed by nature into little circular hollows, the size of a pond—perhaps they had once been ponds—which were highly cultivated; the rest of the rugged hill-top was bare. From hence I could see the mountains I had traversed yesterday morning, rising grand and terrace-like, rock above rock, to the sky, in the distance; and a curious octagonal open-work tower, which looked Moorish, in the distance in front. We had passed many Moorish forts and castles on the hills this day. Then we descended a little, and then came ascent after ascent; we wound round, as it appeared, and up, interminable hills. I, faint and ex-

hausted, Joan evidently out of temper, cutting off with his stick all the flowers we passed, and stopping every now and then to wipe the perspiration from his brow. The strong man exhausted, as he had exhausted me, by walking a mule's pace the day before. I had no pity for him now. I saw his design had been to ride himself, and force me to walk to Calaf. I determined to keep my seat on the mule as long as endurance was possible; so to his sarcastic inquiries every now and then, if 'ça va bien?' I replied, 'No, ma non puo marciar hoy.' He had pity on himself, however, though he had none for me, for he stopped at a village *venta* and had food, while I sat on my mule in the stable, where the mistress of the house, and her mother, and children were all sitting when we arrived. The woman noticed my dress; no doubt she saw it was stained with the mule's blood.

'It is a pity—it is pretty,' said she to Joan.

'Oh!' said I, 'non costa niente, costa solamente quattro quarti,' fourpence a yard.

I would not leave him the hope he had damaged my clothes.

She came and touched it. 'It is soiled,' said she.

'It washes, come qua,' said I, touching her handkerchief.

After half an hour's rest, Joan said we must 'marciar,' and we went on. On, on, it seemed we should never come to that journey's end, which he had said was only a little way; and at last he confessed we should not reach it till night.

We had lost sight of the beautiful mountains behind, and the octagonal tower in the front. By-and-by the latter rose again in view above the hills; then we lost sight of it. Then it again appeared, and I was sure it was Calaf, though Joan said 'no.' At last it rose once more, clearly defined this time, on the brow of a hill, with houses round it.

'È Calaf,' said Joan, and we wound under the hill, down a narrow street, and emerged opposite the tower, which proved to be that of the church, and which I should think must be of Moorish construction.

Calaf is a very singular-looking town, and quite Moorish. The houses, built on the hill-side, have most of them open galleries in front,

with rounded arches ; and these galleries appear not balconies, but rooms, upon which the inner rooms open.

We went to a filthy *venta*. When we entered the stable, I was so stiff and exhausted with my five hours' ride, that Joan had to lift me off the mule.

'The señora is fatigued,' said a man.

'Yes,' replied the wretch, 'Señora Andria l'avait bien empaquetée with couvertures, but I soon took all that away to force her to walk.'

'Es clar,' replied the other, approvingly.

'You will find you had better have made me comfortable, my friend,' said I to myself.

I went up-stairs and attempted to sup with the muleteers and other people who were supping there ; but I could eat nothing. I had promised Keeper a good supper, as he had had a long run over the mountains, and I could get nothing for him at Joan's ; and I asked for meat for him. 'Ora, ora,' was of course the reply, and the hostess bustled about, serving her guests.

'And now pour les côtelettes,' said one of the men, a Frenchman, to the hostess.

She went into the kitchen, and returned

laughing. 'Faith,' says she, 'el pérro has eaten them all up; there is not one left!'

The whole party took their disappointment very good-humouredly.

'Il a bon appetit ce chien,' said the Frenchman, laughing loudly, and a shout of laughter echoed round the table; they seemed to think it a very good joke.

'But I have no more côtelettes to fry,' said the hostess, half ruefully, half merrily. 'Messieurs, you will lose your suppers.'

'I promised him a good supper,' said I; 'he has had nothing all day, though he has been running after the mules since four this morning. You should not have kept him so long waiting, and then he would not have helped himself; but never mind, I will pay for all he has eaten, and you can send out for more meat.'

'Ah! yes! that is it,' said the guests.

I suppose she did so, for in about half an hour a fresh dish of côtelettes made their appearance, and all the bones were handed over by each man in turn to Mr. Keeper, who seemed to have risen ten per cent. in their estimation, for his promptitude in taking care of himself.

It was genuine 'Españolismo;' they sympathised with, and approved it.

When supper was over, I asked the Frenchman to be good enough to aid me in settling with my guide; he assented willingly.

I turned to the treacherous Joan: 'What sums have you paid for me, at the different *ventas*, where we stayed?'

'Four francs.'

'You agreed with Señor Federigo to bring me to Calaf for fifteen francs?'

'Yes.'

'Fifteen and four make nineteen; you will lose a franc by exchange; there is a Napoleon of twenty francs. Had you made my seat on the mule comfortable, I should have given you five francs more. No one ever loses by civility to an English person. If an English man or woman meets kindness in travelling, and has not means to repay it at the time, they will send a present months afterwards. The English never forget a kindness; but you did all you could to make me suffer, though you knew I had hurt my back by a fall in England. You compelled me to walk above ten miles across a steep mountain, by stuffing the sack of

straw so hard that I could not sit on it; and even after you had seen me faint in consequence of that walk, you did the same thing to force me to walk to Calaf again to-day. Therefore, I give you no present, as I intended.'

'C'est vrai!' exclaimed the Frenchman, 'Madame is right; the English always give more than they have promised.' And he translated the whole into Catalonian to Joan.

'I have brought her from the Seu,' said he, reproachfully, 'for quinze francs.'

'You bargained to do so, with Señor Federigo; I had nothing to do with making the bargain,' said I, 'and you promised him to take every possible care of me. You told him I should be "bien avec vous;" instead, you did all that depended on you, to make me suffer. I will not reward you.'

'C'est juste!' exclaimed the Frenchman; and even the Spaniards all joined in reprobating Joan's behaviour. Finding himself in a minority, he said nothing more, but I dare say he consoled himself by the thought he should get the amethyst signet ring which I had left behind me when, half asleep, I dressed that morning by the dim light of an oil-lamp that was all but

extinguished, and which he had promised to procure for me, and leave at the British Consulate on his next journey to Barcelona. At all events, I never heard of him or the ring again.

CHAPTER VII.

CALAF TO BARCELONA.

VERY tired, I followed my hostess to my bedroom, where, of course, I had no sleep from vermin. I was up by six next morning, and if I had thought the kitchen dirty and comfortless the night before, ten times more dirty and comfortless did it seem by the bright light of a summer morning. The walls were whitewashed, as was the ceiling, whose beams as well as a border round a cupboard in the wall, were coloured a deep lapis lazuli blue, a common decoration in wayside inns in Spain. As to the floors, the seats, the plate-rack, and the shelves and glasses, no words of mine can do justice to their filth. How was I to swallow food in such a place? Yet these

people were not poor; they occupied a large house; the principal room, and all the others that I entered, except the kitchen behind, which was dark as usual—I presume Spaniards think cooking is like the growing of vegetables, and goes on best in the dark—were large, light, well-ventilated apartments, with windows as large as is usual in good houses in either England, or France, and iron balconies to each. It only needed a little paper, paint, and cleanliness, to have made it a very comfortable abode for the passing stranger. No one was up but an old woman. Could I have some chocolate? —that is always to be had in Spain, and it is generally very good, only they make it into a thick paste. 'Ora, ora,' was of course the answer, 'when the mistress comes.' I waited hours, and no mistress came. I was fainting for food. At last the old woman went to fetch her daughter; some chocolate was brought forth, and I washed a cup and saucer for myself while it was making, and a glass to hold water to dilute it. The only clean thing in the house was the water-jar; but, alas! the water was green-looking and brackish, as is most of the water in these burnt-up sierras. When the

chocolate came, it was so coarse and oily as to be undrinkable, even when diluted. Two kinds of bread — one something like our English frying-pan cake—were laid on the dirty table before me, with a half-wiped knife. I first cleaned the knife, and then cut some of the cake, which was very good, to put in my bag and eat on my journey; I was so sickened by the dirt of everything, I could not eat then. But both the women were wonderfully civil. Instead of being angry with me for my squeamishness, as I feared they would, they commiserated me. 'La povera Señora!' said my hostess, 'that bad muleteer has ill-treated her and made her ill, and we have nothing to give her; we cannot make one like her comfortable; this is a poor place. Would the Señora like an egg, or meat—anything that we have?' I thanked her, and by-and-by set off to the railway station, accompanied by her little maid, carrying my bag, while she herself took my bonnet-box, where she would not leave me until I had got my ticket and entered the waiting-room, where continental-fashion travellers are imprisoned until the train starts; and while I was awaiting my turn to get my ticket, I heard

her tell every one the history of 'la povera Señora,' and how ill that vile man, Joan, had treated her. She seemed as if she could not get it out of her head.

If I could have got my breakfast at once, I hoped to have had time to see something of the church and town of Calaf, which stands very picturesquely on the brow of a hill, but I was kept waiting nearly two hours for it; every minute told, Spanish fashion, that I should have it directly—in a moment—and I felt so sick and faint from fatigue and want of sleep, I dared not go out without having taken something. I saw afterwards others of these Moorish-looking churches, with an octagonal or hexagonal cupola of slender pillars terminating their tall towers. They please me very much, both from their picturesqueness and their, to me, novel construction. I entered the railway train, taking a second-class seat. The carriage was full of respectably-dressed men and women. No one said a word to me or misused me, but I doubt whether any of the peasants whom I afterwards travelled with, would have evinced so little respect for female presence or decency as one of these well-dressed men did. The

more I see of Spanish men and Spanish character, the more I hate them. They are brutalised beyond description.

In about three hours, after passing through a country which was not particularly interesting, except for a very lofty, picturesque mountain, of great size, and cleft on one side into seven or eight jagged pinnacles, which none of my travelling companions could tell me the name of, and which I could not ascertain for myself, because no mountains are laid down in the map belonging to Murray's 'Guide Book,' I reached Barcelona.*

Barcelona is a large, clean, and handsome city, and very foreign looking. My impressions as I drove through it in the omnibus to the Hôtel del Falcone—I had asked to be taken to a French hotel, because I could not eat the Spanish cookery—were pleasurable; it seemed

* I tried on reaching Barcelona to get a good map of the Spanish Pyrenees, but was unable to do so. I was told that the mountains of Spain were not laid down in any map. I saw a good map of them afterwards in the inn at Manresa, and would gladly have purchased it if I could. The host told me he had bought it of an itinerant Frenchman, and it was drawn by a Frenchman. Nearly everything that is well done in Spain, from railways and steamers to maps, is the work of 'the foreigner.'

so clean, bright, and gay-looking. We passed a small square, full of trees and flowers; a handsome bank; and then turned into the Rambla, a street like one of the boulevards of Paris, with rows of trees, and chairs, and seats under them in the middle, and on either side a carriage road and a pavement for foot passengers, backed by a row of gay shops. I was not, however, more favourably impressed by the Spanish character than before, when the conductor, having chosen to pass El Falcone, though I had perpetually asked him if we were near it, set me and my baggage down in the middle of the road, and, declaring the omnibus was going further, called a man to carry my baggage, and take me back almost half the length of the Rambla to the Falcone. The man had already a load of three or four cane chairs, which he was carrying somewhere or other, but my baggage being light as well as the chairs, he had no difficulty in carrying both. I had on the large Leghorn hat I had worn to protect me from the sun in travelling, and the gown in which I had ridden the mules from the Seu d'Urgel to Calaf, stained by their blood from the stings of the flies, for I had been too ill that

morning to unpack my bag, as it required some strength to force all my kit into so small a compass; and I had intended to drive straight to an hotel, change my clothes, and enjoy the luxury of a bath, before I showed myself in the streets of Barcelona. It was, therefore, no small annoyance to me when thus travel-stained, and covered with dust, as all travellers, even by railroad, must be in arid and dusty Spain; I had to walk along so public a place as the Rambla, and my annoyance was not lessened by cries of 'Mira! mira! una Inglese!' 'No, es una Francesa!' 'Parisi! Parisi!' &c. &c. Now, bad as my appearance was, there was nothing in it to justify this hooting and screaming; the stains of blood had turned brown, and I merely had on a dark purple gown, which was rather tumbled and soiled about the skirt. Neither in Paris, or London, or any civilised community, would it have attracted any notice; but the Spaniards are only half civilised, and in Spain, as in Andorre, every stranger is a subject for insult and ridicule.

The man put down my things, and the chairs too, at the Falcone, and ran away as hard as he

could, not waiting to be paid; and I asked for a room.

'Are these yours also?' said the astonished waiter, pointing to the chairs, as he shouldered my bag.

'Certainly not,' said I; 'I know nothing about them.'

He showed me into a clean-looking bedroom, and supplied me with water, and I was thankful to bathe, and change my travel-soiled garments, and then to descend with Keeper to the *salon* and have some food; after which we started to explore the town.

'The Rambla,' says Mr. Ford, 'was once a streamlet, La Riera den Malla, of the Mall, which bounded the western wall of Barcelona; it is now a gay public walk, with handsome shops on either side, and is, I should think, near two miles long. Here are the principal hotels — that of Las Cuatros Naciones, the Fonda del Grande Oriente, and El Falcone. Here also are the principal theatre, the Liceo, the post-office, the diligence-office, the bureau for passports, the best shops, and most gape-seed.' That gape-seed seems to me so charming

a word, so expressive of the curious gaping, staring traveller, expecting to find a lion at every corner of a new city, that I could not resist quoting this passage from Mr. Ford's excellent and entertaining 'Guide to Spain.'* We went also to the Plateria, as Mr. Ford recommends, to look at the jewellery. The Plateria is pre-eminently the jewellers' street, though there are shops of other kinds, and, as he says, 'many of the ornaments exhibited in the windows are of very beautiful workmanship, and the large earrings of rubies, emeralds, or a fire-coloured stone, like a cross between a ruby and a cornelian, and set chiefly in silver; are all of elegant antique form.' Some of them are as long as my forefinger, and must be terrifically heavy to wear; but the smaller ones—stone pendants of various size and form, hanging one from the other so as to form a pattern—are very lovely. By the way, this antique mode of setting gems is now very fashionable. I had

* Ask for Ford's 'Murray's Handbooks for Spain.' The introduction of railways have necessarily made many changes in the routes to different places, so that a revision of it would be desirable. Many of the hotels named also, especially one at Granada, no longer exist. But his pictures of Spanish manners and character are to the life, and the amazing mass of information condensed into those two volumes is something wonderful.

seen many like the smaller earrings in the boulevards of Paris before I saw Barcelona.

Our sight-seeing—or rather mine—was, however, very soon brought to a disagreeable end. First, one or two children collected round me as I stood and gazed at the jewellers' pretty wares; then more joined them; men and women soon added to the crowd that now surrounded me, screaming out, 'Parisi!' 'No, es Inglese!' 'No, Francese!' I spoke to them, and remonstrated as well as I could, seeing that the little Spanish I knew was Castilian, while here in Barcelona the people speak Catalan, which is very different. I had to take refuge in a shop, whose owners were very civil to me, and did what they could to disperse the hooting rabble at the door, but with no avail; there is no respect for rank in Spain, and the respectable classes have no weight with the crowd. There was nothing peculiar or conspicuous in my dress. I had laid aside my hat, finding that though a fat old woman of fifty may wear a pork-pie or a small round or oval hat, garnished with a red upright plume, from which depends another of emerald green, while, above all, are a quantity of sprays, or a

cockade of slender filaments tipped with steel, over her rubicund moon-like visage, if she be Spanish; (I have seen Spanish women of that age and appearance wearing such hats), or a gown of deep red purple, trimmed with flounces and robings of green and black plaid, or an apple-green dress, trimmed with sky-blue; (I have seen these also), a stranger, quietly dressed in a sober black gown, made as gowns are worn in Paris, and looped up as they are looped up in Paris, over a black silk petticoat; the rest of whose costume consists of an ordinary white straw bonnet trimmed with grey or black, and a black lace shawl; cannot walk the streets of Spanish towns, either alone or with a guide, because her dress and *maintien* point her out as a stranger. The Spanish women in general wear nothing on their heads but perhaps a lace veil, and altogether dress for the street, as other women in other countries dress for a private party or a ball. They have, of course, a right to dress as they please, but until Spaniards allow a well-conducted, modest, quietly-dressed woman in black, to walk their streets and parades without being mobbed, they cannot lay claim to being a civilised nation.

Nobody even looked at me in Paris, or in any town in France, when I wore the same dress in which I was mobbed in Spain.

A *sergent de ville* passed, and he was appealed to. He shrugged his shoulders, and threw his arms up into the air, pathetically. 'What could *he* do? It was not his place to interfere.' 'Whose is it, then?' I asked, indignantly. 'I am a writer; I will tell the whole world, in the book I am going to write on Spain, how uncivilised the Spaniards are.' At length we worked him up to the pitch of speaking to the rabble, and at last they dispersed.

Tired and hungry, I turned down the street leading to the Rambla, and entering a baker's shop, asked for a roll and sat down to eat it. There could hardly have been greater excitement if the hippopotamus from the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens had walked in and seated himself in a chair to eat, and repose himself. A second mob collected round the open door; they put their heads within it, and stared me out of countenance; while those who were not so fortunate as to get near the door, leaned eagerly over the others' shoulders, or flattened their noses against the window-panes, all of

them screaming, hooting, and making the rudest observations. The mistress of the shop tried in vain to send them away. I determined to weary them out, and stayed half an hour in the shop, and at last slowly and reluctantly they dispersed. Is this civilisation? The self-love of the Spaniard, his and her utter contempt for everything that is not Spanish, or that they with their small experience, who never leave Spain, have for everything new to them, must be seen and felt to be described. Thus, I had a waterproof cloak with me, and when travelling on a very cold day, I drew the hood over my bonnet to protect my neck from the currents of air that came from the open windows of the railway carriage, men and women elevated their eyebrows, shrugged their shoulders, winked at each other, sneered, and by every means in their power indicated to me their profound contempt for my habiliment.

'C'est la mode?' asked one or two, derisively.

'Si,' answered I, 'à Paris et à Londres.'

In fact, hoods are not only made to travelling cloaks in Paris, but affixed to the *corsage à basque* of travelling or autumn dresses in Paris.

But it does not signify how expensive, pretty, fashionable, or convenient a thing is, if it has not yet made its way into Spain; Spanish self-love and vanity, which they style *patriotismo*, and *Españolismo*, hoots at it. Mr. Ford, who lived years among them, though as a man he was not exposed to the hooting rabble whose cowardice makes them take pleasure in annoying and harassing an unprotected female stranger, quietly walking through their towns; mentions numberless instances of their hatred of all innovations. For instance, he narrates that when it was proposed to light the streets with gas, the olive growers protested against 'this thing of the foreigner.' 'Nosotros,' we ourselves, is for ever in their mouths, and no foreigner can hope for much comfort or kindness in Spain, till he or she can speak the language fluently, has adopted all Spanish customs, however absurd or even dangerous, and has, in short, become 'uno de nosotros,' one of ourselves.

Most of the ladies of Barcelona, and all Spanish towns I visited, wear nothing on their heads to protect them from the scorching sun of Spain; for even when the veil and the black

silk scarf are worn, the first is too thin to be of any use; and the second is pinned over the other just at the division of the hair behind, so as to leave the upper part of the head where the suture occurs, which is the tender part, perfectly exposed.

At Bagnères de Bigorre, where the sun has far less power than in Spain, the English gentlemen, and often the ladies too, wore white muslin, or handkerchiefs tied round their hats, to protect them from it; and yet, with all these precautions, cases of sun-stroke occurred. One happened while I was there. How is it possible then for a traveller to lay aside the bonnet she has been accustomed to all her life, and walk about with nothing on her head but a veil, like one of 'nosotros.' It is said the Spanish ladies never go out except in the evening. This may be true as a rule, but the exceptions are and must be numberless. I have met them on the Rambla, in the market-place, at the baths, and in shops, in all the fiercest glare of a noonday sun, with nothing on their heads, or only a veil. Another unpardonable crime I committed, was to carry an umbrella to shade my head from the fervid heat that seemed to scorch my very

brain. It was a brown alpaca, not lined or covered with white, such as one may safely carry about among the civilised Bagnèrais, or in any part of France or Germany, so that there was nothing peculiar in it; and it was new. Now Spanish ladies rarely even carry a parasol; they hold up their fans to shade their faces from the sun, and being used to it from birth, suffer as little from the fervid heat, as crickets on the hearth from the fire. Then, my gown was looped up in festoons, so as to keep it out of the mud, and show the black skirt beneath, as is the mode in Paris, where a training dress is never seen in the streets. I would have let it down, and bought a parasol, in order to conform as much as I could to Spanish ideas, if I could; but I had already as much as I could carry in travelling, with my bag, my umbrella, and Keeper, whom it was necessary to lead by a chain, in going to or from railway stations, and, as the reader knows, I had no trunk to put a parasol in; while with regard to the dress, a gown that trains in the dirt takes an hour's brushing and washing every morning, besides requiring reparation, and new trimming every fortnight, or oftener. I had my dog to brush

to keep him free from fleas, to walk about and see as much of the place I was in as possible, and to write my journal; to say nothing of mending my stockings, and keeping my wardrobe in general in repair, and trying to learn a little more Spanish. How could I find time to attend to *robes à queue*? Once, when I was annoyed by the mob, I entered a shop for refuge, and bitterly did I complain of Spanish rudeness. 'Mais vous avez quelque chose de différent des autres?' said the master, with true *Españolismo*, anxious to excuse his countryfolk; touching my sleeve, and looking at my looped-up black skirt. I had on a brown holland Garibaldi trimmed with white braid, such as are fashionable in the extreme for morning costume in Paris, which I had just quitted; and over it a black merino jacket made in France! And Garibaldis are as much worn in Spain as in France!

I went several times to some baths, down a narrow passage near the post-office, on the Rambla. They were excellent; large, of white marble, with a sloping slab to support the shoulders, two cocks, one supplying hot, the other cold water, and a large piece of cork, a

better thing than a carpet, to stand on when one got out. The price was a franc and a half. The market of Barcelona is large and commodious, but not good. The meat is all coarse and tough, and the fowls yellow and skinny; nor, though a sea-port, is there, so far as I saw, a good supply of fish. I saw a great deal of unsavoury-smelling salt fish there, but little fresh. There were plenty of vegetables, but the fruit was bad and dear; and, strange to say, in this hot clime, all fruit is more backward than in France. I have often eaten melons and grapes in July, in France; while yellow peaches, early apples, and plums are plentiful.

In Barcelona all the fruit seems to come from a great distance, and it is my firm conviction, the bruised and dear yellow peaches come from my beloved French Pyrenees. The plums are what we in England should hardly deign to make pies of,—worse flavoured than the wild bullace; sour, insipid, coarse, oval-shaped, reddish, or yellow plums; the apples are perfectly tasteless, and the pears are not half so good as a turnip, being juiceless and woolly. Neither are the markets arranged with the artistic eye as to effect, which distinguishes a French

market, where rich colour contrasts with rich colour, so that a painter may stand and gaze well pleased on a fruit, and vegetable, and flower stall; for few of the two first are undecorated by a bouquet or two, skilfully disposed where it will show to the best advantage. Flowers are very dear and rare in Spain, on account of the dryness of the soil. I was surprised to see so few displayed for sale, and those few of very common kinds. In fact, the Spaniards take small trouble about anything. If plants will thrive by being just stuck in the ground, and left there, well and good; but to cultivate anything to perfection, requires an effort too great for Spanish indolence.

There is a pleasant walk, bounded by a wall, which protects it from the sea; which you reach by ascending a handsome flight of stone steps at the lower end of the Rambla. From hence you have a delightful sea view: a bright blue sea into which run two sloping hills on either side the town, and where innumerable craft of all kinds, and all nations ride at anchor, or float gracefully over the smooth blue waters, flecked with white foam, that sparkles in the sunshine.

The British squadron was there during my

stay, and it warmed my heart to see the English flag floating at the mast-heads of the admiral's ship, and English blue jackets, walking about the streets, and to hear my mother tongue spoken by the officers and cadets, who dined at the same restaurants as I latterly did. For I found the Falcone, though clean in the apartments, so noisy and so unfit for a lady in other unmentionable respects, that I soon left it for the Fonda del Oriente, which, though very dear, is comfortable, and hither every day some of them came to dine. This fleet was a great object of admiration, and, I believe, envy to the Spaniards. I had heard that there was scarcely a ragamuffin in Barcelona who did not go to see it, and that nothing could exceed the courtesy my countrymen showed to all their visitors, from the highest to the lowest, and I thought the Barcelonese might learn from the English a lesson of hospitality to strangers, instead of mobbing them in the streets. I, also, should have liked much to have visited it, and to have seen a man-of-war manned with her full complement of men, but I had no one to go with; and I verily believe I was the only living soul in Barcelona, exclusive of beggars, sick persons,

and soldiers, who cannot do as they please; who did not visit it.

From this terraced walk, one descends by stone steps to a walk with handsome houses on either side, and two rows of trees with stone seats under them in the middle. This part of Barcelona is very foreign looking. Most of the houses fronting the sea have green Venetian *persiennes*, or, as we call them, Venetian blinds, in a frame. Some are decorated with busts on the top of the front. A few have a kind of fresco design in grey and white on parts of the wall; and some of the houses round one small *plaza* full of flowering shrubs, had landscapes painted on the walls facing the garden.

Below this avenue is another, and between them a sort of square, where are the Queen's palace, the Palais de Justice, and some other handsome public buildings; while the cemetery and chapel rise prettily among the trees in the distance. This second avenue is of great length, and decorated with stone seats and marble fountains, overgrown with ferns and weeds; and pieces of sculpture as little worthy the name as similar works of art in London. To the right

is a small public garden, 'laid out,' says Mr. Ford, 'in 1816 by Castanos, with pepper-trees, flower-beds, statues, ponds with swans, and aviaries.' It is called the Jardin del General. But the Spaniards neglect everything; the walks are mossy, damp, and grass-grown; the box borders unclipped; and the birdless aviaries fast falling to pieces, though there are yet one or two wretched swans near the grass-green ponds. I wonder how they manage to exist in that dark green water. A few geraniums, fuchsias, and dahlias are stuck carelessly into the beds; but the real charm of the place are the magnificent oleander-trees, as tall as a young apple-tree, and with stems as thick as a man's arm, covered with a profusion of double deep-coloured pink flowers. Here also, for the first time, I saw standard oranges, unclipped and unshorn of their luxuriant beauty, though not much taller or bigger than the oleanders. Very beautiful are their graceful branches of glossy dark-green leaves, bearing at once both snowy blossom and golden-hued fruit. Very different indeed from the clipped, stunted, deformed, hideous things in tubs, in front of the royal palaces of the Tuileries and Coblentz.

How can man be so utterly tasteless as to deform what God has made so exquisitely perfect and graceful; to clip the bending boughs of a tree, the tail and ears of a dog, or, as is common in Spain, the graceful pliant tails of the feline race? I am sure all this clipping, especially of animals, which is cruel; is an invention of Satan's. God made everything perfect and beautiful. The enemy of man is always seeking to degrade beauty into ugliness, and virtue into vice. No wonder the old missals painted the author of evil with tail, horns, and hoof, for one can hardly fancy the spirit who delights in devastation other than hideous; though, were I a painter, I should rather paint the fallen angel with a sort of lurid baleful beauty, than the grotesque form given to him by our forefathers.

Only twice did I venture to walk in this avenue. It is the resort of the lower class especially; and while on the Rambla, I met little annoyance; here, and in the older parts of the town, as in the Plateria, I could not go without exposing myself to the yells and hooting of a half-savage rabble.

The Catalans—Barcelona is in the province of Catalonia—are a cowardly race, without any of that true manliness which makes a brave man always tender and respectful to a woman, simply *as a woman*; regardless of liking or age. Witness their conduct to the aged mother of Cabreras. See Mr. Ford. 'On February 16, 1836, the Christinist General Nogueras, Mina readily consenting, put to death in cold blood the old mother of Cabreras, to avenge his defeat by her son. The old lady died like a man, and was a true daughter of the former amazons of Tortosa, and mother to brave sons.' This unmanly act was received with shouts of disgust in England, and of applause in Spain. Nogueras, to quiet any representations, was disgraced *pro formâ*; but the act was lauded by the press of Zaragozza, whose national guard petitioned to have the "prudent and vigorous officer" reinstated in command, which he was. In 1843 he was the favourite popular candidate for the representation of Madrid, the capital; and he would well and truly have represented the majority of his constituents; and the fond memory of this exploit continues to give such satisfaction

to the Catalans, that Nogueras was elected in 1851 member for Fraga.' (Ford's 'Murray's Handbook for Spain.')

Cruelty seems an inherent vice of the Spanish character. Miramon, during the Mexican revolution, flogged a woman to death, for not betraying her husband, who had hidden himself to escape the conscription. Under the torture, she was seized by the pangs of childbirth, and the demon—true son of Satan—ordered the executioners to lash on till she dropped down dead. One can hardly help feeling fiendish oneself, when one thinks of such horrors, and wishing him to suffer at least as cruel a torture himself. I never could bear to reflect that an English vessel gave this wretch shelter, when he had to fly from an oppressed and incensed country. And their people ask what good the French troops do in Mexico? Why, they help to humanise the Spaniards.

Some of the old streets of Barcelona are very curious. There is one on the left side of the Rambla, not far from the Fonda del Oriente, many of whose houses are most quaintly decorated. Some have white diamonds painted on the walls, on a grey ground; others different

kinds of patterns. The most diverting is one whose windowless end faces you as you go down the street. It has a series of sketches, as it were, of life-size, one above the other. There is a most melancholy shepherd in the same curly wig, long-waisted coat, and flapped waistcoat, knee breeches, stockings, and buckled shoes, that one sees in Dresden China, or carved in stone and painted, by the garden-ponds of old manor houses. There is one just like him in Mr. Swann's garden at Askham Hall, leaning pensively over the pond, and leering at Phyllis opposite. But this Spanish shepherd, who, leaning on his crook, is evidently regardless of his sheep feeding around him, is meant for Jacob, I feel certain, notwithstanding the anachronism of his dress; for the landscape above, clearly represents Rebecca in an oriental dress and turban, watering the camels.

I suppose the present possession of Palestine by the infidel, suggested to the bigoted Spaniard the third picture, of a Mahometan holding out a pipe to a dog, who is begging for it, on his hind legs, as eagerly as if it were a bone. 'Dog of a Mahometan' was doubtless in his thoughts. Again, when I went to the banker,

M. Serras, in another street on the other side the Rambla, I noticed, while sitting in his counting-house, that the upper half of the dead wall of a house opposite, was painted to imitate a blue sky with white fleecy clouds. I have seen this same blue sky have a good effect from a distance; when painted on a garden wall, with a mass of trees and flowers in front.

All southern nations delight in sitting at their open doorways. To see, and be seen, is to them *elixir vita*, a necessary of life as great as the air they breathe. I saw numbers of Spanish *bourgeoises*, and workwomen busy at their needle, with little round or square work-tables before them. But in foreign countries the commonest thing is different from what we have at home, and different in every country. These tables had all a raised, stuffed, border, or pin-cushion all round them like a frame, and in the low well below, thus formed; lay their tape, scissors, cottons, &c. It seemed a very convenient plan, as the work could be pinned across the table, and held much firmer and flatter than on one of our common lead or screw pin-cushions, or when pinned to the knee. The Spanish women, however, do not rival the

French women in the exquisite neatness of their needlework. It is rather basted together, like the ready-made linen in London; and I saw little embroidery, and most of what I did see, exhibited in the shops, was very badly done. As to the milliners' shops, the bonnets were frightful—absolute caricatures! I wanted a clean blonde bonnet-cap, but perambulated the town seeking one in vain. I suppose I must wait till I get to Madrid. I also wanted shoes or boots, having walked till the sole of my foot was on the ground in the long mountain walk the wicked muleteer forced me to take; and, what with the fatigue of that mountain journey, and my sufferings from want of food and sleeplessness in Andorre and at the Seu d'Urgel, from bugs and fleas, and, since I came here, from musquitoes, my feet are so swollen I cannot get on any shoes or boots I have. I bought a pair of canvas shoes with hempen soles, such as the working-class wear here, the day I arrived, and, were it not for the look, I would gladly always wear them. How delightful, in this hot climate, to have no leather to draw one's feet and produce corns! But as it was unpatrician, I hunted all Barcelona for shoes or

boots to fit me in vain. 'The Spanish women,' says Mr. Ford, 'have a peculiar-shaped foot'—'Il faut souffrir pour être belle,' and, as they pinch the foot into a very small compass in front, it naturally swells behind; but they admire this, and laugh at the French foot which we think pretty, calling it 'un pied sec,' i.e. 'a bony foot;' another proof of Spanish vanity, for the French have generally remarkably beautifully-formed feet. Every shoe and boot that was long enough and large enough for my foot, was so wide behind, I could not keep it on, and at last the sheer necessity of having something to wear, forced me to buy a pair of women's yellow Cordovan boots, of which I saw great numbers in the windows, and which have this year been *la mode* in France at the sea-side; which wrinkled round my ankles like the yellow boots worn by travelling comedians, when they are to act brigands or cavaliers. Being 'cosa d'Espagna,' and made by 'Nosotros,' I hoped they would escape notice, and not bring me into more trouble.

I went, of course, to see the churches of Barcelona. One, the cathedral, is very fine. I walked through its cool cloisters, with tombs

and altars all painted and gilded, and admired a pretty little square garden of flowers and orange-trees, whose verdure relieved their gloom, and then into the interior; but I do not understand church architecture, and cannot, therefore, give any detailed account of it. Santa Maria del Mar, somewhat resembling the cathedral in style, is also a fine edifice. Those that were of the rectangular form, with square windows and heavy floral ornaments over them, I thought especially ugly.

CHAPTER VIII.

BARCELONA TO MANRESA AND CARDONA.

I WISHED to visit the salt-mines of Cardona. Ever since I read Madame de Genlis' 'Alphonse et Thélismar,' I had been dying to see a salt-mine, and I hoped change of air might do me good, for I was really ill from want of rest at night; so I took a ticket to Manresa. The road is most picturesque and beautiful. All the outskirts of Barcelona are pretty, as it lies girdled on three sides by a range of low blue hills, in front of which wave graceful trees, while bamboos and aloes hedge in the dry, Spanish, brown-looking fields. The bamboos are not the graceful, willowy shrub I expected. They are immensely tall reeds, but they look well in the distance, interspersed with grey willows, alders, scrubby oaks, and firs, and, with the aloes, give an oriental cast to the land-

scape. As one recedes from Barcelona, the views become wilder and bolder; the low hills stretch into rocky slopes, with deep, wide ravines, planted with vines or olive-trees, and mountain peaks rising above them, until at last one's eye rests upon a wonderful mass of sharp pinnacles towering up into the sky, the turrets and spires, as it were, of one of those glorious temples built by God's own hand, to testify to man of His greatness, and the littleness of human nature, and human edifices, which look like ants' nests in comparison—the magnificent and lofty mountain of Montserrat.

Formerly the numberless caves in the rocks, were tenanted by anchorites; and there were always several candidates waiting to fill any cell vacated by the death of its occupant; and here Ignatius Loyola retired, after what he esteemed the miraculous cure of the wounds he had received in battle. The legend says that, after suffering the most excruciating pain, and lying in bed a whole year, finding physicians' aid in vain, he spent a whole night in prayer before the altar of the Virgin, vowing, if his health and strength were restored, to devote his life to God; and that, when morning came, he

was perfectly healed. Ah! how, when one reads the miracles of the Bible, and those in the lives of Catholic saints, one wishes that in these days also, and for us, miracles could be performed! On the altar of the Virgin in the convent of Montserrat, he laid his iron sword, and vowed to dedicate his life thenceforth to her service and that of God.

There is a fine portrait of Ignatius Loyola at Hampton Court. I have often gazed on the broad high forehead, and wondered how a man with such a brow could be so bigoted; but bigotry was the characteristic of his age. He organised a mighty power, even yet in existence, but whether its force has been wielded most for good or for evil, perhaps no human being can say. That learning owes much to the Jesuits, none can doubt; of the cruelties their order exercised in the name of religion, there is, alas! small doubt also.

Before I visited Spain, I had been told that all convents had been suppressed, and both monks and nuns expelled the country. They were so, no doubt; but there are some plants which can never be wholly eradicated from the soil where they have once taken root. The

tiniest sucker, nay, a very fibre from the root, lingering unsuspected in the ground, grows and vegetates, and lo! in a few years they are as rank as ever. So it has been with the religious orders, both in France and Spain; so it is beginning to be with them in England. I saw many nuns during my wanderings in Spain, and I was told everywhere, that the Jesuits had large establishments, under the name of seminaries, calling themselves seminarists instead of monks. I saw, in travelling, many ruined nunneries and convents. I saw also many flourishing ones. That at Montserrat still flourishes, and there are one or two more in and near Barcelona.

For near a quarter of an hour the railroad seems continually to wind round Montserrat, of which one gets various excellent views, and I hardly knew which was the finest. I think that which shows the high, broad mountain, and a range of pinnacles on one side. Manresa and its two churches placed on the top of a hill, look well from a distance; but I thought it a dirty, uninteresting town. As I had to stay there from about one o'clock till four, I had time to go and see both the churches, and much of the town. The Seu is a hand-

some church, but much dilapidated and out of repair; the other is not so fine. There did not seem to me a decent shop or street in the whole town, and, like almost all Spanish towns, it has no shade, although, from the bridge one crosses after leaving the railway: where one sees a few green trees and shrubs overhanging the stream, and growing among the fissures of the rock; the river with its cascades of white foam, and the greenery; verdure, and water, both so rare in burnt, parched-up Spain, the irregularly-built, picturesque-looking, high houses on the steep ascent of the hill, and the towers of the two churches crowning all, it would form a very lovely picture.

I returned tired and hot to mine inn, and whiled away the time as I best could. There was only one other guest besides myself, and we two dined at the same table. He was of the industrious classes, as was proved by his espardines, or hempen sandals, no one above that rank wearing them in Spain, though one often sees very well-dressed men with beautifully clean white stockings and espardines. The regular espardine has only a hempen toe and heel; there are no side-pieces, but a sort of edge

is worked with a kind of crochet and in the crochet stitch, to the sides of the sole, so as just to keep the stockings off the ground. Broad strings of braid pass from the toe to the instep, betwixt the toe and heel, and crossing at the back of the leg, are tied in front, or at one side. The same sort of sandal is worn by the peasants of Andorre. We were waited on by a pretty young girl.

'I dare say you would not think our attendant has been three years married,' said my acquaintance to me, 'but she has.'

'I have been told Spanish girls marry very early,' I answered.

'Yes,' said he; 'she, however, was eighteen when she married, though she looks so young; but when I married, my wife was only fourteen; she was a mother before she was fifteen. She died seven years ago. I have been seven years a widower.' He said this with a half sigh.

'That is too young for a girl to marry,' said I; 'she must be still too much of a child to be fit to manage a house and children.'

'Je ne sais pas,' he answered, and his countenance showed memory was travelling back to

those early years of happiness; 'I was twenty-three and she was fourteen when I married her, elle était ma petite! mon enfant!'

It is my firm conviction that men don't like sensible women, even if they don't preach or usurp undue authority. Most men like babies; something they can alternately worry and scold; and pet as their 'petite.' It is not the active, sensible, managing woman, who exerts herself for her husband and children's comfort, notwithstanding Solomon's sayings about 'the prudent woman,' who is most beloved in life, and most regretted after death, however amiable she be; it is the idle, lazy, yea-nay character, for whom everything has to be done, and who, had she been in the lower ranks of life, would have driven her husband to the public-house by her thriftlessness, slatternly house, and screaming, dirty, ill-managed children, that in the higher ranks of life, where she has servants to wait on her; is beloved for her very helplessness. While we were waiting for a fresh *plat*, I looked at the painted walls, which represented landscapes, in panels. 'Those are Galician scenes,' observed Señor Espardinos, 'they wear that sash and waistcoat, and those knee breeches,

in Galicia; probably they were painted by a Galician.' They had not even a pretence to art; they rather resembled the landscapes we see on cheap papers and tea-boards in England, but I should think they very likely were real scenes painted from memory, and the effect was not bad. And here I may observe, that this sort of coarse painting on walls appears to me much more common in Spain than papering them, and the arabesques and panels are often so well done, that it was only on close examination I found out they were painted. All the four rooms of the hotel at Manresa were thus decorated. So were the two bedrooms I occupied at the Falcone, and at the Fonda del Oriente. My two bedrooms were painted to imitate paper-hangings with an arabesque border, and the ceiling of that at the Falcone was painted also, the beams being a light sea-green, while the space between each was painted with a small blue pattern on a white ground, exactly like a paper-hanging. We had a very good dinner, for Spain, at this inn at Manresa, quite as good as I ever got at the Fonda del Oriente, and I paid only two francs and a half, and a few sous to the waitress, for what I chose to take of three

or four dishes; fish, chicken, and stew being three of them, wine *ad libitum*, and fruit. At four, I got into the *coupé* of a huge lumbering diligence, along with two other people, while a party of soldiers in dirty yellow jackets, naked feet and espardines, looking extremely like convicts, and some women with baskets returning from the market of Manresa, filled the *rotunda*, and another soldier perched on the uncomfortable seat in front of us, beside the driver. The soldiers were very noisy, and shouted and laughed the whole way, but they were perfectly well conducted and civil. I think the working class are the most polished of any I met in Spain. I do not count the rabble, who molested me in the streets, among them; they were rather the *lazzaroni*, and rabble, of Barcelona and Urgel.

The whole drive was wonderfully picturesque and beautiful. We followed the banks of the river nearly the whole way, sometimes on one side of it, sometimes on the other, and as there were more trees, and brushwood, and stunted firs, on the sides of the ravines and mountains, or edging the banks of the stream, than usual; the views had greater beauty and variety. The

road had been very narrow, and men were still employed in widening it.

In one place, a few miles from Manresa, the driver shouted something out, and all the soldiers got out, as did two of the women; not understanding, I and the fat market woman beside me remained in the *coupé*; a minute after, the diligence gave a lurch, and we were all but upset. What the driver had said was, that there was a 'mauvais pas,' there. Before, however, we had time to be frightened, the danger—for it *was* danger—was over.

What a drive that was! We had five mules with most indescribable harness. The harness is always a strange mixture of finery and shabbiness. The yoke, made in the form of a Greek lyre, has generally *once* been crimson or purple, and is garnished with fringe or bells, as is the headpiece; and the foremost mule or leader wears, as he ought to do, a general's plume of red and white on his head; whilst the traces are some of leather, never cleaned, broken in places, and lashed together with twine; and others of rope. Our leading mule had no rider, and our driver and a boy who sat by his side to aid him in his exertions, seemed to guide them chiefly by

their cries. How they did shout and whoop! the most unearthly and extraordinary cries, such as I never heard before, except one or two that had been used by Joan; and how they cracked, but rarely used, their long whips 'à l'envi l'un de l'autre'—the very shouting alone must have been terrifically hard work—and bandied jests with the soldiers and laughed. Their merriment was infectious: I could not help laughing too, though I did not understand a word they said.

The higher we got up into the mountains the more varied and beautiful was the scenery. The hill-sides in many places were covered with terraces of vines, or copses, probably self-sown, of low stunted firs; while mountains rising beyond mountains, with blue valleys and vistas opening between them, till they closed in a mountain ridge, or were lost in purple cloud, for the sun was setting; were indescribably charming.

We changed our merry drivers when we changed mules, half-way to Cardona, and did not get so good a one. It was nearly dusk when we reached the head of the valley. The river we had followed on the narrow ledge of a

ravine, here widened, and flowed through a small fertile-looking green valley: and at its head was the many-arched low bridge we had traversed; a large handsome white house, with green jalousies, standing in a large garden, and two or three other white dwellings, also surrounded by gardens; poplar, ash, alder, and other trees; walled in on all sides by mountains of varied and picturesque form, on which the dark purple shadows of night were beginning to rest; and the strong imposing fortress frowning from the high steep rock above, made up, altogether, one of the most beautiful and peculiar scenes it has ever been my lot to behold. Darker and darker grew the night; and I admired amazingly a glittering light, which I imagined marked the entrance of the salt-mines. We drove on, still on the precipitous banks of the stream, to a part of the road where men were busily employed by the light whose beauty had added so much to the effect of the view, in widening and repairing the road. Of course they knew the diligence was coming—it runs between Manresa and Cardona twice every day; yet, with true Spanish indolence, they had left a large heap of immense blocks of unhewn

stone right in the way of the wheels on one side—it was in the very narrowest and worst part of the whole road; the diligence lurched, and half overhung the low parapet wall which alone protected us from the precipitous bank of the river, and the mules stumbled and fell. It was frightful. At last, by a vigorous effort, they raised themselves, and dragged us on. It seemed really as if they knew their danger—for had the diligence gone over the parapet, they must have fallen too—by the violent efforts they made, and we owed our safety not to the men or driver, but to the poor brutes.

When they stopped, panting with their exertions, we all screamed to be let out.

'There is no more danger,' said the driver.

'Let us out!' we chorused. 'The diligence will be lighter for the mules,' said I.

'Ah, yes! far better,' cried the fat woman.

'True,' said the driver meditatively; and he opened the door.

What a getting out it was! A man got out first through the window out of the *rotunda* into the *coupé*, thence on to the rock; then he helped me out. There was no room to stand; I sat down on some large stones that lay against

the rock, with my feet hanging below me, for there was no space to put them on betwixt these stones, and the wheels of the diligence, and held on as well as I could by my hands. Then the fat woman was helped out, and she, unable to do the like, I suppose, placed herself upon my knees. The diligence had stuck in a rut against the stones, and it was hard work indeed to support both my own weight and the fat woman's, by holding on to that narrow ledge of stone, until the mules again dragged it forward; when we all got on to the road, and followed it for, I should think, above a mile and a half up, a steep precipitous hill, with a chasm on one side, by the dim light of the diligence lantern, on a moonless night. Thankful was I when we entered the town. There I was beset by a crowd of people, insisting on taking me to an hotel further on; but I had made up my mind to stay at the *venta* where the diligence stayed, that I might return with it at eight o'clock the next morning, after seeing the salt-mines; and when they saw I was immovable, they at last left me to take my own course.

I felt very unwell, but I asked for coffee and forced myself to drink it, and then I was shown

to a good-sized bedroom, divided, as is usual in Spain, as if for two rooms, by folding doors, but having no doors, and no windows either in the inner one, wherein stood a large bed. Perhaps if I could have had a good night's rest my sickness would have passed away, for I was hardly able to keep my eyes open from fatigue, but I had scarcely dropped asleep, when bite after bite awoke me, and I awoke to find those horrible insects crawling and hopping in all directions over my bed. When morning came, I got up before six, hoping to see the salt-mines, but, alas! I could hardly stand; my hands shook so, I could scarcely put on my clothes, and I was obliged to sit down several times during the process of dressing from faintness. I could not retain any food, or even attempt to swallow anything but cold water; therefore, to my great vexation, I was obliged to abandon all idea of seeing the salt-mines, and return to Manresa by the eight o'clock diligence. My readers must, therefore, content themselves with Mr. Ford's account of them. Their disappointment will not equal mine, for my journey to Cardona and back cost me five pounds—money spent in vain.

'The route from Manresa to Suria runs

through a wild country, where pine trees are mingled with vines.

'Suria, an ancient-looking, unwhitewashed town, rises on a hill over the Cardener' (river), 'whose stream and valley is passed through, until ascending a stony rise, Cardona appears, with its castle towers, long lines of fortifications, straggling houses, cypress gardens, and arched buildings.

'The celebrated and inexhaustible mine lies below to the left, before reaching the bridge. An order, always granted, is necessary from the steward of the Duke of Medina Céli. The mine is an absolute mountain of salt, emerging in a jagged outline nearly 500 feet high and a league in circumference; it differs from the mine at Minglanilla, as being on the surface. These are the mines mentioned by Strabo (iii. 219). The salt pinnacles shoot forth from a brownish earth, like a quarry of marble dislocated by gunpowder. The colours of these saline glaciers vary extremely, and are brilliant in proportion as the weather is fine. When the sun shines, they look like stalactites turned upside down, and are quite prismatic, with rainbow tints of reds and blues. It seems a Sindbad valley of precious

stones. Some of the grottoes look like fairy cells, lined as it were with preserved fruits, sparkling with crystallized sugar. There is a peculiar mixed colour which is called arlequino. Visit the Farad Mico, the hole of the squirrel, said to be a mile in depth. The miners make little articles of this salt, as is done with the fluor spars in Derbyshire, which never liquefy in the dry air of Spain.'

Does not this concise description make one long to see this famous mine, and was it not grievous to spend five pounds in going to see it, and be too ill to visit it when on the spot? If the reality be as much surpassing the description in beauty as the lovely valley of Cardona, with its majestic fortress built on the top of that high, steep, picturesque rock, and the lofty and beautiful mountains that close it in on every side, surpasses Mr. Ford's account of it, I had a loss indeed. I admired Cardona so much, I hardly regretted having come, though I could not see the mine.

In due time I safely reached Manresa. While I was loitering about the station there, waiting till I could take my ticket, a working man came up and hailed me, from my straw bonnet, as a

countrywoman; and I was glad enough to see any English face, and hear my dear old English tongue. He told me he was employed on the railway, as were a good many other Englishmen; they and their wives, he said, formed a little colony of English at Barcelona, being about thirty in number; and he invited me to go and drink tea with them all, telling me Lady Franklin had done so when at Barcelona. I said truly I was just on the point of leaving the place; but as I did stay two days longer, I was rather sorry afterwards, I had not accepted his invitation. He asked me where I had been, and on my saying I had been too ill to taste food that day, told me I could get a cup of tea at the station. That sounded refreshing, and I was faint for want of nourishment, for it was near three o'clock in the afternoon; so I went in, and as he spoke Catalan, he ordered the tea for me. While I was taking it, he called for limonade gazeuse for himself; and gave me his opinion of the Spaniards. Every one seems to say the same. Mr. Ford, while he praises the country, is incessantly lashing the natives for cruelty, indolence, pride, inordinate self-love, or Espanalismo, selfishness, and greed; and I have

found them what he describes. No doubt there are thousands of gentlemanlike, excellent, honourable, highly-gifted men to be found in so large a country; but a people's character must be judged of like a hay-stack or a corn-rick—by the worth of the mass. One does not pull out here a dried blade of grass, and there a withered clover blossom, or a few larger ears than usual, to prove how luxuriant and odoriferous the hay crop, or how fine the wheat. My new acquaintance abused them heartily.

'They are a dreadful set,' said he; 'the biggest thieves in the world, and such liars! and as proud and mean as can be, though they know nothing. Why, they'd never have had railways if we English had not made 'em for them; and now they've got 'em, they can't drive an engine properly, and all their engines come from England.'

'Aye,' said I; 'as I passed up the line yesterday morning, the people in the carriages were all thrusting their heads out of the window, and exclaiming, so I looked out too. I heard them calling "Dos machina!" and I saw two new engines just arrived, and my heart swelled with pride when I read "Manchester" on the boilers, and thought how England led the march

of improvement and progress even in foreign lands.'

'Aye,' said he, 'and they're not obliged to us neither; they only hate us because we know more than them. I contracted for seven years, and I've been here six. Next year my time's out, and then, thank Heaven! me and my missis return to England.'

Another Englishman here entered; he also was employed on the line, and complained he was worked to death because there was no Spaniard who could take his place and drive the engine.

When I had finished my tea, which, though very like the tea at the cold-water establishments, yet refreshed me greatly, I took out my purse to pay for it. 'No,' said the first Englishman, 'when I meet a countrywoman in a foreign land, I can't let her pay for herself.' I tried to insist, but saw I should only wound him; so I thankfully accepted the refreshment I had had from him. That was the only hospitality shown me by any one in Spain. He said he would call on me at the Fonda, but he did not, and I was sorry, for I meant to have returned his kindness by the gift of an English collar and cuffs to his wife.

CHAPTER IX.

BARCELONA TO MADRID.

I HAD been advised to avoid Madrid, on account of the intense heat which pervades one side of a street, while a cold wind from the mountains sweeps down the other, so that a wayfarer passes as it were, at the angle of a street corner, from Syria into the chilling atmosphere of an English March: which is apt to bring on fever, especially with strangers. The Spanish proverb itself acknowledges the disadvantages of the climate—

> El aire de Madrid es tan sotil,
> Que mata á un hombre, y no apaga á un candil.*

People never take advice, and I went to Madrid, and in the hot season, not however out of contradiction or obstinacy, but because cir-

* The air of Madrid is so subtle that it extinguishes the life of a man, though it will not put out a candle.

cumstances compelled me. I have already had one nervous fever, which confined me three months, and whose effects I shall feel all my life, from the results of sea-sickness. I was unwell the whole time I was at Barcelona, from the combined effects of over violent exercise in traversing the mountains, and want of good nourishing food; and nearly five weeks of sleepless nights from the attacks of insects. I felt too ill to venture a sea voyage of three or four days, from Barcelona to Alicante. I enquired about the railway fare, so far as the railway is open on that line, and found it would cost me double the fare to Madrid; so I went to the capital, *en route* for Granada, travelling—blush for me, O my critics!—third class. It cost me, for Keeper and myself, about three pound ten. I started from the hotel, or Fonda del Oriente, at seven in the morning, and had a fresh experience of Spanish delay and incivility. As I was going, it was not worth while to be civil to me any longer, and *le service* had been paid for in the hotel bill. I asked one waiter after another—in all I asked six times—to take down my three packages, that they might be ready against the omnibus came, explaining

that I wanted to see them down, and then take Keeper into the town for a walk. 'Si, señora, prao, prao, señora, ora, ora, señora.' 'Tout de suite, à l'instant;' but no one ever came for them, though I rang, called, and went myself down two long flights of stairs (three several times) to seek for a waiter. The consequence was, Keeper never got his walk. At last a waiter entered, followed by another man; 'the omnibus driver for madame; he will take down the packets.' He shouldered and marched off with them. Before I could tie on my cloak (I had every other article of outdoor dress on), muzzle the dog according to law, and rush down stairs, he was gone. I rushed frantically to the porte-cochère of the Fonda. No omnibus was in sight.

'Where is the omnibus?' cried I to the interpreter, who was coolly smoking his cigar, and, like all the rest, clearly enjoying my annoyance, for your Spaniard is never so happy as when he can annoy a foreigner.

'Probably that is it—yes, there it is,' pointing to one standing *up* the Rambla.

I rushed after it. Had the conductor my packquets? 'Yes, entrez.' I looked, but saw

no luggage. I went back to the driver. 'Had he been to the Fonda del Oriente?' 'No, señora, al bagno.' The mischievous guide whom I had not employed, had sent me to the wrong omnibus,* and I should not be able to start that day for Madrid, and should perhaps lose my luggage. Back I raced to the Fonda, called the valets who were lounging in the court, explaining what they knew, that I could not explain myself in Spanish; and had lost the omnibus, and wanted one of them to help me to find it. No one stirred—I had left the Fonda. At last I saw the secretary; he accompanied me to the Rambla, and, racing as fast as we could, we caught the omnibus on the point of starting. One place was vacant, into which I jumped with Keeper, and we started. I presume the object was to cause me to lose my place, and be obliged to remain at the Fonda del Oriente; but what short-sighted policy! How different from the master of the Hôtel du Parc at Antwerp, who so kindly gives

* The railway omnibuses start from one particular office in the Rambla, which the guide well knew, though I did not. He pointed out the omnibus going the other way, *up* the Rambla, to the baths; on purpose to mislead me.

the traveller every possible comfort and attention while his inmate, and when he departs, literally fulfils the old lines—

> True hospitality is thus expressed:
> Welcome the coming—speed the parting guest.

We reached the ferro carril. A woman whispered me the fare was 'un reau,' and a reau (about fourpence) I gave. I had been compelled to pay two pesetas (five reals) the day I arrived at Barcelona for the same distance and the same amount of luggage.

Properly speaking, I should say a real; but the common people, and even the shopkeepers, all talk of a reau and a piesette, instead of a peseta and a real—the proper terms. In fact, there are so many different kinds of money in Spain, and so many different dialects, that a stranger gets utterly bewildered amongst them; beside which, the people are not like the French, disposed to help him out of any difficulty, but enjoy his bewilderment, because for the moment they feel his superiors in knowledge.

I believe the intense dislike of the Spanish populace—for, of course, I do not speak of the educated classes, who are much the same in all countries—originates in a galling consciousness

of their own inferiority, in all things, to other nations, especially the English. They resemble the inmates of London boarding-houses, who being, for the most part, people to whom the living in large well-furnished rooms, in a handsome house, is a rise in life; and conscious of their different mode of existence in times past as sons and daughters of butchers and graziers, *ci-devant* schoolmasters, ushers, ladies'-maids, and housekeepers—all very useful and excellent people in their way, but not born gentlemen and gentlewomen, and afraid that people of higher station should be rude to, or despise them—determine at all hazards to strike the first blow; and attempt to sully and degrade the superiority they are forced to admit, even to themselves.

Both Spanish and English vulgarians are wrong. Real superiority never assumes—never despises any one, nor is wilfully rude. Neither does genius. The real test of true genius, or superiority, is the power of putting yourself in another person's place; and making allowance for him. The parvenu, or the clever man or woman, is often insolent, because both are vain of a little eminence. The true gentleman or gentlewoman—the real genius—is always

humble, afraid to wound the feelings of others by claiming his or her right place. It is always the ignorant and vulgar who attack any one they feel and know to be above them.

When I went to get my railway ticket, the throng, the crush, and the excitement were as bad as at an English railway station, where the clerks allow some five hundred, or thousand people, or twice that number, just ten minutes to get their tickets and their change, before the train starts; that they may themselves have plenty of time to smoke their cigars, read novels, and gossip.

In Germany and in France ample time for getting all necessary tickets is allowed. Not so in Spain; and as the Spaniards always put off anything that can be put off to the last, the crowd and pushing is great. When I applied for my ticket, a dirty-looking servant twice pushed herself before me in the rudest way; so did others, who all came like her and myself to the counter.

At last I said I had been long waiting. I wanted a third-class ticket to Madrid.

'Si; it was so much.'

I paid the money.

'But what did madame want then?' seeing I did not move away

'Her change and her ticket.'

'Ah! si; the Señora was right. Here is the change.'

'And the billet?'

'You will get it within,'—expressed by pantomime.

A man stepped forward—

'Yes, if the Señora follows me, she will get her billet.'

I followed in mute despair. What proof had I, that I had paid near three pounds for a ticket not given to me, but which I saw given to others? My guide conducted me to the luggage office, where I pointed out my luggage.

'But before it could be weighed, the Señora must show her billet.'

'I had not one. The Señor had sent me here.'

'I must go back; it was there I should get it.'

'Here,' said my guide, 'this man at the door gives them.'

'No, he did not; they gave tickets at the luggage office. I must go there.'

'I had been, and they sent me here.'

'Then the Señora must go to the ticket office.'

'I had been,' &c. &c.

I went once more. The ticket-giver shrugged his shoulders, and waved and spread out his hands to heaven in mute despair at the Englishwoman's inconceivable stupidity, and sent me back to the luggage office. My self-appointed guide good-naturedly went with me, and again explained for me that I had had no ticket given, though I had paid my money. This time they weighed the luggage, and gave me—'for a consideration'—a ticket for Keeper.

'The train was on the point of starting, I had better get my own ticket.'

"Yes, but where?'

I was in utter despair; the crowd rushing past me breathless in all directions to the train, which was on the point of starting, when the man of the ticket office rushed into its midst.

'The señora Inglese!' cried he.

'My ticket!' cried I.

'Ah! si; here is the Señora's ticket.'

I then dimly comprehended that it was probable that only a certain number of tickets for every train were issued to him by his superiors,

that he had sold all his tickets, and had had to send for fresh ones. I rushed off to the train through a *salle d'attente*, so densely packed that you could scarce have crammed another human being into it—Keeper tugging at his chain with such force as nearly to pull me down, and getting between men's legs, and under women's crinolines, and twisting his chain round people, and exciting universal indignation, in which his mistress fully sympathised; in his anxiety to reach the train. We got to it at last; and that wretch of a dog jumped into carriage after carriage, and had to be pulled out, till we got at last to his carriage, when, to the porter's intense surprise, he clambered up to his cage as soon as the door was opened, wagging his tail, and frisking with delight and eagerness. I do believe that dog delights in travelling, and likes the excitement of new walks, new scenes, and new companions of the canine race; as much as any human being enjoys fresh scenes and fresh society.

The Spanish third-class railway carriage is like a huge omnibus, divided into four divisions, each of which holds a row of people on either side, and sometimes there is a double row of

people sitting back to back in the middle of each quarter. There is always a lamp burning, but there are no window blinds, which in this burning country are almost a necessity.

The woman I sat next was very ugly and very vixenish. She grumbled at being disturbed by my entrance, and that of other people. The seat I sat on was against the door, and had to be lifted up every time any one entered; and once it caught her gown when let down.

'Las Inglesas!' said she, scornfully.

I stopped her mouth—'Las Inglesas! you would not have had any railways at all but for "los Ingleses." Les machina all come from England.'

She was silenced. In fact, not only do the engines all come from England, but most of the conductors or drivers on the Barcelona line are English. With this exception, my companions were all civil to me; and I found, as Dr. Webster had said, that a third-class railway carriage showed me more, in one day, of Spanish character and costumes than I should have learnt in any other in three weeks. It showed the Spanish also in their best light. Throughout that long day's journey, there was no fighting

for places, no ill-humour, no selfishness displayed, except by that one woman. I have since travelled with the *bourgeoisie* of Spain, and I greatly prefer travelling with the peasants. They are far more courteous, and less selfish. Their different dress and manners was a very amusing study; and again, for the thousandth time, I wished I had been an artist. Beside me sat a middle-aged labourer, who had his hand upon what I thought was the curly head of a Scotch terrier, from its light sandy hue.

'Ah!' said I, 'you have got your *perro* here; mine is in the dog-box.'

There was a general laugh. He had something better than any *perro*—his own child; dark-eyed, but with light brown hair, like an English bairn. His wife, who sat beside him with a pretty little baby in her arms, would have been a model for a painter. She was not exactly pretty; but she had a sort of rustic, natural grace in all her movements; and the contour of her head, neck, and figure, and her features, except a *petit nez retroussé, à la Roxelane*, were all classic. The wavy dark brown hair was put back from her brow, and fastened in a knot at the back of her head, just like that of a Greek

Venus; and, as in that, a stray curl or two half escaped, and waved loosely over the delicate, shell-shaped ear. She wore a chemise, with full sleeves gathered above the elbows, and her beautifully moulded arms, and brown but perfect hands, were bare; and I thought how much better that full shift sleeve, often seen in foreign paintings, sets off the arm than any London or Parisian ball dress. Above her shift she wore a double kerchief of dark green muslin and a coloured print skirt. After awhile, she changed places with her husband, who spread a shawl on the bench for the elder child, and tried to get it to sleep; but it was too excited to slumber. I never saw a man so fond of his child; he was always feeding, or giving it drink, or hugging it.

I do like to see a man fond of his wife and children. It is always a proof of true manliness when a man is tender to those weaker than himself; and I grew quite interested in my two neighbours. As to the baby, it was a little darling; and might have been a Queen's, if high birth gave beauty; so delicate were its small features, so exquisite the symmetry of its little frame. Its fingers were like transparent wax,

soft, and pink, like sea-side shells; and I sat and watched it, first laughing and crowing—its soft, dark eyes beaming with gladness: and then sinking, tired with play, to rest on its mother's bosom for hours. I never saw such good children as those two were. They went half-way to Madrid; and in all that long, weary journey, they never cried or annoyed anyone. I envied the pretty peasant her baby—I, who had nothing better than a *perro!*

At one station, three or four wild banditti-looking men got into the carriage.

'Gendarme di Espagna,' cried one of my neighbours.

'To prevent the brigands putting their hands in your pocket,' said one of the new comers.

'What!' said I, horrified; 'do the brigands attack railway travellers?'

Everyone laughed, and tried to mystify me; but the fact was, the *gendarmes* were only travelling from one station to another, at which they got out. They were fine, powerful men, as most of the Spaniards are. Their costume was very picturesque, but very unsoldierlike, to English eyes. They wore hats, turned up with white lace, and a bit of lace forming a sort of

cockade at one side; jackets trimmed with silver lace; a leathern belt, to which was affixed their cartouche boxes; and white trousers. As to their waistcoats, that appeared a private matter of taste: for each had a different patterned velveteen; naked feet; shod with the common hempen sandals worn by the peasants, and lower *bourgeoisie*, or workmen; completed their attire. And each bore in his hand a very primitive-looking gun, with a slender bore, and a very large, wide stock.

At Manresa, the conductor called out, 'Twenty minutes' delay here;' and I and everyone got out to lunch. I knew we should have no chance of food again until we reached Saragossa at night-fall. After refreshing myself, I re-entered the carriage I had left, and was almost instantly turned out by the conductor, who cried out, 'That waggon was not going on—the train was in motion; I must not delay an instant.' It was, in fact, moving slowly. Of course, I jumped out; but I had hardly got seated in another carriage before I remembered the parcel of guide-books and MS., wrapped up in my shawl, I had had under the seat, and left there when I got out to lunch. I called to the conductor, as

he passed from carriage to carriage to look at tickets; and he assured me the luggage was safe, and I could send a message about it at the next station. I did so; and asked, moreover, to speak to one of the English workmen employed on the line, who also promised to send a message to Manresa about it. The conductor, he said, had telegraphed for it. I knew it was false, for he would have come to me for money to pay for the telegram; but as nothing could be done till I reached Madrid, I was fain to be content.

As we drew nearer to Madrid, the day, which had been so intensely hot, began to cloud over. Drizzling rain fell at intervals; and by the time we reached the mountains which surround the city, at a distance of apparently some six or eight miles, it came down heavily and drearily; and now I sadly missed the warm old shawl, strapped round my precious MS. and guide-books, which had comforted and kept me warm through so many a journey. I had nothing on but a thin cotton Garibaldi and a black lace shawl, and despite a waterproof cloak, which I fortunately had with me, I shivered with cold. After the heat of Barcelona that morning, when the ther-

mometer was nearly ninety, I now shivered with cold. It was cold as in a stormy March evening in England.

I have seldom spent a more wretched night than that in which I travelled to the Spanish capital. The mountains which surround Madrid are not grand or beautiful in form, nor do they give one the idea of great height. The ground seemed to me to rise continually from about half way from Barcelona, so that the plateau on which the city stands must be very elevated. The whole route after leaving Manresa, and losing sight of the wild and beautiful Montserrat, is dreary and uninteresting. Long reaches of sandy or dry, dull-coloured clay, backed by hills of the same; unbroken by woods or valleys, with no herbage, no verdure of any sort to refresh the eye—no rivers or streams. I wondered how any one could live in such a sandy desert. I had heard in Yorkshire of a young English lady who, some years ago, after travelling through France, Italy, Germany, and Spain, bought a farm and settled herself for life near Madrid. Surely it could not have been in these desolate regions. Here and there we passed a wretched village or a small town. The people looked healthy, yet how

they could do so, was my continual wonder, when I looked at the muddy tanks which supplied their only water.

At one place, some of our party asked for water.

'You could not drink it, it is so bad,' was the reply; further on, at the next station, you may get some.'

I had read that the tops of the mountains, near Madrid, were nearly always covered with snow. When I awoke from unquiet slumber, they were distinctly visible; but I saw no snow, and the air was perceptibly less cold than during the storm of last night. Numbers of peasants now got in at every petty station, to go to their daily work. Most of them wore a singular pointed-crowned hat, made of cotton velvet, with a very broad brim, turned up by a second brim or border of about two fingers' breadth: it was picturesque-looking enough, but must have been very heavy and uncomfortable; a velveteen or cotton jacket, waistcoat, and knee breeches, and a very broad sash, folding round the loins, in which they carried their long-handled knives, and which also served as a pocket: for I saw several of them produce from

it their morning meal of bread and onions. All were perfectly civil and well-behaved.

A Frenchman and woman also got in. He was employed in making one of the new railways near the capital, and so was the woman's husband. Numbers of the workmen employed in making these railways are English or French, as the Spaniards understand nothing about them till taught by more civilised nations. Both had been seven years in Spain; and both spoke, as did the English workmen I met, with contempt and bitterness of the Spanish character.

'They are ignorant and lazy, those Spaniards,' said the man.

'And great thieves!' struck in the woman; 'And they all, look you, like those peasants, carry a long knife, half a yard long, in their sashes; and for a jest, a mere trifle, they stab one another in a drunken bout or a quarrel! Such things occur every day. They are a detestable race!' 'And everything is so dear in Spain, and they make all strangers pay double,' said the Frenchwoman, shrugging her shoulders expressively. 'Ah! ils sont vilains!'

'Why do you stay in such a country?'

'Ah! my husband is employed in making a

canal for the railway. He gets goods wages, otherwise I should be thankful to return to France.'

At last we reached the plain on which Madrid stands, and I looked out eagerly for the capital of Spain. In my childish days, 'Gil Blas' and the 'Diable Boiteux' had rendered it familiar to my fancy; and now I was about to see if the reality equalled my imagination. It was broad daylight, but I saw nothing grand or striking as we approached the city, and felt disappointed. We got to the station about eight o'clock A.M., and again I inquired for my missing parcel, but in vain. I was told it would probably arrive next morning, and I had better inquire then; so I got a cab and drove to an hotel in one of the best streets, near the Puerto del Sol, which had been recommended to me.

The drive from the Barcelona Railway Station to the Puerto del Sol is rather striking, and gave me a pleasant impression of Madrid. One passes up a long *prado* or public walk, resembling, but oh! how inferior, that of the Champs Elysées: shaded by trees, with thousands of chairs beneath them; and decorated with marble fountains, not in the best taste. The trees have all

a small canal running from tree to tree, or a semicircle round them, which is twice a day filled with water; or they would not live in this burning sun, and arid, parched-up soil: and which is a great convenience to the dogs, who can there quench their thirst; and also to the *lazzaroni* who lie about on the benches, apparently all day doing nothing: and sleep there also, I am informed. I saw dozens of them, day after day, when the water was dried up, sitting with their feet in the trenches; apparently for the sake of the coolness of the ground. It also passes the botanic garden, which is, in reality a neglected wilderness, whose iron grating, and the tall trees behind it, look well from a distance.

The Puerto del Sol, the principal street in Madrid, is as irregular a square as that of Trafalgar in London; but its large, handsome fountain, and tall, many-windowed white houses, with their white *persiennes*, and gay shops, makes it look attractive and lively: and though the Court was absent, and the grandees all gone to their country seats; the town and *prado* were always densely thronged by well-dressed men and women. I thought I should like very well to spend a week at Madrid, and a very good dinner

à la Française at my hotel, strengthened the impression. Heartily tired, I went to bed in a very clean looking room, with a tiled floor; to bed, I say—not to rest! Never, no never, in all my wanderings, did I pass such a night. The bed was alive: B flats swarmed on it like ants in an anthill; the numbers turned me literally sick as they crawled about, and I spent the night in ceaseless warfare. The critics, if they please, may growl over this passage. I hold that it is a traveller's duty to report truly of any country. It prevents others from forming a false idea of it, and being seduced by flourishing descriptions to encounter evils which may cause serious illness or even death; and it benefits the inhabitants of those countries, because no evils are remedied until they are first held up to public reprobation. If no travellers had mentioned the habit of emptying all slops out of the window in Edinburgh and Lisbon, about a hundred years ago; that delightful practice might have gone on to this day, as it does yet in Corsica. Before a people amend, they must learn there is a better way than their own; and a people like the Spaniards or Corsicans, who rarely travel, can only learn it from the remarks made in books and journals.

CHAPTER X.

MADRID.

I WENT the next morning to the Barcelona railway station to inquire for my parcel. It was not there, of course, and I asked for the telegraph office. Will any English person believe the officials refused to telegraph for it? They were not *bien* with the Saragossa line, it was not their line; and as I had lost my baggage through the fault of an employé, who ought to have given notice of the change of waggons at Manresa, the telegram contained a complaint, and they felt a certain delicacy, &c. &c. I had better go to the government telegraph office at the Puerto del Sol.

All this takes little time to write, but, ah! what weary hours I passed that morning; how I was bandied about—always with perfect courtesy, however—from one official to another, from

one office to another, before I could ascertain, first, that my parcel had not arrived; next, that I could not telegraph for it from that station. It was near four o'clock P.M. when I quitted it, and I went about ten in the morning. If ever there was a people who understood 'how not to do it,' and who were the original inventors of 'the Circumlocution Office,' it is the Spaniards. How anything ever does get done in Spain—how anybody is ever born, or married, or buried there—I cannot conceive. The people seem to have an instinctive horror of the present tense. Ask for anything, "Ora, ora, prao, prao!' by-and-by, is the inevitable response; and if you are hungry, you may think yourself lucky, if you get something to eat in three hours, after you have asked for it a dozen times. I went to the Puerto del Sol, and found the government telegraph office; there, also, they were perfectly civil, and there also they took an hour to do what in England would have been done in ten minutes. Not because of my defective Spanish, and the telegraph clerk's equally defective French; but long after the message was written out, it had to be shown to this person and that person, and, in short, by the

time I had done, and got my message sent, it was nearly six o'clock. I had just time to reach my hotel and wash my hands before the six o'clock *table d'hôte* dinner.

I went of course to see the outside of the Queen's palace. It is a handsome building of white marble, and has a fine view of the surrounding mountains, as it is built in the outskirts of the city; but the approach to it, through dirty narrow streets, is very bad. I went also to see the churches, none of which are fine. Madrid has no cathedral, and no fine public buildings. I read in an *affiche* on the walls that there was to be a concert and fireworks afterwards in some public gardens, so I engaged the interpreter of the hotel as an escort, and went there. It was a gay and pretty sight. The place was crowded; and as, on my return, I saw innumerable handsome private carriages taking up parties at the entrance, I conclude that many people of wealth and consequence were there. The women of Madrid do not strike me as pretty in general; but I saw many pretty women that night. The Spanish way of dressing the hair is not becoming. 'The glory of a Spanish woman is her

hair, of which they have usually a great quantity,' says Mr. Ford. Innocent Mr. Ford! Probably Mrs. Ford, who was an Englishwoman, had abundant hair, and therefore he believed the bows and curls of other women to be real.* Most Spaniards have large, ill-formed heads. The women increase this natural defect by frizzing the hair, and turning it over a couple of large horse-hair puffs above the temples, while the back hair is combed out so as to cover an immense horse-hair puff behind, or an immense knot of false hair is pinned on to the back of the head. Over this they sometimes wear a small black veil, or a black lace shawl; and many add to that a black silk scarf, pinned just above the comb behind; whose weight in time drags off the hair entirely; so that a great number of women I saw in the streets, both of Barcelona and Madrid were perfectly bald on the top of their heads. This scarf is very ugly,

* The interpreter, who, though Italian by birth, had lived many years in Spain, told me it was false. 'Look at their hair,' said he, 'but it is almost all false hair, they puff it out as much as they can by horse-hair puffs, and then they add a false top-knot. If you look, you will see the hairdressers' shops full of both crinoline puffs and bows for the back.' It was easy to detect the false hair wherever worn.

especially when worn over a light coloured shawl, or a dress and mantle such as are now in vogue; as, when seen from behind, it cuts the figure in two as it were, a little above the waist: and ill replaces the graceful mantilla of which I have heard and read so much, but which I have never, however, seen in Spain. In fact the dress of the Spanish women is in a state of transition. They have given up the national black in which alone they look well, and try to imitate the French style, but without being able to copy the French taste, and neatness, and eye for colours. One sees the strangest and most ill-assorted colours and modes worn by Spanish women, but if a traveller appears in plain black, yet wearing a bonnet, or carrying an umbrella to shade her from the sun, she is saluted on all sides with 'Francese! Francese!' 'Paris!' 'No, no, es Inglese!' 'No, Francese!'

On this particular night, however, I must admit I saw many very pretty dresses, but all fitter for a private ball-room, than a public garden where all classes meet on terms of equality, and peer jostles peasant. The fireworks were very beautiful, and we had more

fire than was intended; for, during the bombardment of a fort which was to conclude the entertainment, the tent in which the concert had been given caught fire, and was burned to ashes. Had the accident happened an hour earlier, the loss of life would have been terrible. As it was, no one seemed to care; the fireworks went on, nobody moved. I heard some endeavours were made to stop the flames, but saw none; apparently the tent was left to its fate. This entertainment was not over until past twelve o'clock; yet I saw little children not three years old there, in the arms of their mothers or nurses.

'They take them everywhere; you see little babies at the bull-fights,' said the interpreter, when I remarked the number of young children present.

There was a bull-fight one Sunday while I was at Madrid, but of course I did not attend it. In the first place it was held on the Sabbath; in the second, I think English people are wrong when they cry out on the cruelty of a Spanish bull-fight, and yet sanction it by their presence. It must be a brutalising, demoralising practice, as bull-baiting was found

to be in England, and therefore put an end to,—as cock-fighting—still practised under the rose—ought to be. How can little children—accustomed from earliest infancy to see a bull rip up the entrails of a wretched horse, to clap their little hands with delight at the sight; and to scream with joy when the matador is wounded — grow up other than cruel. If I were an Englishman, I would never marry an English girl who had gone to see a bull-fight.

I went, of course, to see the two picture galleries: one in the Calle de Alcala, the other in the handsome building through which one enters the botanic garden; but my readers must not expect a detailed account of them from me. Few, except artists and art-critics, care for a catalogue of pictures, except when they go to visit a collection. I shall only mention one or two that struck me most.

I was disappointed in the famous 'El Tinoso' by my favourite artist Murillo; for the face of Santa Isabel of Hungary did not strike me as so expressive of tenderness as Mr. Ford says it is. Santa Isabel is washing the sore head of a ragged urchin, while others, equally diseased, stand by, awaiting their turn. There was a bad

painting by some artist of no repute or fame, which touched me much more: 'The Virgin weeping over the dead body of Christ.' The unutterable mother's agony of that sad face brought tears into my eyes as I looked at it, though I knew well how imperfect the colouring and shading were. But the 'Dream'* is exquisite. Never, surely, was sleep so well represented; not only the very hand of El Patricio seems asleep, but the very air of the whole picture seems slumbrous. One forgets it is day as one looks at it, and longs to fall asleep, too. The sleep of the lady is equally sound; yet how different her attitude and expression from that of her husband! The Roman senator has fallen asleep over a large book, which he still holds with one hand, while the other hangs loosely down in the very attitude of sleep. In his dream the Virgin Mary appears to him in the air, and points out the site of a church he is to build. She is so placed in the picture, that one can fancy she was beheld at the same moment by the sleeping lady in the back ground. The whole of this picture is exqui-

* The Dream is by Murillo.

sitely painted; I could have sat and studied it for days. The companion picture, where the senator explains his vision to the Pope, is not so beautiful to my taste. The husband and wife are doing reverence to the Pontiff; and behind them, half in distance, half as it were in air—to mark it is an idea not yet realised—rises a church into which a procession is entering. This dream preceded the erection of Santa Maria la Mayor at Rome, under Pope Liberius, about the year 360.

Another that pleased me greatly was a painting of Philip II. on horseback, by Velasquez; and there were several noble pictures by Murillo, Zurbaro, Alonzo Cano, and other famous artists of the Spanish school, which interested me greatly. Among them a child Christ and Angels, by Murillo; and another by the same artist, of a Virgin standing; Christ appears above her in the air; below her feet, cherubs wave lilies and palm branches. I noticed many others; but a dry catalogue of pictures always seems to me a dull chapter in a book; so I pass on from pictured men and women, to the living real ones; only remarking, *en passant*, that many of the pictures were lumbered up

one against the other in the *musée* of the Botanic Garden, and hung in places where they could not be seen properly, and that a great many were undergoing, or had undergone, the villainous process called restoration, and the whole *musée* was badly arranged, slovenly, and untidy. The Sculpture Gallery I could not see —it was closed; and to have seen it I must have remained some days longer at Madrid, which neither suited my inclination nor my pocket. Hotels and travelling expenses are ruinous in Spain. So when, on the sixth morning, I found my precious manuscripts, and Mr. Ford's entertaining guide-books had safely arrived—alas! too late for me to profit by the latter—I left Madrid the next day.

I did not see the inside of the royal palace; I take small interest now in stately rooms, gildings, and decorations; but when I read Mr. Ford's account of the splendid equestrian statue of Philip IV. on his war charger, in the garden, I regretted not having visited it.

It does not signify where I travel, I am always told by the natives of every country I visit that this is 'an année exceptionel.' I was fortunate in having an exceptional year this time: for I

neither suffered from the hot sun nor cold winds, for both of which Madrid is renowned, and my little thermometer seldom stood above 85° Fahrenheit. Even by Spaniards it is reckoned an unhealthy place, and I was warned against eating so much fruit, and told there was a cholera peculiar to Madrid, which was of an unusually fatal nature. I paid no attention to the warning, knowing well that no amount of fruit would do me harm; and, considering I had no sleep at night, I was tolerably well while there, though I always felt exhausted; and it was rather as a duty than a pleasure, that I went about sight-seeing.

Once or twice I went in the evening to the Prado—the Champs Elysées of Madrid—where, on the innumerable chairs that line each side of the walk, it is the pleasure of its citizens to sit and gossip, and watch the promenaders. I was greatly vexed not to see one mantilla, and my prudish English ideas were shocked at seeing young ladies promenading about with their husbands, or fathers, in their gauze dresses, necklaces, bracelets, &c. &c., dressed, in short; as English women dress for a ball; except that some gossamer lace, or muslin of thinnest kind, made a faint pretence of veiling their necks and

arms in so public a place; while young and old wore no covering on the head, or merely a lace veil, to which the unbecoming black silk scarf, pinned on above the comb, was sometimes added. I saw a few peasant women from the mountains attending on their foster-children; for here, as in France, it is the fashion for mothers not to nurse their own infants; whose neat white caps reminded me of France. Their costume was somewhat peculiar. They wore stuff or cotton tight-fitting gowns, made half high, and edged round the top with an imitation of coral or other large beads, and a broad sash tied behind, whose gaiety by no means harmonised with the sober coloured, common gowns, and white aprons; others wore a neat light print, or stuff dress, made high to the neck; a small white collar and cuffs to match, and a snowy muslin apron with two immense tabs frilled all round, and tied like a sash behind. What getting up and goffering those long rounded ends, above a yard long, must have taken! The cap these girls wore was nearly square, about the length of a common sheet of writing paper, and rather more than two-thirds of its breadth; it was also made of muslin; and frilled all round with a narrow

goffed frill like the apron, and was put flat on the back of the head, as our servant girls in England wear their small round caps, so as to show the hair. Altogether, it was a very neat, pretty costume. I was told the first came from Galicia; where these last girls came from, I could not learn. Everyone I asked, replied, 'Oh! somewhere in the mountains!' It is astonishing how often the inquiring traveller is disappointed in learning a thing by the *insouciance* of the natives of a country! How often, both in France and Spain, I asked in vain for the name of a mountain or river of everyone I met!

CHAPTER XI.

MADRID TO GRANADA.

I LEFT Madrid by the eight o'clock train for Venta di Cardenas, where, since the railroad goes no further, though the line is gradually advancing towards completion, one has to take the diligence to Granada. We arrived here by daylight, and there I realised the full horrors of Spanish travelling. There is no station house built as yet, though there is a station, and no accommodation for travellers after a night's journey, but a wretched *venta*, or inn, built of wood, where one may indeed get bad coffee, and something to eat; but where one cannot get a clean towel to wash one's face with, or any other necessary comfort. Men and women were shown together into an unfurnished room, where, on the usual tripod washing stand com-

mon in Spain, and which exactly represents the rounded tripod or altar often represented on Greek vases, stood two small basins, while two towels hung against the wall, to serve the whole party. I adventured into an inner room in search of privacy, and found a man asleep on a bed on the floor. May I never see Venta di Cardenas again! There were three diligences; huge uncomfortable, lumbering vehicles, very inferior in comfort to the old French diligence, drawn by seven and nine mules or horses. Into the rotunda of one of these, the Madridilena, I was put, with Keeper on my knee; and three other persons, a very stout man, a cadaverous miserable looking man, who was always mopping his face, and a soldier, soon filled the rotunda completely; so completely we could not stir but by each other's leave. We started. The road, which is a very good one, almost equalling some of the French Pyrenean roads, was made by Charles III. and winds through a mountain gorge, passing through many little towns. After awhile I noticed that we passed several soldiers, solitary, or two or three in number at most; some on foot, some on horseback, and clearly patrolling the road; and

at every few miles were small military stations. At one of them, two soldiers clambered up on the outside of the diligence, one on each side of our rotunda, which is the hinder part of the vehicle, and two more mounted in front. It looked really alarming—and I began to think there must still be brigands in Spain; and that I should actually have that adventure with them, which my publisher, Mr. Bentley, thought would 'tell so well in my book,' if each diligence, and all three followed close after each other, needed four armed men to protect its mails and passengers. But as my companions laughed at, and scouted the idea of brigands in these days, I also became sceptical and philosophical on the subject, and began to muse on the natural history of Spanish soldiers, omnibus conductors, and mayors, or coachmen. Are they born with suckers to their feet, like flies? or is cobbler's wax applied to the soles of their hempen *alpargatas*, or *espardines*? How those soldiers managed to cling on to the diligence, encumbered as they were by their long guns, for hours; was a marvel to me. Greatly, also, did I marvel when it was my fate to occupy the *coupé*, or *banquette*, at the extraordinary manner in which

the mayor hung when not seated on his high and extraordinary iron seat.

Among the towns, La Carolina, one of the newly erected ones, most attracted my attention; not for its beauty, but because of its two Frenchified high-roofed square towers at either end, and because it has a little verdure around, a few trees and gardens just on the outside; but the rest of the road is wild, savage, and sombre. Little vegetation, and few trees, and those few of stunted growth; clothe the sides of those dreary mountains; and yet I, who like wild scenery, enjoyed the traversing these mountains. But my enjoyment did not last long. No rain seems ever to fall in Spain, at least I have never seen any except on the evening I travelled towards Madrid; the clouds of dust raised by the diligences were something wonderful. I never saw the like; as the day wore on towards noon, the heat became terrific, yet we could not open a window for those clouds of dust. At last, human nature could stand it no longer. The fat man withdrew the handkerchief from his moon-like countenance and opened a window, then the lean man left off mopping his face and opened one on his side;

as to me, I sat passive, leaving my three companions to shut or open them at their pleasure. Soon the sun's rays burnt fiercer, and I was forced to let down that at my side, that poor Keeper, who sat on my knee, might loll his head out for a little air; and now I had a proof of Spanish want of courtesy, and selfishness. First the fat man, and then the lean man, objected to my window being open; it let in the dust. I had said nothing of all the dust their two open windows let in. I simply replied, 'I must be allowed to have it open on account of the dog,' and wearied by my long journey, I fell asleep. I was awakened by a violent pain at the back and top of my head, as if red-hot knitting needles were running into it; and looking for the cause, discovered, that although the sun was on my side, or rather exactly opposite the back of my head, my companions had availed themselves of my sleep to shut the windows behind themselves, and open the two at my back. I insisted on one, that nearest me, being shut. 'We shall be smothered,' said the fat man, placing his handkerchief again over his head—'es caliente!' 'We cannot bear it closed,' said the miserable man, mopping himself. 'I

cannot bear the sun, it will give me a coup de soleil,' said I. 'The sun! Ah! but the sun is on our side.' 'Pardon me,' said I, touching, as I spoke, the top of the rotunda which was burning hot on my side, and cool on theirs, 'touch the top of the diligence, and you will feel it is on mine by the heat.' No one would touch it, for no one wished to be convinced. The fat man sat winking at the soldier to close it unknown to me; he put out his hand. 'Pardon me,' said I, 'I cannot allow it; I have not interfered about the windows, but left you all to do as you chose with them till the heat became insupportable; touch the roof and you will see I am reasonable.' No one would. The fat man still, every now and then withdrew the pocket-handkerchief from his rubicund visage, and putting on the most piteous aspect, as if he were the most oppressed of mortals, winked to the soldier to open the window stealthily, and I kept a dragon watch over it. The lean man groaned audibly. Wearied at length by this mute contention, I took the soldier's hand and laid it on the top of my bonnet, which was burning hot. 'Es caliente,' said he, shaking his head at the fat man, 'Es más caliente!' and he made no further

attempt to put down the *persienne* or wooden blind; for the diligences in Spain have both glass windows and *persiennes*, on account of the heat.

As to the dust, I scarcely think the simoom of the desert could be much worse. The black coats of my two companions, and my black dress, became first Oxford mixture, then ashen grey. At first we all tried to keep ourselves decent, and shook off the dust, but it was a more hopeless task than that of Sysiphus, and we resigned ourselves to our fate. Even the very folds of the neckties of the two men opposite me, were full of dust, you might have taken it up with a spoon; their shirt fronts—whilome white, were now—I will not say what, with heat and powder; the fat man withdrew the handkerchief, that veiled his beauty from too indiscreet gazers, from his face, looked at it ruefully, and smeared, I will not say wiped his forehead; flung it over his head again, and threw himself back in his corner with a gesture of despair. The miserable man ruefully looked at his wet, grey shirt, I thought he was going to cry over it; and exclaimed in his agony, in a compound of the languages of every country he had travelled in;—'J'ai voyagé en Italia, en

Allemagna. Ich habe bin in Engéland. Viaggiare in quelle paese, c'est agréable, ma viaggiare in Espagna, es penitenzia!' 'Purgatorio,' suggested I, 'it ought to be reckoned to us as part of Purgatory.' 'Ah, es penitenzia!' he groaned once more, mopped his head, and sank back in his seat utterly exhausted.

It was late in the day when we reached Jaen, whose name is pronounced like half of a k added to ch—somewhat like the ch in the Scottish word loch. It is difficult for a stranger to learn to say K'hæn and K'hulian or K'-huan as the Spaniards do, and to my ears K'-huan was not half so soft as Juan or Giovanni, or Yaçoob, as Germans call the patriarch. There is a small square *plaza* planted with trees, with a fountain in the midst, in front of which was the *venta*, where the diligences stopped to change horses, and refresh the inner man; and from hence one has a good view of a very singular handsome-looking cathedral,* which I

* Mr. Ford says, the cathedral at Jaen is not of Moorish origin; but all the architecture of this part of Spain appears to me, who am, alas! an ignoramus, as regards architecture, and only judge by the eye; to be in a great degree copied from that of the Moors. It is only natural that traces of their taste should remain in the buildings of a country they so long occupied, and so magnificently adorned.

could not help thinking was originally a Moorish mosque, so oriental-looking are its rounded dome, and rounded minarets tapering up to a point above. Of course I had no time to visit it as I should have liked. A Moorish castle on the hill above, overhangs the town; and Moorish walls and towers follow the slopes of the mountains. These towers are always picturesque; their yellow-ochre hue, harmonises well with the tawny colouring of the ground below and around them, and they combine with the rocks, and trees, and mountains, to give to Spain the peculiar and distinguishing tone, and colour, and character; which, now that I have seen it, would make me, I think, recognise the smallest water-colour sketch of a little bit of one of its sierras; as I once, in an exhibition, recognised instantly a small study of rocky moor, by Hunt, no bigger than my hand, and without any peculiar feature, house, or tree, or mountain, or ghyll, to be taken at the pass of Kirkstone.

I wonder whether this indescribable difference of colouring, in atmosphere and trees, sky and earth, in different lands, strikes other people as strongly as it does me. It is like the difference between human faces. Every human being has

hair, and forehead, eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin; but how unlike is man to man, and woman to woman! Each has an indescribable personality which the pencil only can depict. I do not wonder the ancients personified countries; if I were a painter, I should depict Spain as a tawny black-browed woman, sitting on a panther.

At Jaen, the soldier and the miserable man got out, and their place was filled by a pretty *donna* with her little girl; but alas! the fat man, who took up most space, remained, and we went on stewing as in a cauldron, unable to move a limb, without each other's permission; so closely were we crammed in that small *rotunda*, till nightfall; when we stopped at a *venta* or inn, to get something to eat. I detest Spanish diligences, but Spanish *ventas* are greatly preferable to Spanish railway stations. One is shown into a clean-looking room, and after waiting about a quarter of an hour, and sallying forth into the corridor, where one generally finds a row of men washing and brushing, some six or seven times, and calling out impatiently for 'agua, toalla,' and hearing indignantly the never-failing 'ora, ora' (by-and-by); one can

have the luxury of soap and water; if, like me, you always carry the first article in your pocket; while at the railway stations there is no comfort of any sort for female passengers. As to the food, I cannot speak so favourably. Spanish cooking, and Spanish meat is detestable: from the dish-water soup, the cold fried-fish, and the bouilli, like skeins of coarse worsted, cut into long pieces; to the measly-looking, coarse pork, also cut into pieces; and served up on a bed of dry *chicharas* or chickpeas—a large, round, dry pea, as good as our English dried peas would be, boiled whole; which, Mr. Ford says, was the favourite national dish of the Carthaginians: as it seems to be of their descendants, to this day. The chickpea—fit, in effect, for nothing but chickens, or rather fowls; for it would certainly choke the chicks from its size and hardness, even when boiled—is also called *garbanza*. When my travelling companions sat down to supper or dinner, I generally tried to get fruit to eat with the bread, which is always good in Spain; but it is the fashion in Spain, as in France, to serve every *plat* or dish separately, handing in turn to every one, and fruit is always the last; and a Spanish waiter or waitress,

—the last is the most difficult to get anything from—has no idea of obeying orders, never conceives even the idea, that a person entering an inn has a right to demand any fare there is, that suits his appetite, when he means to pay for it. In Spain you can't cry 'Waiter, bring me a cup of coffee, or a plate of grapes; I am unwell, and cannot eat meat.' You must wait till it pleases that waiter to bring it; and as fruit was invariably served last, at all these *ventas*, I had no chance of a meal; for scarcely had it made its appearance, when the *mayoral* called us to resume our places in the diligence; and then, I was charged more than my companions who had dined or supped, for the dinner or supper I had not eaten. I suppose I was mulcted as punishment for scorning Spanish fare.

About three A.M. we reached Granada, and my heart beat quicker; — the dream of my childhood was about to be realised—I should see the Alhambra!

I had but troubled sleep, tired—deadly tired as I was. The moment I closed my eyes the bites of insects awoke me. It was a relief when day

dawned; and I arose unrefreshed and feverish, as I always rise now in Spain, for want of slumber; but the thought that I was in Granada consoled me: I should see the Alhambra that very day. I found, however, on descending, that I could not see the Alhambra without permission, and that a guide was necessary. I desired both might be in readiness for the morrow, and strolled out until breakfast should be ready at eleven o'clock. This is another serious inconvenience to English travellers, used to comfortable England, and to four comfortable meals a-day. Spaniards have but two repasts in the day, and the traveller has no more, however high the terms charged at the hotels. One can indeed order coffee or tea; (without milk, be it understood, for there is no milk to be got in any part of Spain I have yet visited, except in Madrid, where it is very dear; but goats' milk, whose abominable flavour I cannot endure) but then one must also pay for this early breakfast as much as for that at the *table d'hôte*, or rather more, since it is an extra trouble to prepare it. So, not having any money to spare in a country where travelling and living were both so dear, I

fell into the ways of the natives; but, ah! how I often longed for a good English breakfast, when I arose, worn out and feverish, with a sleepless night.

CHAPTER XII.

GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

My inn was in a line with the Prado or public walk. I first went there. I can hardly convey to my readers even a faint impression of its exceeding beauty. For some distance it is merely a long walk, shaded by trees with seats beneath them, and flanked by buildings on either side; a little higher up, the trees are larger, and full grown; elegant marble fountains decorate the spaces between them; and gardens full of lovely rose-coloured oleanders and other gay flowers replace the rows of houses on either side. I walked slowly up this beautiful walk; now stopping to admire the rich hue of the laurier rose, now the graceful marble basins, till the Sierra Nevada rose between the trees before my

enchanted eyes. Then I stood, literally breathless. Never had I seen anything so dazzlingly beautiful. Just imagine, if you can, a grove of fine old elms; white marble fountains sending up jets of water that sparkle like diamonds in the morning sun, oleanders as tall as young apple-trees, with stems as thick as a man's arm, and a crown of rose-coloured flowers; while the long vista formed by the trees, is bounded by a range of sky-blue hills, deepening here and there, in cleft or hollow, into shades of ultramarine or indigo; and crowned with eternal snow. That is Granada. Turn round, and look behind you. A long, long vista of triple rows of trees, behind and between which, apparently, rise foreign-looking white houses, with green jalousies and arches, and above them Moorish-looking towers, unlike any church towers you ever saw out of Spain; and over all such a bright clear blue sky. That, too, is Granada.

Let me quote for your further edification, a part of the beautiful description of Washington Irving.

'The city of Granada lay in the centre of the kingdom, sheltered as it were in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, a chain of snowy mountains. It

covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley that divides them, through which flows the river Darro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. There is a Moorish tradition that the king who built this mighty pile was skilled in the occult sciences, and furnished himself with gold and silver for the purpose, by means of alchemy. Certainly there never was an edifice accomplished in a more superior style of barbaric* magnificence, and the stranger who even at the present day wanders among its silent and deserted courts, and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes, and luxuriant decorations, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty, in defiance of the ravages of time.

'Opposite to the hill on which stood the Alhambra, was its rival hill, on the summit of which was a spacious plain covered with houses, and crowded with inhabitants. It was commanded by a fortress called the Alcazaba. The

* I do not see how Washington Irving could apply the term *barbaric* to these exquisite halls. In no European palace have I ever seen anything to equal the beauty of the Hall of the Ambassadors, the Sala de Justicia, and the boudoir of the Sultana.

declivities and skirts of these hills were covered with houses, to the number of seventy thousand, separated by narrow streets and small squares, according to the custom of Moorish cities. The houses had interior courts and gardens, refreshed by fountains and running streams, and set out with oranges, citrons, and pomegranates; so that as the edifices of the city rose above each other on the sides of the hill, they presented a mingled appearance of city and grove delightful to the eye. The whole was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates, and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers. The elevation of the city and the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada, crowned with perpetual snows, tempered the fervid rays of summer; and thus, while other cities were panting with the sultry and stifling heat of the dog-days, the most salubrious breezes played through the marble halls of Granada.

'The glory of the city, however, was its *vega*, or plain, which spread out to a circumference of thirty-seven leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the

silver windings of the Xenil. The labour and ingenuity of the Moors had diverted the waters of this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed, they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it, as if it had been a favourite mistress. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroidered with gardens, and the wide plain covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig, the pomegranate, with large plantations of mulberry-trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree, the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasant's cottage, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their prophet to be situate in that part of the heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada.'

Such is Washington Irving's account of Granada's pristine glory, extracted by him from old Spanish authors.

What is it now?

I found it a town of dirty, narrow streets, inhabited by a dirty, vulgar population. The two rivers, no longer carefully shaded by trees, run nearly dry in their beds; the channels and aqueducts made to convey water to all parts of the plain by the Moors, are all nearly choked up; only a few of the marble fountains now play; and the once fertile plain stretches out to the eye, bare and desolate. Of the Alhambra, only a small part of the summer palace remains. The Vandal king, Charles V., pulled down the whole of the winter palace, in order to erect a hideous square pile, in what Mr. Ford calls 'the Græco-Romano Bramante style'—whatever that may be; a huge gloomy palace, with oblong square, London-like, windows, ornamented with heavy, ugly, basso-relievos, that he had never means to complete; which is still roofless; the ugliness and heaviness of whose unfinished ruins contrast strangely with the immortal beauty and lightness of the Alhambra—exquisite, in spite of ill-usage and decay.

My readers must not expect from me a topographical account of this Moorish wonder. I only visited it once, for it is now shut up from

the public; the Spanish Government, with late repentance, after having made it a barrack and a prison, being engaged in restoring it; and then I was accompanied by a guide. I had no fault to find with him, but all guides and cicerones are odious people, and hurry one through every place, so that one has no time to take notes. To thoroughly enjoy these silent halls, one must have been free to visit them alone at all hours, to walk in the shimmering moonlight along the marble courts, and look at the sun setting in gold and purple over the mountains of Granada, from the boudoir of the Sultana. I applied to the officer in command of the Alhambra, telling him I was an English writer, for permission to wander at my leisure through its halls, and received from him a most courteous reply, regreting that superior orders prevented his admitting any one within its walls after six o'clock, but according me permission to visit it at any hour in the day. Of this permission I never once availed myself, for the simple reason that I dared not. I never showed myself in the streets of Granada without being followed by a rabble of all ranks, apparently, and all ages; hooted, and insulted. I walked the evening after my arrival

in the town, along the Prado, between six and seven in the evening, where the whole population of the town, from the rich and fashionable, to the poor water-carrier and fruit-woman, are accustomed to promenade till ten or eleven o'clock at night. I was plainly dressed in black, with a white straw bonnet (which I had worn in Paris) tied down with black also. All ranks of people insulted me. One young officer in regimentals, who was walking arm-in-arm with a friend, came close up to me, stared me rudely in the face, and addressed me in the most insulting language. I looked at him steadily and said, 'Monsieur, je suis étonné qu'une personne d'éducation peut insulter une dame. Je suis une auteur anglaise, et cela sera connu de tout le monde.' He turned on his heel, and slunk away without a word of apology, like a beaten hound.

What had I done to provoke all this hostility? I simply walked out the morning after my arrival, with my dog in a chain, being fearful of losing him, as he did not know the place, and I had been warned by the landlord of the inn at Madrid that English dogs were valuable in Spain; and that if I did not wish to have him stolen, I must take him out with me in leash.

But the real truth is, the Spaniards are inhospitable by nature, and hate strangers.

A young Englishman of high family, an intimate friend of my friend, Mrs. Brotherton, the well-known writer for 'Temple Bar' and most of the popular magazines of the day; and the authoress of the clever and successful novel entitled 'Respectable Sinners,' travelled also in Spain some years ago. How did they treat him? Exactly as they treated me!

He was a very clever, a very elegant, and a very handsome young man; but he was much out of health, and out of spirits. In Madrid the people in the streets used to hoot him, and they even followed him to his hotel, shouting and yelling; and calling him 'the knight of the rueful countenance.'

To return to the Alhambra. I can compare the carvings on the walls to nothing but the finest point lace. If actual point lace were laid upon a flat wall, the effect would be somewhat similar, only that the patterns would want the depth and shadow given by the chisel.

During the period of its degradation, large portions of this exquisite carving were torn down from the walls and sold to visitors. This

is now being restored; and to me it appeared that the work of restoration is beautifully done; the modern carving, harmonising perfectly with the old. The most singular part of the Alhambra are its ceilings. They resemble those of no other building, and the moment I saw them they reminded me of the roof of a curious cave in Yorkshire on the Kendal road, which is covered with pendant stalactites. Mr. Ford calls them 'the honeycomb stalactical pendants,' and says 'they are all constructed on mathematical principles; they are composed of numerous prisms, united by their contiguous lateral surfaces, consisting of seven different forms proceeding from three primary figures on plane; these are the right-angled triangle, the rectangle, and the isosceles triangle. The various component parts are capable of an infinite variety of combination, as infinite as the melodies which may be produced from the seven notes of the musical scale. The conical ceilings in the Alhambra attest the wonderful power and effect obtained by the repetition of the most simple elements. Nearly five thousand pieces enter into the construction of the ceiling of 'Las dos Hermanas' (the Hall of the Two Sisters), and

although they are simply plaster, strengthened here and there with pieces of reed, they are in the most perfect preservation; but the carpentry of the Phœnicians passed down to the Moor. These houses, "ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion" (Jer. xxii. 14), are exactly those of the ancient Egyptians (Wilk. ii. 127).'*

These pendants end (as it appeared to me) in small hollows, like an oyster-shell, and the interior of each of these, as well as the outer sides of each pendant, are painted in brilliant colours, red, blue, and white, and edged with gold. The Moorish Court at the Crystal Palace, beautiful as it is in itself, gives no idea of the effect of these ceilings. Interspersed among the point-lace carvings on the walls, are Moorish inscriptions, quotations from the Koran, heraldic mottoes, and coats of arms. Sometimes the point-lace carving is relieved by colour, like a lace curtain over azure silk or crimson; but whether coloured or not, the exquisite harmony of hues and decoration, the perfect symmetry

* Mr. Ford and his wife spent two summers in the Alhambra at the time when strangers were permitted to reside there. He had, therefore, ample opportunities for studying its architecture, and to his true and graphic 'Handbook for Spain,' I refer my readers.

of the whole, is always the same. Nothing strikes the eye as inharmonious, gaudy, or out of place; and the slender Moorish reed-like pillars, and the rounded arches, have a delicacy and lightness, that are in perfect keeping with that most exquisite tracery. In one chamber, the roof was pierced with deep-cut stars. These, in the time of the Moors, were filled with glass; they are now open to the weather; but the effect of the light shining down through them, is magical. In the Courts are yet a few myrtles and orange-trees, and I plucked a small spray of myrtle for Mrs. Brotherton, and an orange-leaf for myself, as a memento of the Alhambra; but ah! how different they are to what they were in the times of the Moors, or might so easily be made now. To complete the work of restoration, the hideous unfinished palace of Charles V. should be pulled down; the fountains in the Court of Lions, and all the other fountains play once more, and each Court should be filled with scarlet geraniums, sweet-scented clematis, and mignonette, myrtles, oleanders, pomegranates, cacti, and other gorgeous flowers. The twelve famous lions in the celebrated Court of the Lions, are very mythological or heraldic

animals, so little like lions are they; but its colonnades, its arches, and the little bit of greenery still there—where doubtless, in the Moorish reign, were quantities of gorgeous and sweet-scented flowers—made it very beautiful, though the fountain did not play. Of course I was shown in the hall of the Abencerrages, which opens on the Court of Lions, the marble fountain on whose brink tradition tells, that Boabdil el Chico, the last Moorish king, caused six-and-thirty of the Abencerrages to be beheaded, at the instigation of their enemies, the rival family of Zègri, who accused one of them, Aben-hámet Abencerrage, of an intrigue with the Sultana.

The tale says, they were enticed one by one into the hall, and after beholding for awhile the bloody corpses of their kinsmen, were in their turn decapitated, till the fountain was full of human heads, and the hall strewed with mutilated bodies. But Washington Irving and others, whose lengthened stay in Spain, and knowledge of Spanish, permitted them to consult the best Spanish authorities, say that this story is a pure fiction, nowhere to be met in history, and resting solely upon the authority of a work entitled 'The Civil Wars of Granada,' written towards

the close of the sixteenth century, by Gines Perez de Hita, who professed to have translated it from an Arabian manuscript, and which is interspersed with most of the popular Moorish and Castilian romantic ballads. Irving states, however, that Muley Aben Hassan, Muley Abul Haçen, as Prescott calls him, Boabdil's ferocious father, did put a number of the Abencerrages to death, not however for any love affair, but for an imaginary intrigue against his sovereignty. However, my guide showed me the blood-stain on the fountain, which nothing can efface; and recounted the old romance. As a girl, I had a religious faith in this story, and one feels sorry to have one's faith in any romantic ballad destroyed. But the real cause of the downfall of the Moors, appears to have been their domestic dissensions, and internal strifes. Three kings claimed, and in turn ruled Granada at one time—Muley Aben Hassan, the rightful monarch, his son Boabdil, whom he drove to rebellion by attempting his life; and his brother El Zagal; while the Christians combining their forces, were naturally the strongest.

It is to the admiration of strangers that the Alhambra owes its restoration. When the

Spaniards found that the first inquiry of every traveller was for the Alhambra—the Alhambra, the one object which principally induced foreigners to visit Spain, they slowly began to understand its inestimable value as a national monument.

The hill on which the Alhambra stands is shaded by trees, whose thickly interlaced boughs effectually keep out the noonday sun, and traversed by numberless alleys, while here and there a handsome marble fountain, placed there by the Moors, but playing no longer, attests how charming a retreat it must once have been. The Moors knew how to combine shade with gaiety and brightness; then, no doubt, gay flowers enlivened these walls, and filled the air with perfume, but the trees they planted have long been cut down; a dark wood of oaks and elms, whose trunks show they are of no great age, replace them, and the ground beneath is covered with a thick matting of brambles, woodgrass, and ivy. It has a weird, dreary, desolate look, and one could easily fancy the ghosts of the dispossessed Moors still haunt and cast an evil spell—the gloomy shadow of their great despair, when driven from it—over the place. Well might the ill-fated

Boabdil weep for Granada. No words can express the beautiful view from the Sultana's boudoir and other openings in the palace ; of the wide outstretching plain; now brown and bare-looking ; but in that time, covered with vine-yards, orchards, gardens, and corn-fields; and the varied and grand mountains that girdle it round, as with a natural wall.

In all this walk, the guide was by my side; but though I was no longer alone, the hootings and yellings of the stall-keepers in the streets, and the children, were as persistent as ever. It is not, therefore, because I am alone, that I am exposed to insults in Spain ; it is because the Spaniards are at present a half-civilised, semi-barbarous race, just as Mrs. Brotherton's friend said they were, when he visited them ten or twelve years ago.

CHAPTER XIII.

GRANADA.—SPANISH MANNERS.—GENERALIFE.

To-day, at the *table d'hôte* dinner, the conversation fell upon Spain. One of my neighbours, a Spaniard, asked me what I thought of the country. I replied the country was beautiful; but I did not like the people. 'Ah!' said a Spaniard opposite, 'I travelled with you to Granada. You expect too much. You must conform to the ways of the country you are in. I am a Spaniard, and you pained me much by the way you spoke of Spain.'

'I speak as I find,' was my reply. 'When I cannot go out in the streets without being insulted, it is no wonder I blame them.'

'Ah! but,' returned he, 'you expect too much. For instance, you were angry because they would not bring you fruit at the *venta* where we

stopped to sup. Now, it is the custom of the country to bring one dish at a time, so you ought to have waited till the fruit came.'

'Yes,' said I, 'but you forget, we had but half an hour to sup in, before remounting the diligence. You and the others supped off the fare set before you, and to you the fruit was merely a dessert, but I could not eat the food on the table. I had travelled all day and the night previous, and I had had nothing since I left Madrid at eight the night before, but a piece of bread I brought with me, and one small cup of coffee. I wanted food, and what was the use of fruit, and wine, and bread, being brought me, at the close of your repast, when there was no longer time to eat them before the diligence started? There were plenty of attendants; one of the girls, had she been civil as the attendants in French and English inns are, might have brought me the fruit and bread I asked for, at once, without the slightest inconvenience to herself.' My Spaniard was shut up. He said no more on that head, but after awhile resumed.

'Then for the insults you meet in the streets, Madame, permit me to say it is your own fault, for coming alone to Spain. Our women do not

travel or walk about alone, and your doing so exposes you to insult. This is certainly your fault.'

'Not at all, Señor. When I came into Spain, I imagined I was coming into a civilised country. I am, as you see, no longer a young woman. I do not dress to look young, but wear my own grey hair. I travelled alone as a young woman in France and Germany, and met no insult. I expected a woman of my age, who conducted herself with modesty and propriety, a grey-haired woman no longer young, and plainly and quietly dressed; might travel in any country with safety: and remember, I do not come for pleasure, but as a duty. My profession is that of a writer; my last work on France was very favourably received by the public, and my publisher asked me to write a similar tour in Spain. It was my duty to accept the offer, and to labour in the field God appointed me.'

'Well,' remarked the other, 'at all events, I hope you will not abuse Spain in your book.'

'I mean to abuse it heartily, Señor; and let me tell you, those are not the worst friends to a people who tell them of their faults. A hundred years ago, everything was thrown out of the windows at nightfall in Lisbon, and a hundred

and fifty years ago, as I have read, it was not much better in our British city of Edinburgh. Travellers remarked in their books on these filthy practices, and they were put an end to in both cities. Those who point out a nation's defects, benefit that nation.'

'At least, I hope you will admit there are gentlemen in Spain. If some have insulted you, all have not done so. Surely you will admit there are gentlemen in the country.'

'Certainly I will admit it, and instead of being, as you think, prejudiced against Spaniards, I came to Spain, greatly prejudiced in their favour. The few Spanish gentlemen I had met in London had been nearly all very gentlemen-like, highly-polished men, and I had been early familiar with Don Quixote. I expected courtesy was the attribute of the Spaniard, not that I should everywhere be insulted. I shall say that no woman ought to travel in Spain alone.'

'Well, but remember everybody has not insulted you, and I hope you will acknowledge in your book that there are still gentlemen in Spain; and perhaps if you stayed longer, and could speak our language well, you would like Spain and Spaniards better.'

'I should be sorry to condemn all Spaniards, but I still maintain that any country is only half civilised where a respectable, modest, quietly-dressed woman, no longer young, cannot walk alone, and I shall advise no woman ever to visit Spain alone, in my book.'

'In that you will do right; no woman should travel alone in Spain. It is not our custom that they should. You will do quite right to say that.'

'Yes, quite right; women should not travel alone in Spain, Señora,' chorused the others, as my late fellow traveller rose, bowed, and withdrew, as did all the other guests except a young man; he now began in his turn.

'What the gentleman said is true, Madame. I am an Englishman, and have now lived many years in Spain. I like the Spaniards, and have received very great kindness from them. If you stayed longer in Spain, and knew them better, you would find much to like in them, but you must first learn to speak their language, to dress as they dress, and adopt their habits; you must, in short, become one of "Nosotros," that is, one of ourselves, and then you would find them very kind.'

'I don't think it shows much kindness when a modest, quiet, well-behaved, plainly-dressed woman, already grey-haired, cannot walk the streets in peace, free from personal insult.'

'But then, Madame, you have yourself to blame for running counter to Spanish customs and prejudices. It is not usual for Spanish ladies to walk out alone; they never travel alone; you do, and must take the consequences.'

'I have told you that I am a writer, just as you are a merchant, and I must labour in my profession. I did not come for idle pleasure, and I neither dress in any peculiar manner, nor misconduct myself in any way. To say that a well-conducted, grey-haired woman cannot walk quietly through a town street without being exposed to insult, is to admit the country where it occurs, is uncivilised.'

'Well, I have lived now some years amongst Spaniards, have received much kindness from them, am married to a Spanish lady, and I do not like to hear them abused.'

'You are married!' for he looked a mere boy.

'Yes, here is the portrait of my wife.' He took from his pocket-book a photograph of

a fine-looking, dark-eyed *donna* of the true Spanish type. Of course I admired her. 'I am married, and my wife is faithful and affectionate, which is not always the case with Spanish *donnas*, and I do not like to hear Spaniards ill-spoken of.'

'Then they should not deserve it. I shall say in my book only what is true.'

We had some further conversation, and ended by becoming very good friends. He gave me the addresses of the best inns in case I went to Seville and Malaga, at which last place he lived, and invited me, if I went there, to call at his house. I meant to go to both places, but the hooting I met with every time I showed my face in Granada deterred me.

I went the following morning to visit the Generalife. It is built on a high hill opposite the Alhambra, from which it is separated by a rocky ravine overhung by trees and wild vines and other creepers. The greatest part of the mountain on which it stands belongs to the Marquis de Campotejar, who, as my guide told me, lives in Genoa, and has never once seen this property; 'so that,' added he, 'the gardener is the real owner.'

'I should like well enough to be the gardener,' said I; 'that is, if Granada were a place where one could walk about in peace. Nothing can be more beautiful than the views from this hill.'

'Ah! but it is frightfully cold in winter, and then the people are snowed up.'

This talk had brought us through a carriage road with a shrubbery on either side, half shrubs, half flowers, a thorough English drive, up to the gates of the Generalife. The porter came, opened the door, and we entered. We passed up a garden court, where the trees were cut and clipped into arches, and gay flower-beds were formally laid out beside a large square tank, and along small canals that filled it. 'This is the Darro,' said my guide; 'this water belongs to the Marquis.' The front of the Generalife is an open colonnade; parts of the walls and roof are fretted and carved after the manner of the Alhambra, but not nearly so beautiful. In the first room we entered were portraits of Spanish kings and queens, among them Ferdinand and Isabella. A curious genealogical tree of the Marquis de Campotejar's family, the Grimaldi Gentili, was in the second, and my guide bade

me observe a portrait of Sidi Aya, the founder of the family, a Moor, who received baptism and the title of Don Pedro from Ferdinand. 'He is always called Don Pedro primo, because he was the first Don of his race,' added he. 'He was a renegade, then,' said I, 'to crouch to the conqueror; a disgrace to his Moorish blood.' 'Well, Ferdinand gave him this property; later it passed to a female descendant; that is her portrait; she married the Marquis of Campotejar, and thus it became the property of a Genoese family.' We went through several rooms, but there is not much to see in the Generalife, after having seen the Alhambra. Its chief charm is the beauty of its site, the delicious purity of the air, and the gardens. They, however, though well worth keeping up in their present style as a sample of what Moorish gardens were, are nothing to a well-laid out English garden. They consist of small courts, the walls of which are hid by creepers, terrace-like, one above the other. In one are some very old cypress-trees, and here the guide pointed out the tree where romance says the Sultana met the Abencerrage, and was discovered; which meeting led to the destruction of the whole tribe. From hence we

ascended a flight of stone steps with a stone wall on either side them, along the top of which in Moorish days, cool water ran in a long narrow stone spouting. From the higher garden we went to see a small Moorish mosque standing in a little garden, in which the Moorish kings once worshipped, but it is scarcely worth visiting; from a chamber over it, however, there is a most magnificent view.

We passed out through a postern door behind the mosque, on to the range of hills on which the Generalife stands, and walked about half a mile to see the full beauty of the *vega* or plain of Granada, and the Sierra Nevada. Every traveller who visits Granada should do the like. Oh! how I wished I were a man, that I might ride on mules without being tortured by ill-tempered and cruel muleteers, along that glorious range, and explore its botanical treasures at my leisure. I found one treasure on the hill myself, well worthy of being transplanted to English gardens.

Imagine a very slender-stemmed young furze-bush, about two or three feet high, with very slender spikes, stuck over with mignonette flowers, and having exactly the scent of migno-

nette. This is the best description I can give of it, and yet it is not an exact one, for its flower, though of the same greenish hue, wants the small sac which distinguishes the garden plant, and the stamens are pale greenish yellow, instead of the bright orange red of the garden plant, but still there is a great general resemblance. I gathered several sprays, and had them in water the rest of my stay in Granada, and they never lost their scent as mignonette does when in a nosegay. They are very small, and my sight is very bad, and I had no magnifying-glass with me; I cannot therefore class the plant.

I went to see the churches, as in duty bound. Outside they looked handsome, for most of them were built in a semi-Moresco style, with large cupolas and minarets; inside I saw no beauty. Of the environs of Granada I cannot speak; all that I saw of them being from the diligence windows, and distant views from the hills of the Alhambra and Generalife. They must be charming if one could visit them. But, alas! I am forced to say of Granada what Mr. Ford said of Andorre, that 'it is a paradise inhabited by devils!'

CHAPTER XIV.

GRANADA TO ALICANTE.

I WENT one morning to the general post-office to inquire for letters, which obliged me to pass by the market-place. I lost my way, and asked it of a handsomely-dressed Spanish *donna*, and she very politely said she would show it me. We had not gone far before the usual hooting the unfortunate stranger commenced, and a rabble began to follow us, whom from time to time she waved back in a dignified way with her hand, once or twice rebuking them. 'They are always so in Granada,' said she apologetically to me; 'it is very bad, very wrong; I am so sorry.'

When we reached the market-place, the screaming, the shouts of derision from every

stall were dreadful, while another set of men, women, and boys pressed round us with rude comments. The Spanish lady stopped and drew herself proudly up to her full height, looked at them indignantly, and waving them off with her left hand, gracefully tendered me the right, and taking my hand, led me through the market-place, while the crowd slunk back ashamed. There was true nobility, true heroism in this act. That woman must have had a noble soul. I have known men—aye, English men—who were cowardly and weak enough to shrink from speaking to or acknowledging a shabbily-dressed woman in Regent Street, though she was their own mother or their sister! Young England will be glad to bow to a lady who is elegantly dressed, or whom he sees driving about London with rich friends in a handsome carriage, and cut her rudely the next day, if it happen to be a pouring rain, and she being obliged to go out, has put on an old gown and a water-proof cloak. In all this there is an utter want of true dignity and manliness. It shows that Young England is a vulgar snob; a *parvenu*, who, not feeling sure of his own stand-point in society, is afraid

he will be judged by the people he is seen to speak to.

At the street leading towards the post, my kind Spanish *donna* left me, but not before I had thanked her very warmly. In returning, I was exposed, of course, to the same insolence, and I went back to the inn, determined to leave Granada that night. There was but one place vacant in the *coupé*, which cost double a seat in any other part of the diligence, but I took it, and shaking the dust from off my feet at the inhospitable city, thankfully left it that very evening. My two travelling companions were, to my deep regret, both young men. The farther one would have been tolerably well-behaved if left to himself; the other was a brute. He was a man of Herculean mould and immense height, with a bull-neck, a huge head covered with thick, crisp, negro-like hair, and coarse, negro-like, bloated, sensual features; I hardly ever saw any man whose aspect was so loathsome and revolting. I instinctively shrank from him. The Spanish *coupé* has two partitions, projecting from the upper part of the back and stuffed, which are meant both to mark out each person's seat and for the head to rest against in sleep, as the

diligences generally travel all night. This man would not keep within his own partition, but insolently leant his head on my side, and then pretending sleep, let it drop heavily on my shoulder. I shook it off indignantly, and told him to keep to his own place, I think at least three times, if not four. He then addressed me in very coarse and insulting language—the other man rather joined in—and my heart sank at the idea that I must travel alone with these two men the live-long night. I was glad I had a huge clasp-knife in my pocket, and Keeper by my side, for I felt frightened. I answered as if I had not understood—briefly, and in a tone which, while it betrayed none of the fear I felt, showed I did not wish to talk—and after awhile both men fell fast asleep, for which I was thankful. By-and-by, however, the huge man's head again leant outside the compartment, and then fell heavily on my shoulder. I pushed him off, and said indignantly, 'Keep your own place, Señor; I can't bear your head on my shoulder.' The push woke him; he glared savagely at me, and struck me twice violently on the arm. I do not mean to say he injured my arm, or struck with force, for such a powerful man

could have broken it in a moment, but he struck me, a stranger and a woman, in passion; and I felt the pain of the blows for nearly an hour afterwards. Again, I say, no woman ought to travel alone in so uncivilised a country as Spain without the protection of a father or a husband. And had I known Spain was so far behind all other European nations in civilisation; no hope of pleasure, or improvement, or fame, or profit; no mountains, no flowers, and no Alhambra, should have tempted me to go there; but I had frequently travelled alone both in France and Germany and met no annoyance, even when quite young, and I never dreamed of the insults that awaited me in so semi-barbarous a land.

Happily, the savage was too sullen to tease me much more; he slept most of the way till we reached Venta di Cardenas. There we had a long weary wait for several hours at the miserable *venta*, before the railway train started for Alicante. I asked for a glass of lemonade; the landlord sent his boy for a man who sold lemonade in the road at two sous a glass. I had bought several glasses of this not very delightful compound, which it needed a strong imagination to fancy lemonade, at other way-side *ventas*,

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on my road from Madrid to Granada; there is always a lemonade seller at each. I saw it poured out in the inn kitchen from the long pitcher in which it is carried, slung round the neck; and for this glass, whose price was two sous, the landlord of the *venta* charged me two reals (eight pence). I told him it was an overcharge, for it was not what I had asked for—lemon juice and water—but the stuff sold at a penny a glass in the streets, and that money wrongly gained did no one any good. He flung it in my face, and it fell through the window, where, of course, I left it. Not liking to stay in the *venta*, I went to the railway station, and stayed there till it was time to take the tickets. 'How much to Alicante?' I asked. The sum was named. I paid it, received the ticket and change, and went to the baggage-office to get the tickets for my bag and Keeper. Before I reached it a beggarly-looking lad with naked feet and espardines, whose bare shoulder showed through his waistcoat, 'a very vulgar boy,' came after me, saying, 'El Jefé,' the chief, wanted me. I returned to the ticket-office, and 'El Jefé' said 'he had made a mistake; the ticket to Alicante cost twice as much as I had paid.' I did not

think this possible, as he was issuing tickets to Alicante every day, and I had asked for a second-class ticket; but I had no resource but to pay. I saw, however, that he was trying to confuse me, for he gave me some silver back for my second twenty-five franc piece, then asked for it back, then gave me some again, three times. Again I went to the baggage-office to take my tickets; my luggage was weighed, and I put down the sum required on the book-keeper's book. I had scarcely done so when the naked-shouldered boy seized hold of three francs, or rather pesette, jabbering something about 'Kefé.' I thought he had been sent from the *venta*, and said angrily I had had no 'café;' but at last the book-keeper made him put down the money and sent him about his business. Heartily tired of Venta di Cardenas; as soon as I had put Keeper in his cage, I asked a railway official if I might not take my seat, and on his answering affirmatively, did so. I had not sat quiet many minutes before a *gend'arme* came to the window, accompanied by the ragged youth, and both began talking about 'Kefé.' 'Is there no one here who speaks French?' said I, in utter despair. A Spaniard, who was near, kindly came forward

and interpreted. The ragged boy, it seemed, claimed three francs, which he said the 'Jefé' had given him as his change, when he took a ticket, and which I had stolen. He had not even stood near me when I took my ticket; and I took no money but what the 'Jefé' gave me into my own hand the second time, and he claimed no three francs until I returned from the ticket-office the second time. I suppose the 'chief's' imposition suggested his; and the chief durst do no other than support his allegations, lest he should betray him. It was well for me he claimed no more, for I had to pay it to avoid trouble. 'It is a shame,' said I to the interpreter, who had so kindly helped me. 'It is a theft, no doubt,' answered he, but the *gend'arme* was obliged to force you to pay, as the lad swore you had taken his money; and it was better to do so than to have a delay; he saw you were a respectable person, and was as civil as he could be'—as indeed he was. 'Yes,' said I, indignantly, 'but how travellers are cheated in Spain! The "Jefé" never gave me three francs at all; he gave me six or seven into my hand; I had no time to count them, and that lad was sent to call me back to pay a second time for my ticket, after I

had already paid for it. Even the landlord of the *venta* charged me two reals for a glass of street lemonade, sold in the street at a penny a glass, and which I saw him get from the man who sells it. There is nothing but cheating in Spain.' My interpreter was too prudent to inculpate the 'Jefé.' 'No doubt he had made a mistake. I was near when the "Jefé" told you what the fare to Alicante was, and thought it was wonderfully cheap. The boy no doubt was a thief; there are gamins in every country; but you were wrong in finding fault with the lemonade, for the price of it is two reals in every *venta*.' 'Yes,' said I, 'if it had been lemonade; but, as I said, I saw the landlord buy it of the man who sells it for a penny a glass.' 'No matter,' said he, 'you bought it of the landlord of a *venta*; you were wrong there, but you have been ill-used now, and I am sorry.' He bowed courteously, and withdrew. 'Yes,' said I to myself, as my travelling acquaintance said he hoped I should do in my forthcoming book, 'I own there are some gentlemen in Spain.' But my troubles were not over. I was to learn that if there were some gentlemen yet left in Spain, they were in the proportion of one

to twelve. I heard a loud noise of voices and laughter, and a party of a dozen men, headed by the bull-necked, bloated-faced, negro-like giant who had struck me in the *coupé* of the diligence, came up to the train. He had told me he was going to Madrid; surely he was not to be my travelling companion to Alicante! My heart sank at the thought. One of the party opened the door and looked in, and seeing only me, as quickly closed it, not however without giving my gown a violent pull first, in a very insolent manner, of which I did not choose to be conscious. They went to the far end of the carriage (a Spanish second-class railway carriage is divided into many compartments, so as to hold forty or fifty persons), and opening the door, entered, and seated themselves at the farther end, but did not long remain there; for after addressing me several times very insolently, clearly at the instigation of their leader, the half-negro-like man, several of them vaulted over the divisions, and entered the compartment where I was seated, one throwing himself his full length on the bench on which I was seated, and kicking my dress rudely; and, in short, his conduct and that of his companions was so offen-

sive, that I felt in my pocket for the long clasp-knife I carried, and transferred it stealthily to the pocket of my jacket, fearing I might have to use it. I would have jumped out, but dared not, as the train was beginning to move. So with a beating heart I sat still, anxiously awaiting till the conductor came round to look at the tickets, and the moment he did, I exclaimed, 'Put me into another carriage; I am the only woman here, and I will not travel alone with twelve men, who have already grossly insulted me.' He complied instantly, in the civilest manner, and put me into the next carriage, which happened to be a third-class one, where the people, who had probably heard somewhat of the language used by the men I had left, instantly made room for me, calling me 'la povera Señora,' and pitying me. I thanked them all. 'But,' said I to the conductor, 'having paid for a second-class carriage, I have a right to a seat in one, and it is a long night journey, and there the seats are stuffed, while here they are not' (for in fact in Germany, France, and Spain, the second-class carriages are as comfortable as our first-class ones); 'but if there does not happen to be a seat vacant in a carriage where there are other

women, I will remain here with these kind people. He looked, and found there was a seat vacant, and again thanking those who had been so courteous to me, I followed him to it. It is the peasants that are the gentlemen and gentlewomen in Spain, while the *bourgeoisie*, or middle-class, seem to me to be the incarnation of false pride, vice, and insolence; and Mr. Ford, who lived long in Spain, everywhere lauds the superior courtesy and chivalrous demeanour of the peasant above that of the townsmen, also.

There were many female travellers in the carriage to which I was transferred, and no one was rude to me. When I expressed a wish to lie down as one of my fellow female travellers was doing, saying I was very tired, as I had travelled all the previous day and night by diligence, a man courteously got up and yielded me his seat, beside his wife; and we each lay wrapped in shawls on the long bench, and slept all night. As I composed myself to rest, and wrapped my huge shawl, blanket fashion, over me, I wondered at his extreme courtesy—I had not met with the like before in Spain; but when daylight came, I saw by his espardines

he was one of the working-class, and, as Mr. Ford says, ' all the peasants are gentlemen.'

We stopped at a station, whose name I forget, where we changed trains for Alicante, and breakfasted. And now the country began to improve; blue hills rose in the distance, and as we approached them, I found they were grand and lofty mountains, with lovely valleys opening between them, and picturesque-looking towns and villages, and vineyards and orchards; and gardens, among whose greenery rose here and there singular oriental-looking trees, whose name I did not know, and could not learn, stretching along their sides; or into the flat plain at their base. How different reality always is from imagination! I wonder whether any person or place ever realised the idea formed in the mind? My childhood had been familiar with Don Quixote and Le Sage; Madrid, and Lerida, and Saragozza, and Cardenas, and numberless other places, were all familiar to me; and I imagined the Spaniard a stern, grave, courteous, stately, chivalrous gentleman; somewhat too proud, and prone to dress; too jealous as a lover, or a husband, and too fond of gallantry to married women, while single and dis-

engaged; but a thorough gentleman for all that: instead, the Spaniards I travelled with, or met, were mostly what one would term merry, rollicking fellows, always seeking occasion for banter, and prone to laugh like children at the veriest trifle.

At one of the stations a Don got into the carriage, who was grave, silent, and dignified enough, even for my ideas. Don Pomposo, I shall call him, for he seemed, without being a man of real fashion, or elegant in manners, on exceedingly good terms with himself, and rather inclined to be haughty to others. He was accompanied by a young, rather pretty, wife; both were very well dressed. He wore two splendid brilliants on his finger, and a very expensive watch—it was not worn in sight, but I saw him take it out to look at the time; and she had a beautiful emerald ring (Spanish ladies rarely wear gloves), very handsome brooch and earrings, and a beautiful watch and chain; she also was elegantly dressed. They had not long been seated, when a shabby genteel, very vulgar, and very dirty-looking man entered the carriage, and placed himself opposite them. So disagreeable-looking, dirty, and vulgar was he, that

I really felt thankful the Don and his wife were by my side, so that I could not have him as my neighbour. He also had handsome enamel shirt buttons on a very dirty shirt, and an expensive gold watch and guard; for the Spaniards are fond of jewelry, and even the peasant-women wear handsome and often valuable trinkets. There was clearly no previous acquaintance between the husband and wife, and himself, for he did not speak to them when he entered. What was my surprise then, when shortly afterwards he said, putting his hand on his knees, to Don Pomposo, who sat with his mouth screwed up, and his nose in the air, in dignified silence, as if he had disdained us all: 'How solemn you look, and how silent you are! Why, you look as if you despised us all! Just look what a face you make!' Here he imitated the Don's solemn air. 'It really does not look well. Come, unbend a little and make yourself agreeable.' At this adjuration the Don looked blacker and grimmer than ever; he reminded one of Scott's ballad—

She cross'd him once, she cross'd him twice,
That ladie was so brave;
The darker grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

He seemed, I thought, to turn blue with horror at the dirty man's audacious familiarity—but the other was as brave as the lady in the ballad; he crossed him thrice, and the charm was broken. 'Come,' said he, first removing his hands from the other's knees to his shoulders, looking into his face, and making a feint of embracing him, then slapping his cheek, and finally pulling his moustache 'don't look so dreadfully grave; look about you like other people, and make yourself agreeable.' An Englishman would have knocked the fellow down, the Don sat quiet, and did not resent the impertinence. Nay, more, he slowly began to unbend and to talk to him, in which conversation his young wife joined. By-and-by the dirty man said, that four years before he had had a violent attack of cholera, since which he never travelled without a brandy flask, and suiting action to words, he put it to his lips and drank, after which he offered it to the Don, who, to my surprise, drank after him.

Nor was this all; the couple soon after changed seats in order to travel with their backs to the engine, placing themselves opposite me, so that Don Pomposo sat next to the dirty man, in-

stead of facing him, and the three talked away together for some time, till the Don grew drowsy with the intense heat of the day, and fell asleep. What was my amaze to see his pretty little wife stretch out her arms behind her husband, and tap the dirty fellow on the head with her fan! He understood the hint, and the wink that accompanied it; and pulling the unfortunate Don's whiskers, and slapping his cheek in turns, effectually prevented him from enjoying

Kind Nature's blest restorer—balmy sleep!

by teasing him incessantly till the train arrived at the next station, where he and his wife left the carriage.

I wish I could describe the beauty of almost all the scenery of this line of railway, so as to set it before my readers, and show them the reaches of fertile valleys, the blue mountains on either side, and the picturesque and peculiarly built towns, with their spires, and citadels, and castellated walls that rose on their rocky sides. One of the most beautiful and striking, was the town and Castello de Sax; a very strong fortress built on the extreme point of a lofty pinnacle of rock that seems to have been rent from

the mountain side in some great convulsion of nature, æons of years ago, and overhanging the brown, quaint-looking fortified town below it. This fortress is very strong, and I should think must be impregnable if its one entrance were well guarded, for I don't see how any soldiers could scale the sides of that bare escarped rock; and it has been recently repaired or rebuilt, so that it looks quite new. Both this Castello de Sax, and the Chateau de Foix are far grander and more majestic-looking; more fortress-like, than the far famed Ehrenbreitstein.

After Sax, the mountains became gradually lower, the plains more flat and sandy. A few cocoa-nuts, and bamboos, and prickly pears gleamed strange, oriental, and peculiar among the familiar trees; and the mountains dwindled, and dwindled, till we reached the low range beneath which lies Alicante.

What a railway station! After travelling two nights and one day, there was no room where a woman could wash her hands or smooth her hair, or make herself comfortable. They showed me, as at Venta de Cardenas, into a room where a number of men were washing their faces

and combing their hair. I rushed out. 'Let me get out of Spain!' cried I. 'Where is the omnibus that takes people to the steamer for Alicante?' 'There is no steamer for Alicante to-day, signora.' 'But there is—I was told so by my fellow-travellers this morning.' At last I found the omnibus—at last Keeper and I got in—at last we arrived at a packet office. There was no packet sailing to Alicante that day! 'I told the signora so,' observed the conductor, who spoke French, triumphantly; 'Madame had better let me drive her to a good hotel.' 'But, is this the only office for steamers to Barcelona? I was told this morning, by people who live in Alicante, that a vessel sailed for Barcelona to-day; but, that if I did not go by her I should have to stay here four days before another left. It's no use your taking me to an hotel. It would not benefit the hotel people, for I wont eat anything there. I want to get away from Spain, and you must take me to the other packet office.' Luckily a gentleman came by, and asked what the discussion was; could he assist me in any way? You know, dear reader, I said there were a few courteous gentlemen in Spain. I

told him. 'Certainly,' said he, 'there is another office, and a steamer sails to-day at four o'clock for Barcelona. Take madame there.' 'Madame had better drive first to a hotel,' said the conductor, insinuatingly. 'Madame can then refresh herself, and she will afterwards be in time for the steamer.' 'Madame will do no such thing,' said I. 'Madame will go on board at once. Be kind enough, sir, to tell the conductor the street where the office is, that he may drive me there.' 'Oh! he knows,' said the Spanish gentleman; 'it is the Calle ——,' I forget its name. 'Take the lady there.' He raised his hat, and bowed; and the abashed conductor, without further remonstrance, drove me to the packet office.

'What is the fare to Barcelona?' 'Ten Napoleons.' 'Ten Napoleons! It can't be. I was told it was cheap.' 'Well, I may be wrong; I don't understand French money; sit down and I will see.' It proved to be two guineas. I paid them joyfully; jumped once more into the omnibus, was driven to the quay, the conductor hailed a boat, I and my dog got into it. Huzza! Thank God I'm leaving Spain!'

I reached the steamer. Oh, joy! a pretty,

graceful young woman leant over the sides of the vessel. She was the captain's wife; and I should not, as I feared I should, be the only female on board. She knew a little English, as did the captain, for both had spent five months in Glasgow while this vessel was building. I read 'Glasgow' on all her machinery. The Spaniards owe everything to England and hate her for her superiority. English blood, English energy and talent, and English treasure, preserved their nationality to them when Spain would otherwise have become a province of France, under the iron grasp of the first Napoleon. English capital and English labour and skill are gradually—for no English energy can make Spanish sloth and Spanish indolence creep faster than at a snail's pace—covering the country with a network of railways. Liverpool and Manchester supply her with steam-engines, and probably all her best steamers are like the Bayo—English or Glasgow built. Too idle and too dull to make these things for himself, the Spaniard resembles the idle, dissolute vagabond workman, who envies and decries the capitalist, who has grown rich by honest in-

dustry, as 'a bloated aristocrat feeding on the sweat of the people,' and whose dearest wish is to see others brought down to his own level, not to raise himself to theirs.

CHAPTER XV.

ALICANTE TO BARCELONA.

I WAS four days and four nights on board the Bayo. Those nights, and one at the small *venta* where I slept the night I left Urgel, were the only ones in which I enjoyed a sound rest, unbroken by noxious insects, while I was in Spain. The ladies' cabin, which I had all to myself, for there were no other lady passengers, was perfectly clean, and the steward very civil and attentive; the living at the captain's table was also the best fare I had while in the country, and the captain and his pretty young wife were very courteous to me. She was very pretty to look at—that Pepita—and very graceful in all her movements, and she did not disfigure her pretty-shaped head by enormous bunches of horse-hair, though she did wear very

small crinoline puffs on each temple, over which her silken black hair was turned back in waves; but she did not wear the frightful *chignon*, now so fashionable, but twisted her hair round the back of her head in the graceful mode of an antique Greek statue. Very pretty and very graceful did she look in her long flowing black dress—she always wore black—her neat white sleeves, and collar fastened by a handsome brooch; when, fan in hand, with a large square black veil over her head, she descended the ship's side into the boat, to be rowed with her husband to the different towns at which we stayed to disembark a lading of iron bars, flour, fruit, and similar heterogeneous articles. Very proud and very fond of her he evidently was. I surprised them one night on deck—he sitting with his arm round her waist—looking at the moonbeams on the water, and making love to each other in the most lover-like fashion. That was the first night I was on board, and I thought they were a new-married couple, but they had been married five years.

She never seemed to do anything, except brush the train of her gown the morning after she had been on shore, and look pretty and

make love to K-hulian (Julian, her husband's Christian name). It is the fashion in Spain to call people by their Christian rather than their surnames, and even his men never called him anything but 'El Capitan' or Julian. And here, although I know all my men critics will fall foul of me for so doing, I must record my inmost conviction that men are not at all grateful for an industrious, hard-working, active, managing wife. They rather prefer a doll, whose sole vocation it is to smile and look pretty, and whom they can pet and protect, and dress out, and check like a child, and who never takes the liberty of thinking for herself.

Alicante looked very pretty from the sea—a white, glittering city, backed by verdure and girdled in by mountains. Indeed, the whole coast of Spain that we sailed past was beautiful, with its long wall-like range of mountains, whose bases sweep down nearly to the shore. Spain is, in fact, one of the loveliest countries on the globe. Richly has Almighty God endowed the land with vegetable and mineral productions; but, as in Italy, the wastefulness of man, which has destroyed her original forests and planted no trees in their place—so that the land, and the

rivers, and water springs have alike become dry and barren—has made a great part of it a dreary wilderness. In the hands of Frenchmen or English it would be what God meant it to be—an earthly Paradise.

The vessel lay at anchor for a whole day, unlading in front of a small town, whose name I forget; and at Valencia and Tarragona, the captain and his wife went every day ashore in his boat, but they did not offer me a seat in it, and I did not care to go ashore, but contented myself with sitting on deck and admiring the beautiful scene — mountains, verdure, city and spire, and tower, and blue sea flecked with white foam, as if emulating the blue sky and white fleecy clouds overhead, the vessels that studded each bay, and the smaller craft that flitted past them. If anyone blame me for a want of curiosity, let them remember that I am only a woman, and that the yells and hootings, and even peltings, I had met with in Spanish cities, had rendered me afraid to walk about among so savage and uncivilised a people.

At last we reached Barcelona. I had learnt a train started at one o'clock for Perpignan the night before, so I was up by four to pack my

bag and get all in readiness. I left the Bayo at eight o'clock. I had to get my luggage carried to an inn, to obtain breakfast, to go to a banker's to change a circular note, and to get tickets for the railway; and I wanted to go to the English consul's office to thank him for the trouble he had taken in writing to the Barcelona railway company for my lost parcel of books and MS. Thanks to Spanish 'Ora, ora,' (presently—by-and-by) it was half-past twelve before all this could be accomplished. At the Hotel des Quatros Naciones, where I went, it took an hour to procure a little water to wash my hands, a little cold meat for my dog, and a little bread, fruit, and wine for myself. I remonstrated with the waiters, and told them I could have got all this in ten minutes in England, and that I should not hurry them if I had not to start by the one o'clock train. They replied they were not machines, like the English. So it is in Spain. They absolutely take a pride in their procrastination, their snail-like dawdling, and roundabout way of doing everything. It was the same at the omnibus and railway offices. In France and England, getting one's ticket is the affair of at most a quarter of an hour; here

it took above an hour. I asked in various likely places, as money changers', for the banker, whose address was not given on the *lettre d'indication* I carried. No one knew him, and I was directed to a Señor Serras, a merchant, who, however, gave me the information I wanted, so that I found the right M. Serras at last. There also I had long to wait. How does Spanish business ever get done? By the way, I would suggest to all bankers who issue circular notes, the expediency of putting the full address of their correspondents in each place. The printing of the letter of indication would not cost much more, and it would save much toil and trouble and valuable time to the bearer. In England a great banking firm is known by name to everyone. You may ask a hundred people before you learn its whereabouts in Spain. However, at last I concluded all my business, rushed to the consul, thanked him, and took my seat in the omnibus, to the railway that was to bear me from Spain with a glad heart.

CHAPTER XVI.

BARCELONA TO PERPIGNAN AND PARIS.

THE whole journey from Barcelona to Perpignan is interesting, and I enjoyed it the more because my fearful task was over, and I was leaving Spain. At every mile my spirits rose. We passed Barcelonetta and Cardela, pretty little suburban villages and watering places, where one would have liked to spend a few weeks in rambling about the rocks botanising, and strolling on the level sands of the beach. Strange tropical-looking plants grew in the little gardens and in the fissures of the rocks, and I noticed in many places a lovely plant which in one place so covered a whole bank, as to form a good-sized hedge; with leaves like a tree-lupin, and apparently a somewhat similar, lilac-blue flower; but it is not easy to botanise from

the window of a swift whirling railway carriage. Calella was chiefly remarkable for the sun-dials painted on the front of many of its houses; in other respects, it resembled the village first-named. Empalme was greener and more shaded by trees than most parts of Spain, and the little copses through which tiny streamlets murmured, and the green fields of grass fenced in by hedges, made me almost fancy I was in England. As we approached Gerona, the country grew flatter. The railroad goes no further than that town, where we arrived about six o'clock. To my dismay I had found no place vacant, when I entered the omnibus office to obtain tickets for the railroad and diligence, except a seat on the high *banquette*; but I would have sat on the roof had it been necessary, to escape a day sooner from uncivilised Spain. I clambered joyfully up to my high perch, and Keeper, as usual, astounded everybody by the alacrity and cat-like agility, with which he climbed up the ladder to the top of the diligence. Like his mistress, I think he was glad to quit Spain. Once up on the *banquette*, I found it a very pleasant seat, for from it I had a capital view of the country we traversed. In leaving Gerona we

crossed a very narrow bridge, there was scarcely sufficient room for two carts to pass abreast; a team of oxen was in front of us, and their driver vainly endeavoured to drag the animals into one of the angles of the bridge—there were two or three on each side—into which carts or carriages might retreat so as to escape collision with others, if they could get in! The oxen would not go in, and our wheels grazed those of the cart they were drawing. I thought we should have gone over the low broken parapet wall of the ruinous crazy old bridge; but, thank God! we had a good driver and got safely over it. Soon the country grew wilder and wilder, it was nothing on either side but steep, barren, precipitous rocks, with black ravines, yawning fearfully between them, and studded here and there with stunted oak, sapins, and box-trees. Here and there under the rocks was a sloping tract of level land, and this was planted with vines and dusty olive-trees. We passed several dirty-looking straggling towns and villages—everything betokened we were yet in Spain. As we approached the bank of a tolerably wide river, a Frenchmen on my right hand said, 'If that river was in France there would

have been a bridge over it long ago; the Spaniards never do anything they can avoid doing. I travel this road many times a year to buy oil. Once, the diligence had to stay here two days and nights—and you see there is no inn—because the river was impassable.' '*Cosa d'Espagna*,' as Mr. Ford says, thought I to myself.

It was dark when we stopped to sup at the last town in Spain—Figueras, I think, it was called. We had an excellent supper—soup, bouilli, roast meat, soles, fowl, the large craw-fish-like lobster, partridges, murdered by being dressed with tomatoes, vegetables, apples, pears, greengages, peaches, melon, and grapes; it was the last meal, and the best meal, I tasted in Spain. The hostess stood by and carved, and pressed us all to eat, and we required no pressing, for the fare was good and we were ravenous; probably, like myself, all had had nothing since morning. The charge was the very moderate sum of three francs. Again we started; by-and-by we reached Perthus. 'We are in France,' said the Frenchman, by my side. 'Thank God I am in France once more!' responded I heartily. The *douanier* standing by with his

lantern, laughed. You may be sure my luggage was not visited with too minute a scrutiny. However, I had but one small travelling bag, a hat-box and a leathern reticule I carried in my hand; there was small chance of my being a smuggler, and in fact I never smuggle. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, even if it were not wrong. One can buy all foreign articles cheaper in London than in the countries whose produce they are; and I never carry anything but my clothes and other personal necessaries. From Perthus to Perpignan we travelled all night, crammed tightly, four of us, in the *banquette*, and could not move a limb. Never mind, I am in France. In FRANCE! and I have left Spain. I hope for ever! We reached Perpignan at about four a.m., the other passengers started per night train to Paris. I was so weary with seven days and nights of travelling by sea or land, I went to the Hôtel de Commerce, I think it was called; it was the second and farthest hotel seen from the omnibus office, where the diligence stopped; and went to bed. I had a clean room, free from insect plagues, and slept well, but was not grateful to the rough rude valet and chamber-maid, who against my express desire awoke me early

by the noise they made talking and laughing in the corridor, and by rapping at my door. One misses in all foreign lands the attentive civility of English domestics. The landlord told me there was a very pretty public walk at Perpignan, so I went to see it. It is a small wood of trees (with seats underneath), whose shade the fiercest rays of the summer sun cannot penetrate, and in that hot clime must be invaluable to the inhabitants. At one side is a sadly neglected, but still beautiful botanic garden. I noticed one flower, quite new to me, of the Solanum species. I had often been laughed at for sticking potato blossoms into my bouquets, and maintaining they were very beautiful flowers. So they are, but that their coarse leaves disfigure them, and that the bloom soon withers and dies in a nosegay. But here was a tree about the average height of a seringa, with broad green leaves about the size of orange leaves, but in hue and texture resembling those of the common woody nightshade, and the beautiful white flowers with the pendant orange stamens converging to a point, of the potato plant. No one could have said a branch of this plant was other than exquisitely elegant. How

I longed to steal one! but I did not. I walked farther, and met an old priest with whom I entered into talk about the pretty walk we were in, and Perpignan, and my Spanish journey. He told me the botanic gardens was once very beautiful, but that the city authorities now neglected it and everything else in Perpignan. The mayor was a physician, who was too busy looking after his patients to care about the garden. I told him of the beautiful solanum, and he walked with me to look at it, and gathering a spray presented it to me. I dried it, and have it now. I told him how rudely I had been treated in Spain. 'Ah!' said he, 'but probably it was something of a political demonstration, for the French ne sont pas trop bien vu en Espagne now, on account of the Queen's recognition of Victor Emmanuel, which the Spaniards think was forced on her by the Emperor; there is even a strong party against them in the mountains.' I do not agree with the good old man, but attribute the rudeness I met with—so entirely unprovoked by any peculiarity in dress, or sin against decorum on my part; for, though Spanish gentlemen told me I was insulted because I walked alone and Spanish ladies never did, I was insulted just as

much when I had a guide with me—to Spanish barbarism.

At three o'clock, I started by train to Cette. I found I could not obtain a through ticket from Perpignan to Paris, but had to take three several tickets, and re-register luggage at Perpignan, Cette, and Lyons. When I presented my two *billets d'enregistrement* at Cette, — one for the dog, the other for my luggage, both being in the same waggon,—the conductor, whom all my fellow passengers had remarked must be new on the line, since he could not tell us anything about the stations or times of arrival at them, gave me my dog, but refused me my luggage, returning me the ticket I had given him, and saying I should not have it, as it would go by the express train to Lyons. I knew he was wrong, but what can a woman do against a railway official? I could not get it; so I could only get a new ticket for myself and my dog. I had four hours to while away; I could not leave Cette till eight in the evening, so I walked to the town to look at the churches. In the basin for holy water of one of them, is a frog very well carved. I hoped there was some legend about this holy frog, but was told it was merely a freak of the

workman who carved the original basin, and whose frog was so life-like and natural, that when the church was repaired, the curé had it copied. There is a pretty little square of trees and flowers in front of the Bishop's palace, which is a fine castellated old building, covered with ivy and creepers in many parts. I should have liked to have had time to go to the salt lagoons we had passed in the train, for I had noticed many beautiful and curious plants along their edges and that of the railway cutting. A botanist would find much to repay him for a week or two's sojourn at Cette; but it was growing dusk and I feared to lose the train. I did not lose the train, I only lost my carpet-bag. When I reached Lyons no luggage was there! The railway officials (unlike most Frenchmen, who are generally courteous) were very rude and uncivil to me, and laid the whole fault on me, as if I had not tendered my *billet d'enregistrement* to the conductor, and asked for my dog and my bag at the same time! I had to wait five hours at Lyons, before I could get a train to Paris; and it was evening when I again started. The trains from Perpignan do not correspond with those going to Paris, and it is a

most disagreeable route from these delays, and the impossibility of taking through tickets to Paris, and the annoyance of three changes of train, two delays of from five to six hours, and three taking of billets and enregistering of baggage. I would recommend anyone coming from Spain to take the Bayonne route, and avoid Perpignan and Lyons. From Lyons I had to telegraph for my lost bag; and I arrived at Paris after three days and nights of travelling by rail and diligence in hot dusty weather without a single change of garments. The morning after my arrival, my bag arrived, but I had to pay nine francs for its transit from Cette to Paris, while it would have cost me nothing had it accompanied me, besides the three francs for the telegraph message, and the expense of going from my lodgings to the Gare de Lyon à Paris, to fetch it. Sixteen francs in all for the mistake of an employé! I was very angry, and reclaimed the money from the chief director. All in vain. There is a homely but true old proverb which says, 'There is no getting butter out of a dog's mouth.' I could not get compensation from the Lyons Railway Company, they behaved far less honourable than the Barcelona and Saragozza

Company, when their servant lost me my manuscripts. I said I should write to 'The Times;' the director said 'my complaint had been made the subject of a special inquiry. No one remembered the traveller No. 12;' of course the conductor would not criminate himself; of course there was no witness to the fact that I tendered the billet, seeing he and I were at that moment alone. The proof was, that when I arrived at Paris I still had my *billet d'enregistrement* for the baggage, while I had not the billet of my dog who travelled in the same waggon as the baggage, and I asked as I always did, for both at the same time.* I, at all events, will never travel by the Lyons line again. However, I feel too happy to grumble, except *pro formâ*, and if possible to get my money again. Am I not once more in

* Having travelled in France for a period of sixteen months, I, of course, knew and complied with the regulations. My dog and my carpet-bag always travelled in the same luggage van, and when we arrived at a station, I always asked for both at the same time. In all my wanderings, never did I lose any baggage, except the two times mentioned in this last tour at Manresa in Spain, and at Cette; and each time through the mistake of an official who did not know his duty. I consider, therefore, that the Lyons Railway Company treated me very scurvily in making me pay for the mistake of their man. I had nothing to pay for the packet lost at Manresa; it was sent on to Madrid free of charge.

beautiful Paris, and out of half-civilised, demoralised Spain? Shall I not, God willing, soon be in England? Yet I will not close these pages without again saying that I have seen much that will never be forgotten, and that no scenery I ever beheld equals the romantic wild grandeur of the Spanish Sierras. Every artist ought to visit Spain, for it offers a combination of scenery and grouping, and colouring, and peculiar effects of light and shade, which would be to him a mine of inexhaustible novelty and wealth; and though I should not care greatly to see any of the cities, no, not even Sevilla, la maraviglia; if I had father or husband to protect me, I know nothing I should like better than to ride on mules along all those wild Sierras, from one end of Spain to the other.

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